

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXVI.

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VOL. V.

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With an Engraving of the Statue of the ILISSUS, from the ELGIN MARBLES.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LANE'S READ

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THE LION'S HEAD.

REPRESENTATIONS having been made to the Author of the Tales of Lyddalcross, that he ought not to crack so many Scotch words without giving some of the kernels, he has favoured us with the hardest; "seeing," as he truly observes, "that it is impossible to talk Scotch in English."

GLOSSARY TO THE SECOND TALE OF LYDDALCROSS.

Awmous powk, alms bag; a wallet borne by mendicants.

Ben, ben the house, the parlour of a Scottish farmer, an inner room.

Bink, sit on the bink, a common seat or bench in a farmer's kitchen.

Blink, a blink of your ee, a smile of your eye; she blinkit bonnilie, smiled sweetly.

Brent, a brent brow, a high forehead, an upright and polished brow.

Bridal tocher, marriage portion.

Cantraips, a witch's spells or incantations.

Cloot, the hoof of a sheep; hence the devil is called Cloots, or Clootie, because he divides, it is said, the hoof.

Daffin, mirth, merriment, or gaiety bordering on folly.

Elf-arrows, the arrows which elves shoot among the flocks, and which cunning cow-doctors pretend to extract by charming them out.

Elf-candles, the lights which accompany those mischievous beings the elves; they always shine for harm to man: it is reckoned unsafe to see them.

Evil een, eyes of evil influence; a very common belief in Scotland.

Gleg, keen, shrewd, inquisitive, sharp.

Gowks, cuckoos literally, but always applied to harmless fools.

Laird of windy-wa's and no-town-brae, lord of your own presence and no land beside.

Lamiter's-crutch, a cripple's crutch.

Mowdie-tammocks, mole-hills.

Shedlans, shedlans of roads, separation of roads, to shed, to sunder.

Styme, I cannot see a styme, I cannot see even a glimmering, a glimpse.

Thairms, the strings of a fiddle, "And o'er the thairms be trying."—BURNS.

Tryste, to keep tryste, to be true to the time and appointed place of meeting.

Tyke, a dog, "And struck the poor dumb tyke."—RAMSAY.

Water-spunkies, inferior water-fiends, will-o'-wisps.

Wraiths, spectral appearances prognosticating death, either to the individual who sees them, or to a dear friend or relative. Sometimes they are seen in the form of the person who is to die; but they are very capricious, and assume many dubious shapes; sometimes a black shroud or a white one, a coffin, a flash of fire, lights at the window or on a running stream.

The remonstrance of Juvenis is indeed pathetic ; but in spite of the Sonnet which he has quoted in his behalf, we must adhere, though with regret, to our refusal ; but if, as we suspect, he is Old Anthony himself, we shall be happy to hear from him again.

TO A CRITICK.

O cruel One how littel dost thou knowe
 How manye Poetes with Unhappyenesse
 Thou may'st have slaine ; ere they began to blowe
 Like to yonge Buddes in theyr firste Sappyenesse !
 Even as Pinkes from littel Pipinges growe,
 Great Poetes yet maye come of Singinges small ;
 Which if an hungrede Worme doth gnawe belowe
 Fold up their stryped leaves and die withal.
 Alake, that pleasant Flowre must fayde and fall
 Because a Grubbe hath eat into its Head,—
 That els had growne so fayre and eke so tall
 Towards the Heaven and opende forthe and spreade
 Its Blossoms to the Sunne for Men to read
 In soe bright hues of Loveliness indeede.—*Anthony Rushtowne.*

The Translator of Petrarch's Sixth Canzonet has conferred on us an obligation we should have felt happy to requite. That the Translation does not quite please us is in a great degree the fault of the original.

Verses "On Lord Byron's Tragedies," by H. L. Melpomene, must have been christened by mistake ; for the only tragedy they mention was not written by his Lordship.

The politeness of E. R.'s last letter has renewed our regret at having been obliged to return his manuscript. It would have been painful to us to dwell upon the causes of rejection with such a correspondent ; and, we hoped, therefore, that whilst we were silent, he would imagine such excuses as would be most agreeable to his feelings. At present, from the multiplicity of papers which have come under our perusal, we only recollect our impression, that E. R.'s was not altogether suitable to the character of our pages.

W.'s "Night," is too long, for the moon rises twice in it. We will give a few lines, however, which appear to us to be novel :

The moon is up—O song-inspiring sight !
 The moon is up—and waterfalls of light
 Are streaming silverly from cloudy ridges ;
 And gladsome fairies, like nocturnal midges,
 Are flitting through the shine with flashing wings.

Mr. Herapath requests us to contradict the assertion of our Correspondent R.—that the Royal Society rejected his papers. He says, “they were never laid before that body. When the Vice-President offered me to have the first Paper which is printed in the *Annals* for April, May, and June, 1821, read at the Society’s meetings, I declined it, and withdrew that and another, as may be seen by the Introductory Letter to that Paper; for reasons not connected with any judgment of the merits of either.”

The papers of W. R. S. and J. A. H. are addressed to them at our Publisher’s. We are sorry that we cannot print more than the Titles of M. A. Stopgap—The Minstrel—To Mary—The Coronation Address—The Soul—The Dream—Midnight—To —, and Sonnet to H, K. White by G. M.

Willing to oblige as many of our Friends as possible, we insert the following Sonnets:—

DEATH.

Friend of a Bard, whom being holds from Fame!
That thou would’st condescend to visit me,
I’ve pray’d in my soul’s strong-tongued agony;
And wooed thy love;—and call’d upon thy name;—
With all young passion’s longing I have sigh’d
To stand a statue gazing on thy face!
To lie a bridegroom in thy long embrace!
And, my heart haven in thy cold breast’s void!
I’ve courted THEE in crowds—in solitudes;—
To meet thy coming, midnight vigils kept;—
Sent forth thy name in all my changeful moods;—
And blood-drops at thy friendless absence wept!
And now—hear! hear me!—with affection’s breath
I cry, a maniac cry—Come forth!—and own me DEATH.

H. B. M.

A VISION.

I thought the grave-doors open’d, and there rose
One whom mine eyes had wept for, as long dead;
For I had deem’d her even amongst those
Whose souls to immortality have fled:
She look’d as if the worm had never fed
On her fair skin, its beauty to oppose;
Her golden ringlets floated round her head,
Her cheek was like the summer-purpled rose,
But sweeter. Early youth seem’d still with her,
For, as on purpose, Time refused to stir,
And kept Age from her. She was young as ever,
So that I said, bright Angel, leave me never.
Joy madden’d me, and from sweet sleep I started,
And would have clasp’d her, but the shade departed.

H. L.

Lion's Head has so long promised a place to ZARA, that to be at peace with his conscience, he has appropriated a part of his own pages to her verses, for which there was not room in the body of the work.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Yes, ye may pay your thoughtless duty,
Vain throng, to glory's distant star ;
And ye may smile when blooming beauty
Rewards the gallant son of war ;
For me, I sigh to think that sorrow
May soon that gentle heart betide,
And soon a dark, a gloomy morrow
May dawn upon the soldier's bride.

Oh ! were her path the scene of brightness,
Pourtray'd by ardent fancy's ray ;
Oh ! could her bosom thrill in lightness,
When glory's pictured charms decay ;
Could hope still bless her golden slumbers,
And crown the dreams of youthful pride ;
Then might ye smile, ye thoughtless numbers,
Then greet with joy the soldier's bride.

But when assail'd by threat'ning dangers,
And doom'd in distant scenes to roam,
To meet the chilling glance of strangers,
And vainly mourn her peaceful home ;
Oft will her tearful eye discover
The fears her bosom once defied ;
Oft shall the smiles, that bless'd the lover,
Desert the soldier's weeping bride.

And when, perchance, war's stunning rattle
Greets, from afar, her shuddering ear—
When yielding to the fate of battle,
Her hero meets an early bier ;
Condemn'd in hopeless grief to languish,
She yields to sorrow's gushing tide ;
And tears express, in silent anguish,
The sadness of the soldier's bride ;

What then avails the wreath of glory ?
The victor it should crown is fled !
The din of fame, the martial story,
Will nought avail the silent dead.
She greets with sighs the dear-bought treasure,
That seems her sorrows to deride ;
And shuns the gleam of mimic pleasure—
That mocks the soldier's widow'd bride.

To me, her flowery crown of gladness
Seems like the drooping cypress wreath,
Her nuptial throng—a train of sadness,
Her minstrel band—a dirge of death.
Ah ! grief may soon those blossoms sever,
Soon fade that cheek with blushes dyed,
And cloud with dark despair for ever
The triumph of the soldier's bride.

ZARA.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1822.

VOL. V.

CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

Lives of the Poets.

No. IV.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER, the second son of Charles and Anne Goldsmith, was born in Ireland, on the 29th of November, 1728, at Smith-hill, in the county of Roscommon, at the house of his maternal grandfather; and not in the year or at the place mentioned in Johnson's epitaph on him. By another mistake made in the note of his entrance in the college register, he is represented to have been a native of the county of Westmeath. Both these errors, which appear to have been caused by the changes in his father's residence, have been rectified in a letter addressed by Dr. Streat, a clergyman in the diocese of Elphin, to Mr. Mangin, and inserted by that gentleman in his entertaining book called *An Essay on Light Reading*.

His father removed from Smith-hill to Pallas, in the parish of Forney and county of Longford, and afterwards to his rectory of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath; and in the latter of these parishes, at Lissoy, or Auburn, he built the house described as the Village-preacher's modest mansion in *The Deserted Village*. His mother was daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school at Elphin. Their fa-

mily consisted of five sons and two daughters.

In a letter from his elder sister, Catherine, the wife of Daniel Hodson, Esq. inserted in the *Life of Goldsmith*, which an anonymous writer, whom I suppose to have been Cowper's friend, Mr. Rose, from a passage in Mr. Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, prefixed to his *Miscellaneous Works*, wonders are told of his early predilection for the poetical art; but those who have observed the amplification with which the sprightly sallies of childhood are related by domestic fondness, will listen to such narrations with some abatement of confidence. It seems probable, that a desire of literary distinction might have been infused into his youthful mind by hearing of the reputation of his countryman, Parnell, with whom, as we learn from his life of that poet, his father and uncle were acquainted.

He received the first rudiments of learning from a school-master who taught in the village where his parents resided, and who had served as a quarter-master during the war of the Succession in Spain; and from the romantic accounts which this man de-

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lighted to give of his travels, Goldsmith is supposed, by his sister, to have contracted his propensity for a wandering life. From hence he was removed successively to the school at Elphin, of which Oliver Jones was master, and to that of Athlone; and, lastly, was placed under the care of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, to whose instruction he acknowledged himself to have been more indebted than to that of his other teachers.

It was probably that untowardness in his outward appearance, which never afterwards left him, that made his schoolfellows consider him a dull boy, fit only to be the butt of their ridicule.

On his last return after the holidays to the house of his master, an adventure befel him, which afterwards was made the groundwork of the plot in one of his comedies. Journeying along leisurely, and being inclined to enjoy such diversion as a guinea, that had been given him for pocket-money, would afford him on the road, he was overtaken by night at a small town called Ardagh. Here, inquiring for the best house in the place, he was directed to a gentleman's habitation that literally answered that description. Under a delusion, the opposite to that entertained by the knight of La Mancha, he rides up to the supposed inn; and having given his horse in charge to the ostler, enters without ceremony. The master of the house, aware of the mistake, resolves to favour it; and is still less inclined to undeceive his guest, when he finds out from his discourse that he is the son of an acquaintance and a neighbour. A good supper and a bottle or two of wine are called for, of which the host, with his wife and daughter, are invited to partake; and a hot cake is providently ordered for the morrow's breakfast. The young traveller's surprise may be conceived, when, in calling for his bill, he finds under what roof he has been lodged, and with whom he had been putting himself on such terms of familiarity.

In June, 1744, he was sent a sizer to Trinity College, Dublin, and placed under the tuition of Mr. Wilder, one of the fellows, who is re-

presented to have been of a temper so morose as to excite the strongest disgust in the mind of his pupil. He did not pass through his academical course without distinction. Dr. Kearney (who was afterwards provost), in a note on Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, informs us, that Goldsmith gained a premium at the Christmas examination, which, according to Mr. Malone, is more honourable than those obtained at the other examinations, inasmuch as it is the only one that determines the successful candidate to be the first in literary merit. This is enough to disprove what Johnson is reported to have said of him, that he was a plant that flowered late; that there appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young; though, when he had got in fame, one of his friends began to recollect something of his being distinguished at college. Whether he took a degree is not known. On one occasion he narrowly escaped expulsion for having been concerned in the rescue of a student, who, in violation of the supposed privileges of the University, had been arrested for debt within its precincts: but his superiors contented themselves with passing a public censure on him.

Having been deprived, by death, of his father, who had with difficulty supported him at college, he became a dependant on the bounty of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine; and after fluctuating in his choice of an employment in life, was at length established as a medical student at Edinburgh, in his twenty-fifth year.

Dr. Stearn mentions, that he was at one time intended for the church, but that appearing before the Bishop, when he went to be examined for orders, in a pair of scarlet breeches, he was rejected.

From Edinburgh, when he had completed his attendance on the usual course of lectures, he removed to Leyden, with the intention of continuing his studies at that University.

Johnson used to speak with coarse contempt of Goldsmith's want of veracity. "Noll," said he to a lady of much distinction in literature, who repeated to me his words, "Noll, madam, would lie through an inch board." In this instance, Johnson's known partiality to Goldsmith fixes the stigma

so deeply, that we can place no reliance on the account he gave of what befel him, when he imagined himself to be no longer within reach of detection. In a letter to his uncle he relates that, before going to Holland, he had embarked in a vessel for Bourdeaux, that the ship was driven by a storm into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, that he was there seized on suspicion of being engaged with the rebels, and thrown into prison; that the vessel, meanwhile proceeding on her voyage, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where all the crew perished; and that, at the end of a fortnight, being liberated, he set sail in a vessel bound for Holland, and in nine days arrived safely at Rotterdam. After a residence of about a twelvemonth at Leyden, he was involved in difficulties, occasioned by his love of gambling, a ridiculous inclination that adhered to him for the remainder of his life. He now set out with the resolution of visiting the principal parts of the Continent on foot; and, according to his own report of himself, made his way by a variety of stratagems, sometimes recruiting his finances by the acquisition of small sums proposed in the foreign universities to public disputants; at others, securing himself a hospitable reception by the exercise of a moderate share of skill in playing the flute—his “tuneless pipe,” as he calls it, in that passage of *The Traveller* where he alludes to this method of supplying his wants.

Thus, if we are to believe him, he passed through the Netherlands, France, and Germany, into the Swiss Cantons; and in that country, so well suited to awaken the feelings of a poet, he composed a part of *The Traveller*, and sent it to his elder brother, a clergyman in Ireland. Continuing his journey into Italy, he visited Venice, Verona, Florence, and Padua; and having spent six months at the University in the last mentioned city, returned through France to England in 1756. From his *Inquiry into the Present State of Learning*, we collect, that when at Paris, he attended the Chemical Lectures of Rouelle.

In the meantime his uncle had died; and he found himself, on his arrival in London, so destitute even of a friend

to whom he could refer for a recommendation, that he with difficulty obtained first the place of an usher to a school, and afterwards that of assistant in the laboratory of a chemist. At last, meeting with Doctor Sleigh, formerly his fellow-student at Edinburgh, he was enabled, by the kindness of this worthy physician, who appears in so amiable a light as the patron of Barry, in the *Memoirs* of that painter, to avail himself more effectually of his knowledge in medicine, and to earn a subsistence, however scanty, by the practice of that art.

The Bankside in Southwark, and the Temple, or its vicinity, were successively the places where he fixed his residence. To his professional gains he soon added the emoluments arising from his exertions as an author. In 1758, he took a share in the conduct of the literary journal called the *Monthly Review*; and for the space of seven or eight months, while the employment lasted, lodged in the house of Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of it. The next year he contributed several papers to the *Bee*, a collection of essays, and published his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, in which he speaks of the *Monthly Review* in terms not very respectful. There is, I doubt, in this little essay more display than reality of erudition. It would not be easy to say where he had discovered “that Dante was persecuted by the critics as long as he lived.” The complaints he made of the hard fate of authors, and his censure of odes and of blank verse, were well calculated to conciliate the good will, and to excite the sympathy of Johnson, with whom he soon became intimate.

Poverty and indiscretion were other claims, by which the benevolent commiseration of Johnson could scarcely fail to be awakened; and his acquaintance with Goldsmith had not subsisted long, when an occasion presented itself for rescuing him from the consequences of those evils. One day, calling on our poet, at his lodgings in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street, he found him under arrest for debt, and engaged in violent altercation with his landlady. Taking from him the Vicar of Wakefield, then just written, Johnson proceed-

ed with it to Newbery the bookseller, from whom he obtained sixty pounds for his friend; and Goldsmith's good humour, and the complaisance of his hostess, returning with this accession of wealth, they spent the remainder of the day together in harmony. In this novel, like Fielding and Smollett, he exhibits a very natural view of familiar life. Inferior to the first in the artful management of his story, and to the latter in the broader traits of comic character, and not equal to either in variety and fertility, he is, nevertheless, to be preferred to both for his power of passing from the ludicrous to the tender, and for his regard to moral decency. It was not printed till some years after, in 1766, when his reputation had been in some degree established by *The Traveller*. Meanwhile he published, in a periodical work called the *Ledger*, his *Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friend in the East*, in which, under the character of a Chinese philosopher, he describes the customs and manners of Europeans. But this assumed personage is an awkward concealment for the good-humoured Irishman, with his never-failing succession of droll stories. Of these there are too many; and the want of any thing like a continued interest is sensibly felt. I do not know of any book, on the same plan, that is to be compared with the *Persian Letters* of Montesquieu.

In the spring of 1763, he had lodgings in Islington; and continuing there till the following year, he revised several petty publications for Newbery, and wrote the *Letters on English History*, which, from their being published as the letters of a nobleman to his son, have been attributed by turns to the Earl of Orrery and Lord Lyttelton.

His next removal was to the Temple, where he remained for the rest of his life, not without indulging a project, equally magnificent and visionary, of making a journey into the East, in order to bring back with him such useful inventions as had not found their way into Britain. He was ridiculed by Johnson for fancying himself competent to so arduous a task, when he was utterly unacquainted with our own mecha-

nical arts. He would have brought back a grinding barrow, said Johnson, and thought that he had furnished a wonderful improvement. The more feasible plan of returning with honour and advantage to his native country, was held out to him through the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland. That nobleman, who was then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent for him, and made him an offer of his protection. Goldsmith, with his characteristic simplicity, replied, that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help; that, for himself, he looked to the booksellers for support. This reliance happily did not deceive him. By the rewards of his literary labours, he was placed in a comparative state of opulence, in which his propensity for play alone occasioned a diminution.

In 1765, appeared *The Hermit*, *The Traveller*, and the *Essays*.

About this time a club was formed, at the proposal of Reynolds, which consisted, besides that eminent painter and our poet, of Johnson, Burke, Burke's father-in-law, Doctor Nugent, Sir John Hawkins, Langton, Beauclerk, and Chamier, who met and supped together every Friday night, at the Turk's Head, in Gerard-street, Soho. The bookseller's shop belonging to Dr. Griffiths, called the *Dunciad*, in the neighbourhood of Catherine-street, was another of his favourite haunts.

His comedy of the *Good Natured Man*, though it had received the sanction of Burke's approval, did not please Garrick sufficiently to induce him to venture it on his theatre. It was, therefore, brought forward by Colman, at Covent Garden, on the 29th of January, 1769; but having been represented for nine nights, did not longer maintain its place on the stage, though it is one of those comedies which afford most amusement in the closet. For his conception of the character of Croaker, the author acknowledged that he was indebted to Johnson's *Suspicious*, in the *Rambler*. That of Honeywood, in its undistinguishing benevolence, bears some resemblance to his own.

In the next year he published his *Deserted Village*; and entered into an agreement with Davies, to com-

pile a History of England, in four octavo volumes, for the sum of five hundred pounds, in the space of two years; before the expiration of which period, he made a compact with the same bookseller for an abridgment of the Roman History, which he had before published. The History of Greece, which has appeared since his death, cannot with certainty be ascribed to his pen.

In 1771, he wrote the Life of Bolingbroke, prefixed to the Dissertation on Parties.

The reception which his former play had met did not discourage him from trying his fate with a second. But it was not till after much solicitation, that Colman was prevailed on to allow *The Mistakes of a Night*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*, to be acted at Covent Garden, on the 15th of March, 1773. A large party of zealous friends, with Johnson at their head, attended to witness the representation and to lead the plaudits of the House; a scheme which Mr. Cumberland describes to have been preconcerted with much method, but to have been near failing in consequence of some mistakes in the execution of the manœuvres, which aroused the displeasure of the audience. That the piece is enlivened by such droll incidents, as to be nearly allied to farce, Johnson with justice observed, declaring, however, that “he knew of no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience; that had so much answered the great end of comedy, that of making an audience merry.”

The History of the Earth and Animated Nature, in eight volumes, closed the labours of Goldsmith. This compilation, however recommended by the agreeableness of style usual to its author, is but little prized for its accuracy. In a summary of past events, which are often differently related by writers of authority and credit nearly equal, it is in vain to look for certainty. But when we are presented with a description of natural objects that required only to be looked at in order to be known, we are neither amused nor instructed without some degree of precision. History partakes of the nature of romance. Physiology is more closely connected with science. In the one we must often rest contented with

probability. In the other we know that truth is generally to be attained, and therefore expect to find it.

Goldsmith had been for some time subject to attacks of strangury; and having before experienced relief from James’s powders, had again recourse to that popular medicine. His medical attendants are said to have remonstrated with him on its unfitness in the stage to which his disorder had reached; but he persevered; and his fever increasing, and some secret distress of mind, under which he owed to Doctor Turton that he laboured, aggravating his bodily complaint, he expired on the 4th of April in his forty-fifth year.

He was privately interred in the Temple burying ground. A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with the following epitaph by Johnson, written at the solicitation of their common friends.

Olivarii Goldsmith,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Seu risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator;
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hiberniâ, Fornie Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas.
Nov. XXIX, MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ literis institutus;
Obiit Londini,
April. IV, MDCCCLXXIV.

It has been questioned whether there is any authority for using the word “tetigit” as it is here employed. I have heard it observed by one, whose opinion on such subjects is decisive, that “contigit” would have better expressed the writer’s meaning.

Another epitaph composed by Johnson in Greek, deserves notice, as it shows how strongly his mind was impressed by Goldsmith’s abilities.

Τὸν τάφον εἰσοράας τὸν Οὐλερῖου, κοινῇ
Ἄφρουσι μὴ σεμνὴν, ζῆλον, πῶς σεσι πάται·
Οἷσι μέμνητε φύσις, μέτρων χάρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν,
Κλαίετε ποιήτην, ἱστορικόν, φύσικον.

“Thou beholdest the tomb of Oliver; press not, O stranger, with the foot of folly, the venerable dust. Ye who care for nature, for the charms of song, for the deeds of ancient days, weep for the Historian, the Naturalist, the Poet.”

Goldsmith’s stature was below the

middle height; his limbs, sturdy; his forehead, more prominent than is usual; and his face, almost round, pallid, and marked with the small-pox.

The simpleness, almost approaching to fatuity, of his outward deportment, combined with the power which there was within, brings to our recollection some part of the character of La Fontaine, whom a French lady wittily called the Fable Tree, from his apparent unconsciousness, or rather want of mental responsibility for the admirable productions which he was continually supplying. His propriety and clearness when he expresses his thoughts with his pen, and his confusion and inability to impart them in conversation, well illustrated the observation of Cicero, that it is very possible for a man to think rightly on any subject, and yet to want the power of conveying his sentiments by speech in fit and becoming language to others. "*Fieri potest ut recte quis sentiat, sed id quod sentit polite eloqui non possit.*" Yet Mr. Cumberland, who was one of his associates, has informed us, "that he had gleams of eloquence."

Johnson said of him that he was not a social man; he never exchanged mind with you. His prevailing foible was a desire of shining in those exterior accomplishments which nature had denied him. Vanity and benevolence had conspired to make him an easy prey to adulation and imposture.

His complaints of the envy by which he found his mind tormented, and especially on the occasion of Johnson's being honoured by an interview with the King, must have made those who heard him lose all sense of the evil passion, in their amusement at a confession so novel and so pleasant.

One day, we are told, he complained in a mixed company of Lord Camden. "I met him," said he, "at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The story of his peach-coloured coat will not soon be forgotten. If—

— in some men

Their graces serve them but as enemies,
Goldsmith was one of those in
whom their frailties are more likely

to serve them as friends; for they were such as could scarcely fail to assist in appeasing malevolence and conciliating kindness. Be this as it will, he must, with all his weaknesses, be considered as one of the chief ornaments of the age in which he lived.

Comparisons have been made between the situation of the men eminent for literature in Queen Anne's time and at the commencement of the reign of George the Third. In the former, beginning to be disengaged from the court, where they were more at home during the reign of the Charleses, they were falling under the influence of the nobility, amongst whom they generally found their patrons, and often their associates. In the latter, they had been insensibly shaken off alike by the court and the nobles, and were come into the hands of the people and the booksellers. I know not whether they were much the worse for this change. If in the one instance they were rendered more studious of elegance and smartness; in the other, they attained more freedom and force. In the former, they were oftener imitators of the French. In the latter, they followed the dictates of a better sense, and trusted more to their own resources. They lost, indeed, the character of wits, but they aspired to that of instructors. Yet in one respect, and that a material one, it must be owned, that they were sufferers by this alteration in affairs. For the quantity of their labours having become more important under their new masters than it was under their old ones, they had less care of selection, and their originality was weakened by diffusiveness. They indulged themselves but sparingly in the luxury of composing verse, which was too thriftless an occupation to be continued long. They used it, perhaps, as the means of attracting notice to themselves at their first entrance on the world, but not as the staple on which they were afterwards to depend. When the song had drawn a band of hearers around them, it had done its duty. The crowd was to be detained and increased, by expectations of advantage rather than of pleasure. A writer consulted Goldsmith on what subjects he might employ his pen with most

profit to himself. "It will be better," said the author of *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, laughing indeed, but in good earnest, "to relinquish the draggle-tail muses. For my part, I have found productions in prose more sought after and better paid for." This is, no doubt, the reason that his verse bears so small a proportion to his other writings. Yet it is by the former, added to the few works of imagination which he has left besides, that he will be known to posterity. His histories will probably be superseded by more skilful or more accurate compilations; as they are now read by few who can obtain information nearer to its original sources.

In the natural manner of telling a short and humorous story, he is perhaps surpassed by no writer of prose except Addison. In his *Essays*, the style preserves a middle way between the gravity of Johnson and the lightness of Chesterfield; but it may often be objected to them, as to the moral writings of Johnson, that they present life to us under a gloomy aspect, and leave an impression of despondence on the mind of the reader.

In his poetry there is nothing ideal. It pleases chiefly by an exhibition of nature in her most homely and familiar views. But from these he selects his objects with due discretion, and omits to represent whatever would occasion unmingled pain or disgust.

His couplets have the same slow and stately march as Johnson's; and if we can suppose similar images of rural and domestic life to have arrested the attention of that writer, we can scarcely conceive that he would have expressed them in different language.

Some of the lines in *The Deserted Village* are said to be closely copied from a poem by Welsted, called the *Οικογραφία*; but I do not think he will be found to have levied larger contributions on it, than most poets have supposed themselves justified in making on the neglected works of their predecessors.

The following particulars relating to this poem, which I have extracted from the letter of Dr. Streat before referred to, cannot fail to gratify that numerous class of readers with whom it has been a favourite from their earliest years.

The poem of *The Deserted Village* took its origin from the circumstance of General Robert Napper (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the General), having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or *Auburn*; in consequence of which, many families, here called *cottiers*, were removed to make room for the intended improvements of what was now to become the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition; and were forced "with fainting steps," to go in search of "torrid tracts" and "distant climes."

This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind, when the following are added; viz. that the character of the village-preacher, the above-named Henry, (the brother of the poet,) is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived; and his "modest mansion" as it existed. Burn, the name of the village-master, and the site of his school-house, and *Catherine Giraghty*, a lonely widow;

The wretched matron forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread;

(and to this day the brook and ditches, near the spot where her cabin stood, abound with cresses) still remain in the memory of the inhabitants, and *Catherine's* children live in the neighbourhood. The pool, the busy mill, the house where "nut-brown draughts inspired," are still visited as the poetic scene; and the "hawthorn-bush" growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks, is now reduced to one; the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, &c. in honour of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poem. All these contribute to the same proof; and the "decent church," which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which "tops the neighbouring hill," is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher.

I should have observed, that Elizabeth Delap, who was a parishioner of mine, and died at the age of about ninety, often told me she was the first who put a book into Goldsmith's hand; by which she meant, that she taught him his letters: she was allied to him, and kept a little school.

The *Hermit* is a pleasing little tale, told with that simplicity which appears so easy, and is in fact so difficult, to be attained. It is imitated from the Ballad of a Friar of Orders Grey, in Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*.

His *Traveller* was, it is said, pronounced by Mr. Fox to be one of the

finest pieces in the English language. Perhaps this sentence was delivered by that great man with some qualification, which was either forgotten or omitted by the reporter of it; otherwise such praise was surely disproportioned to its object.

In this poem, he professes to compare the good and evil which fall to the share of those different nations whose lot he contemplates. His design at setting out is to show that, whether we consider the blessings to be derived from art or from nature, we shall discover "an equal portion dealt to all mankind." And the conclusion which he draws at the end of the poem would be perfectly just, if these premises were allowed him.

In every government though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws re-
strain,

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or
cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:

With secret course, which no loud streams
annoy,

Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,

Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of
steel,

To men remote from power but rarely
known,

Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our
own.

That it matters little or nothing to the happiness of men: whether they are governed well or ill, whether they live under fixed and known laws, or at the will of an arbitrary tyrant, is a paradox, the fallacy of which is happily too apparent to need any refutation. Nor is his inference warranted by those particular observations which he makes for the purpose of establishing it. When of Italy he tells us, "that sensual bliss is all this nation knows," how is Italy to be compared either with itself when it was prompted by those "nobler aims," of which he speaks, or with that country where he sees

The lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's
hand,

Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above controul;

While e'en the peasant learns these rights
to scan,

And learns to venerate himself as man?

That good is every where balanced by some evil, none will deny. But that no effort of human courage or prudence can make one scale preponderate over the other, and that a decree of fate has fixed them in eternal equipoise, is an opinion which, if it were seriously entertained, must bind men to a tame and spiritless acquiescence in whatever disadvantages or inconveniences they may chance to find themselves involved, and leave to them the exercise of no other public virtue than that of a blind submission. His poetry is happily better than his argument. He discriminates with much skill the manners of the several countries that pass in review before him; the illustrations, with which he relieves and varies his main subject, are judiciously interspersed; and as he never raises his tone too far beyond his pitch at the first starting, so he seldom sinks much below it. The thought at the beginning appears to have pleased him; for he has repeated it in "the Citizen of the World:"

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening
chain.

"The further I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."

To the poetical compositions of Goldsmith in general, may be applied with justice that temperate commendation which he has given to the works of Parnell in his life of that Poet. "At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble; and so resolves to go the journey over again." There is much to solace fatigue and even to excite pleasure, but nothing to call forth rapture. We stay to contemplate and enjoy the objects on our road; but we feel that it is on this earth we have been traveling, and that the author is either not willing or not able to raise us above it.

ON THE POETICAL USE OF THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

These were immortal stories.—*Barry Cornwall.*

THE present is, doubtless, an æra of restorations and revivals, political and poetical. The Bourbons have returned to the throne of France, and the Gods and Goddesses of classic fame, with all the noblesse of Fauns and Satyrs, Dryads and Hamadryads, are beginning to re-occupy, with limited sway, their ancient places in poetry.

Keats, Cornwall, and Shelley, have breathed a new life into the dry bones of old mythology; and even Mr. Wordsworth, notwithstanding his avowed preference for the merely and familiarly natural, has not only done ample justice, in one of the finest passages of the *Excursion*, to the creating spirit of ancient fable, but has shown a fondness, of late, for classical tales and images.

We cannot help thinking, however, that the immortal emigrants have acquired new manners, and almost new faces, in their exile. They seem to rely less on their antiquity, and more on their beauty and accomplishments. They are far less obtrusive and assuming; but at the same time, they have lost somewhat of that strength and manliness which distinguished them in the best periods of Greece and Rome, and are become refined and delicate, almost finical. They are invested with an exquisite tenderness; a soft and melting radiance; a close and affectionate affinity to the gentler parts of nature; but they have no longer that stern and venerable simplicity with which they appeared in nations where they were the objects of adoration. A similar change took place in the later times of Roman, and even of Grecian literature, particularly among the Sicilian and Alexandrian writers. Bion, and Moschus, and Theocritus represent their deities as most delightfully pretty and feminine, except they introduce them expressly as objects of terror. Indeed Claudian and Statius occasionally dilate, with such elaborate and brilliant minuteness, on the smallest beauties of form or hue, that their descriptions con-

vey no more feeling of substance, than the prismatic colours on a sheet of paper. But this sort of frigid Dutch painting is seldom to be found in the Greeks, whose Gods are generally tangible as well as visible. But when physical strength ceases to be regarded with esteem, it is very difficult to impart awe or reverence to finite forms. The gradual decay of polytheism may very perceptibly be traced from Homer to the last profane writers of the lower empire. In fact, the Romans had ceased to be a religious, before they became in any degree a poetical people. Even while they were so famed for devoutness, it is more than probable that their theological system had very little of the imaginative character of the Grecian. It was more simple, more serious, more political, more connected with temporary institutions, and less with general nature and metaphysical speculation. The Latin poets imitated the Greeks in mythology as in all other things, but not always with equal judgment. They now and then drop hints of a graver philosophy, sometimes even of tenets altogether at variance with the popular belief. Their divinities are often half real, and half allegorical; sometimes mere personified abstractions, and sometimes, especially as above stated, in the later writers, mere shapes, gratuitous combinations of the fancy. All these inconsistencies indicate that the true spirit of pagan theology had evaporated. There is no sincerity in the religion of Roman writers. They are not in earnest. They employ their fanciful wits and elegant invention to give a gay image of what they know to be an airy nothing. The strongest exception to these observations is the *Atys* of Catullus, a poem truly Grecian in its feeling, if not in its origin. But of their general truth it is not difficult to select instances, though their force is rather to be gathered from the pervading spirit of the authors, than from isolated passages. Horace, an Epi-

curean, writes odes to Jupiter,—a neat vehicle for compliments to Mæcenas and Augustus. There is no more faith in his invocation to Venus, than in his panegyrics on temperance, if indeed the latter were not written in the brief sincerity of bile and indigestion. He addresses the deities with the smooth strains of a laureate, but not with the emotion of a devotee; and when he describes the vision of Bacchus among the nymphs, his *credite posteri* imposes a burden on posterity he would have been very loth himself to pay. But the good-humoured lord of the Sabine farm should never have put his Pegasus on a gallop, nor himself into a passion. He is not, like Nick Bottom, “fit for a part to tear a cat in.” He has no enthusiasm of any sort, unless it be in speaking of himself. He sings delightfully in his natural tenor, but his bravura is feeble, and a complete falsetto.

Horace, however, was professedly—

Parcus decorum cultor et infrequens,

and probably his conversion from the Epicurean tenets by the thunder storm was as lasting as the generality of his resolutions.

But Virgil has been commended for the piety of his sentiments, almost as much as for the elegance of his imagery, the depth of his pathos, or the flow of his numbers. It is not very easy to discover from his writings what was his real religion, or whether he had any clear or serious belief in personal and intelligent deities. His Jupiter, Juno, Venus, &c. are transferred from Homer, with some improvement in their manners, but none at all in their morals. He has taken no pains to bring them into keeping with the Platonic and Pantheistic philosophy, which he puts into the mouth of the shade Anchises, nor even with the improved state of ethical knowledge displayed in the language and sentiments of his mortal characters. Hence his Gods appear worse than his men, and his men, acting under the guidance of his Gods, seem worse than themselves. Hence, too, arises an inconsistency, too common in narrative

poems of which the scene is laid in barbarous ages and countries: the sentiments are at variance with the conduct. The age of Homer is confounded with that of Augustus. Neither is Virgil entirely free from imperfect personifications, the poetical sin which most easily besets mythology. Thus, in describing the descent of Mercury upon mount Atlas, he forgets that Atlas could not at once be a mountain and a giant.

—*Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit*

*Atlantis duri, cælum qui vertice fulcit;
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
Piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri:
Nix humeros infusa tegit; tum flumina*

*mento
Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.*

*Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
Constitit; hinc toto præceps se corpore
ad undas*

Misit: avi similis, quæ circum litora, circum

*Piscosos scopulos, humilis volat æquora
juxta.*

* *Haud aliter terras inter cælumque volabat.
Litus arenosum Libyæ, ventosque secabat,
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.*

Æneid. l. iv. 246.

The epithet *senis*, applied to a mountain, the ice on his beard, and the rivers gushing from his chin, might be supposed to be figurative, though, even then, they would be scarcely worthy of Virgil; but when Mercury precipitates himself from his maternal grand-father, we have only to chuse between conceit and confusion.

These inconsistencies, however little they may detract from the transcendent merit of the *Æneid*, tend to prove that “the intelligible forms of old religion” had neither a correspondent substance in the belief of Virgil, nor even a distinct and permanent existence in his imagination. His Gods “savour not of the reality.” They are not altogether like those of Homer, individuals composed of flesh and blood; nor, like those of the mysteries, symbols of general truths or eternal powers. They are mere creatures of memory and tradition, and may be compared to

* It is but fair to say that these last lines are by Heyne supposed to be spurious.

the figures of an old painting grown dim by time, and retouched by a modern artist, with exquisite skill indeed, yet so that the modern is plainly discernible.

So far, however, from wishing to diminish the fame of the Mantuan by one iota, we would fain be persuaded that his very incongruities are the result of refined judgment and consummate art. If the skill of a great musician is displayed in the agreeable management of discords, why may not a poet deserve praise by a judicious use of inconsistencies? The truth is, every writer reflects something of the spirit of his own age; and the age of Virgil was, in respect to religious belief, an inconsistent one. The motley garb of paganism was thread-bare, full of rents, and patched with purple shreds of philosophy, that set off its bareness, and added to its raggedness. Still it was the state uniform, and could not conveniently be thrown aside. Jupiter and Juno were deities by law established, and the ceremonials of polytheism were associated with the institutions of the commonwealth. The family pride of the great, the national pride of the many, were interested in maintaining the ancient superstition. The Gods and Goddesses had made themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and were strongly intrenched amid shows and pedigrees. Nor were they unsupported by better feelings, and deeper interests. The sanctity of oaths—the dignity of magistrates—the discipline of armies, were in danger of perishing with the national religion: and all the glories of Rome pleaded in its favour. However little, therefore, the faith of the speculative may have been in that multitudinous rout of deified heroes, and canonised demireps, abstract qualities, and dead, or at best unintelligent powers of nature,—aliens, denizens, and natives, Gods by custom, and Gods by statute, whose number was yearly increasing till their very names defied all power of memory; the prevailing system was still hallowed by antiquity, and adorned with splendour;—strong recommendations to a people who had recently exchanged the severity of soldiers for the ostentation of conquerors, not zealous for truth, but passionate for glory.

Yet while so many causes conjoined to uphold the ancient signs, their ancient significance was gliding fast away. The Roman religion not being of such a catholic and accommodating character as the Greek, probably suffered much more from the fashionable systems of philosophy. Literal belief was confined to the vulgar, and among them, we may conjecture, to such as were placed out of contact with the half-learned. The disciples of Epicurus, and those of Carneades, and the third academy, alike confident and self-satisfied,—the former pretending to know all things, and the latter as vain of their discovery that nothing is to be known,—by inducing a decay of natural religion, withdrew its support and nourishment from those parasitical superstitions which indicated its vital presence while they concealed its true proportions. The Stoics, professing the most implicit reverence for all that had the sanction of age and authority, talking much of providence, much of the Divinity, much even of an hereafter,—by the very sternness of their doctrines, by their pretended indifference to all contingencies, and by their assertion of an absolute free-will, co-existing with an absolute fate,—a system, in its consequences, approaching to quietism,—left their gods, in the end, little more effective than those of the Epicureans. For if virtue be the only good, and vice the only evil, and man can attain to the one, and avoid the other, without Divine assistance,—if each individual is, or may be, lord of all within, and an inexorable destiny disposes of all without,—what place is there for religion? Neither could the antique faith look for protection or sincere alliance to the Platonists; though some of their successors, in an after age, were induced to lend their support to declining paganism, and to find in the abstruser doctrines of their founder a ready and specious defence for the fables which provoked him to banish Homer from his republic. But the philosophers were never auxiliaries to the popular religion, till they were the enemies of Christianity. In no dissimilar spirit some of the German Illuminati have ranged themselves under the banners of popery. But the purer and elder Platonism is,

perhaps, the nearest approach to Christian truth that unassisted reason has ever made: and if in some of its speculations it exceeds the limits of the understanding, without attaining to a region of purer light;—if, without due commission, it has presumed to draw “*empyrean air*”;—still its presumption is of a more amiable kind, more akin to faith, and hope, and adoration, than the conceited *nonchalance* of the Epicurean, or the self-centering pride of the Stoic. It does, however fancifully, or with whatever mixture of error, it does communicate a hint at the great truth, that man is upon earth a stranger and a pilgrim; it does, obscurely indeed, yet not unintelligibly, point at the fact, that human nature, as it exists, is a fallen thing, and not, as Mr. Pope would persuade us, good, as the nature of beasts, in its own low degree; it does catch a glimpse of that ideal of divine humanity, in which the individual man discovers his own vileness, and grows humble by the contemplation of glory. It does not, indeed, neither could it, reveal the mysteries of the gospel, but it turned the minds of men to the direction in which they were to come. It withdrew them from the things of time and sense, and excited a yearning after the eternal and invisible.

To a soul possessed with such desires, the worship of the finite must needs have been weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable. A true Platonist must, at least, have been indifferent to a religion like the Roman; a palpable state ordinance, the guardians of which had burned the works of its founder. A creed which could never have been, if Rome had not been, could have little in it to satisfy the searchers for universal, everlasting, necessary truth.

But philosophers did not preach to the poor, and pretty generally admitted the expediency of restraining the populace by the chains of sensual superstition. The most enlightened of the heathen, with all their democratic zeal, had no notion of an equality of moral rights, of that equality which is implied by the phrase, “*Every man has a soul to be saved.*”

A far more active agent than philosophy was stealing away the life

of the popular faith, and turning the time-hallowed ceremonies into mere pageants. The Romans were fast verging to Cosmopolitism. Their religion was Roman exclusively. Their country was the true God of their idolatry, and patriotism the ground and stuff of their piety. Their mythology was built up while they were a small and concentrated nation, strongly opposed to all other nations. Now Rome was all the world, and Roman rather a title of honour than a national distinction. Of all human events, it is probable that the blending of nations into one universal empire did most to weaken the influence of polytheism, and prepare the world for Christianity, the whole world's religion. Just in proportion as the feeling of country became less intense, the reverence for local and tutelary deities diminished, and a craving void was left for emotions of deeper and more catholic devotion.

Such being the state of belief and unbelief in the Augustan age,—so many interests combining to support the rites and fictions of antiquity, while their power and significance was daily lessening,—those who wished to maintain the old Roman character for devoutness, and yet to escape the ridicule attached to old fashioned credulity, would naturally be put upon inventing new meanings for old words,—an infallible symptom of the decline of vital religion. Some would explain away, and some would allegorize, and labour with perverse and unprofitable industry to convert the toys of childhood into tools and weapons for maturity. One man would discover that all mythology was composed of enigmatical representations of natural philosophy; and what wonder, when a baronet of the 19th century, a man of no small learning and ingenuity, and not a Frenchman, takes pains to assure us, that the twelve patriarchs were neither more nor less than the twelve signs of the zodiac? Another, with equal gravity, would endeavour to prove that all the luscious stories of Venus and Adonis, the amours of Jupiter, and the revels of Bacchus, were moral apologues in commendation of chastity and sobriety; and a third, of less airy genius, would find out that Janus was only a prudent king, who

calculated correctly upon consequences, and Prometheus a great astronomer, who had an observatory on Mount Caucasus, and induced a liver complaint by intense application. These divers interpretations, physical, ethical, and historical, swarmed in latter times, increasing with the increase of Christianity, and originating more in the spirit of controversy, which would give up no point of the system it was defending, than in any conviction of their probability. But something of the kind must always take place where a respect for words and forms survives the notions or feeling which gave those words and forms a meaning. There are some, who call themselves Christians, who are not ashamed to use similar double dealing with the Bible.

The general effect of all this must have coincided with the discussions of the philosophers—and that enfeebling of local and national attachments, which is an almost certain attendant on advanced civilization, and in Rome was accelerated by the loss of liberty and the corruption of manners,—to destroy all distinct conceptions as to the nature or personality of the objects of worship. The confusion, from which paganism is never perfectly free, of presiding powers with that over which they were supposed to preside,—of Neptune with the sea,—of Jupiter with the upper air, &c.—would be much increased, so that the most correct taste could hardly escape it. When Gods become metaphors, and metaphors pass into the current language, it is difficult indeed to treat of a mythological subject, without an occasional jumble.

To apply these observations (which we are afraid have grown rather *lengthy*) to the subject from whence they arose; if Virgil's mythology had been as distinct and uniformly consistent as that of Homer, it might have been more gratifying to good taste at present, but it would not have suited Virgil's age, or reflected the opinions of his contemporaries. His poem is, throughout, an offering to Roman vanity,—a grand national poem,—and could hardly have seemed enough in earnest without a touch of philosophy; even a little confusion of phrase was necessary to represent

the prevailing confusion of ideas. But these arguments are not meant to excuse such modern writers as are guilty of similar incongruities. We have our choice between the simpler and the more mystical theologies of the ancients. We are at liberty to represent the Gods as we please; we are not bound to an agreement with the notions of any period of Greece or Rome, and so can on no account be discharged from the duty of agreeing with ourselves.

The Gods of Homer are healthy, living bodies; those of Virgil exhibit some signs of approaching dissolution. Those of the later Romans are seldom better than pictures; often no more than names.

We have hitherto considered chiefly the hollow surface of mythology, as it existed after the life and shaping power was gone, in a corrupt and unimaginative age, when poetry was verging to two extremes; to mere arbitrary fiction on the one hand, and to mere matter of fact representation, or exaggeration, malicious or adulatory, of the follies, vices, and wonders of the day. If we except the satirists, the best writers, even of the court of Augustus, were but as mountain tops, reflecting the light of the mighty orbs of song below the horizon; and this light was cast yet more faintly on their successors. It is, indeed, much to be regretted, that the ancient poets persevered in the choice of mythological subjects, after the true mythological spirit was gone out of the world. Many of the Latins have shown powers of deep and human pathos, which make us regret that they should have continued to talk of Gods, and Goddesses, and heroes, when it is evident they could have made men and women so much more interesting.

We are too much in the habit of classing the Greeks and Romans together, and considering their religion as the same; but this impression (it cannot be called an opinion) is highly erroneous. No two nations could be of more distinct characters, as is proved by the ridiculous affectation of Grecism, that was prevalent in the decline of Rome. The Roman mythology is fallen with Rome; indeed it may be said to have fallen with the republic: that of Greece

will probably survive, as long as poetry continues to season the dull clod of earth. Less darkly impressive than the Gothic, less fantastically gorgeous than the Oriental, it stands unrivaled in the beautiful simplicity of its forms, the pregnancy of its symbols, and the plastic facility with which it accommodates itself to the fancy and feelings of all mankind. The Gods of the Greeks were literally all things to all men. To the patriot, they were the guardians of his country; to the antiquary, the founders of nations, the mighty of old time. The mystic theologian adored them as signs of the infinite and eternal; and the physiologist as the unceasing operations of nature. True it is, that in all these shades of faith, from the gross creed of the vulgar, who looked on their deities as capricious despots that were to be bribed or flattered into good humour, to the beautiful imaginations of a Plato, who sought in the depth of his own great soul for the substance of all shadows, there is no stubborn, self-asserting truth; no stuff of the conscience; no heart-searching, and no heart's cure: but there is much that soothes, and something that elevates; something that calls man out of himself, and persuades him to make interest with nature.

The lively Grecian in a land of hills,
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding
shores,

Under a cope of variegated sky,
Could find commodious place for every God,
Promptly received, as prodigally brought
From the surrounding countries, at the
choice

Of all adventurers. With unrival'd skill,
As nicest observation furnish'd hints
For studious fancy, did his hand bestow
On fluent operations a fix'd shape,
Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
And yet, triumphant o'er this pompous show
Of art, this palpable array of sense,
On every side encounter'd, in despite
Of the gross fictions, chaunted in the streets
By wandering rhapsodists,—and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denials, hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools, a spirit hung,
Beautiful region, o'er thy towns and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
And emanations were perceived, and acts
Of immortality, in nature's course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds on grave philosopher imposed,
And armed warrior: and in every grove

A gay or pensive tenderness prevail'd,
When piety more awful had relax'd.

“Take, running river, take these locks of
mine.”—

Thus would the votary say—“this sever'd
hair

My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
Thankful for my beloved child's return.
Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
Thy murmurs heard, and drank the chrys-
tal lymph

With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
And moisten all day long those flowery
fields.”

And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair
was shed

Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
Of life continuous, being unimpair'd;
That hath been, is, and where it is and was,
There shall again be seen, and felt, and
known,

And recognized, existence unexposed
To the blind walk of mortal accident;
From diminution safe, and weakening age:
While man grows old, and dwindles, and
decays,

And countless generations of mankind
Depart, and leave no vestige where they trod.

Wordsworth.

No act in the life of a Grecian was below the notice of a deity. Business and pleasure, food and exercise, study and meditation, war and traffic, the best and the vilest deeds alike were hallowed. His creed was associated with all visible greatness, with art and nature, with high aspirings, and tender thoughts, and voluptuous fancies, with the stars of heaven, with mountains and rivers, with the tombs and the fame of his ancestors, with temples and statues, with music and poesy, with all of beauty that he saw, or loved, or longed for, or dreamed of as a possibility. His devotion was no work of a sabbath,—it mingled with his whole existence. Love was piety, a sigh was a prayer, and enjoyment was thanksgiving. The clamour of the city, the riotous joy of the vineyards, the tumultuous pleasure that blazes itself to darkness, the enthusiasm which makes a man a trifle to himself, the intoxication of wine and of glory, these “were no feats of mortal agency;” and who might blame the madness which a God inspired? And yet the stillest and the saddest soul that ever loved the moon and the song of the nightingale, stealing apart from the

Barbarous dissonance

Of Bacchus and his revelers,

might find a Goddess to smile on him, and turn his melancholy to a rapture. Oh! what a faith were this, if human life indeed were but a summer's dream, and sin and sorrow but a beldame's tale, and death the fading of a rainbow, or the sinking of a breeze into quiet air: if all mankind were lovers and poets, and there were no truer pain than the first sigh of love, or the yearning after ideal beauty; if there were no dark misgivings, no obstinate questionings, no age to freeze the springs of life, and no remorse to taint them!

The Grecian genius turned every thing to poetry, as the touch of Midas converted all to gold, and man can no more be sustained on the one than on the other. Yet was this poetry a fair body, ready to receive any soul which will, or passion, or imagination might breathe into it. Like that umbrageous elm which Virgil has placed in the kingdom of shades, it sheltered all manner of dreams, the loveliest and the wildest, and the fellest and foulest; perhaps a few of prophetic import, that darkly told of better things to come.

The world, as the life of man, has its several ages. The Grecian age was hot fantastic youth. Strong and beautiful, ardent in enterprize, bold in purpose, resolute in execution, subtle and disputatious, averse to rest alike of soul and body, impatient of constraint, passionate and fickle, not yet weaned from matter and sense, but refining material to ideal, and subliming sensual to spiritual, as fire invests with its own brightness the grosser aliment that feeds it.

That youth is flown for ever. We are grown up to serious manhood, and are wedded to reality. Truths which the wisest ancients sought after as precious jewels, to us are household stuff. The moral being has gained a religion, and the imagination has lost one. The sage of antiquity was like a child, who thinks there are many moons within his reach. We know, that there is but one, high above our heads, whose face is mirrored in a hundred streams. Yet the shadow remains not the less because it is known to be a shadow. That shaping spirit of man, which set up Gods on every hill, and under

every green tree, is degraded from its usurped functions, but it is not dead, nor will its workmanship, though condemned, be readily forgotten. Centuries have passed since the classic deities received their latest worship, and yet they still survive, to fancy and to memory, green with immortal youth, "in form as palpable" as when mightiest nations adored them. Even when temple and altar were overthrown; when pagan worship no longer lingered in the hamlets, from which it derived its appellation; and only a few prohibited superstitions remained of all that gay religion, full of pomp and gold;—the mystical genius of the dark ages received the old deities in their exile, and divesting them, in some measure, of their beautiful distinctness, changed them into obscure powers, and stellar predominances, the workers of marvels, and the arbiters of destiny. The alchemist discovered them in his crucible, and the astrologer beheld them in the stars. Ecclesiastics have anathematized them as demons, and critics as exploded impertinences, yet neither have been able to consign them to oblivion.

This can hardly be accounted for merely from the excellence of the writers who have celebrated, or the fame of the people who adored them. Man is not so utterly changed as to discern no truth or fitness in that beautiful pile of representative fiction, which Greece built up in the years of her pride and energy. An instinct, like that which impels and enables the testaceous fishes to fashion their shells to the projections and declivities of their own bodies, induced the nations that were left bare of revelation to weave a fabric of fables, accommodated to the wants and yearnings of their own minds. These wants and yearnings are many and various; some heavenly, and many earthly; and a few that are neither of earth nor heaven. The mythology of the Greeks bears witness to their diversity; it is a "mingled yarn," in which the poetry of human nature is intertwined with its homelier affections, and darker passions. It had forms of ideal beauty, and impersonations of heroic energies. It had household Gods, to sanctify the

feeling of hearth and home ; and funereal rites, that spake of immortality ; tutelary deities, whose common worship united nations ; and store of tales, that hallowed and endeared each common act and usage of life. But it had also bloody sacrifices, and unutterable abominations, and superstitions that confounded guilt and misfortune, and Gods that authorized the passions by which they were made Gods. Nor was the ancient system untainted by that spirit of slavish fear, which is the fertile root of cruelty and madness : far unlike the holy fear which seeks no defence but humility and purity. Such mixture of good and evil proclaims that this religion was the work of man ; deeply sullied with his vices, yet not wholly unredeemed by reflections from his better part.

The tendency of the Greek imagination was to the finite rather than to the infinite ; to physical and visible strength, rather than to obscure and magical power. The simplicity of primitive Gentile faith everywhere beheld the semblance of human agency,

And purposes akin to those of man,
But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails.

Wordsworth's Excursion, b. 3.

Far unlike that mechanical philosophy which represents nature as inert, and passive ; and scarce less at variance with that vague pantheism, which gives her indeed a soul, but a soul without mind, a force that is spent in its own product, a spirit everywhere diffused, and nowhere concentrated ;—the shaping and vivifying genius of the Greeks attributed a conscious, individual, intelligent life to each and all of her forms, her motions, and her many voices ; and even in her still and changeless masses, her mountains, and rocks, and chasms, it recognized the workings of energies now stunned or in slumber. In the return of seasons, the increase and decrease of tides, and the cycles of the heavens, it discovered a likeness to will, fore-thought, and recollection, and an image of human love and hate in the sympathies and antipathies of bodies.

Even now, when the religion of Grecian bards is only remembered in

their songs, there are some excursive minds who delight to range in its unchecked liberty ; some playful fancies, that take pleasure in repeating the illusions from which it arose ; and some of tenderer natures, that find solace in adopting its forms and phrases, as a guise for thoughts too subtle, and feelings too delicate, to venture forth unveiled. It is a soothing dream, (and who can prove it but a dream?) that the emotions of our hearts, the imaginations that come we know not whence, the whispers that console or awaken, flow from a higher fountain than the dark well of our own individuality ; and yet the instinct of humanity would persuade us, that they proceed from beings that partake enough of human frailty to afford it an understanding and experienced sympathy. True it is, that these conceits will not bear reasoning upon. Like glow-worms or fire-flies, they should be looked at by no light but their own. They bear a closer resemblance to flowers than to pot-herbs ; but their roots are deep in our nature, and their fragrance is "redolent of spring." As articles of faith they cannot be commended ; but yet, they are beautiful fancies : and if they were ever pernicious, they now have lost their venom, and may serve to show how much, and how little, the unaided intellect can effect for itself ; as sometimes the dim outline of the moon appears by day, to inform us how the night is preserved from darkness.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,

Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths ; all these
have vanish'd :

They live no longer in the faith of reason ;
But still the heart doth need a language ;
still

Doth the old instinct bring back the old
names ;

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
And even at this day,
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's
fair.

Schiller's Wallenstein. Part I.

THE SITES.

SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF VALERIUS FLACCUS.

VALERIUS FLACCUS is one of the few poets of antiquity of whom I do not remember ever to have heard that any attempt at a translation has been made in the English language. There is no reason why his *Argonautics* should not please us as well as those of Apollonius Rhodius. Some, indeed, have given him the preference to that writer; and one critic in particular, Giovanbattista Pio, does not scruple to say, that a little gold of his is worth a great deal of the brass of Apollonius, in the same manner as a small pearl is more precious than a quantity of common stones, however large; a cavalier sort of criticism, which Boileau seems to have imitated in what he has said, with no better reason, concerning Tasso and Virgil. The three words so well known, in which Quintilian has spoken of him, are more to the purpose, and are a more valu-

able testimony in his favour: "*Multum in Valerio Flacco nuper amissimus.*"

The French, in this instance, as in some others, have been more industrious than ourselves; and it is not one of the instances to which what Burke once said of them can justly be applied: "*Malo meorum negligentiam, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.*" They have a translation of Valerius Flaccus by Adolphe Dareau de la Malle, begun before the translator had attained the age of twenty, and continued by him for thirteen years. The version, I believe, is less esteemed than the notes he has added to it.

The following specimen will not have been given in vain, if it shall encourage any of our young writers to supply the deficiency which I have mentioned.

VALERIUS FLACCUS, B. I.

I sing the bark that bore across the main,
First open'd by her keel, the heroic train;
Herself prophetic. Heeding not the shocks
Of justling mountains, or Cyanean rocks,
Undauntedly she breasted Ocean's roar,
And shaped her course to Scythian Phasis' shore;
The voyage ended, and her perils past,
Destined to light the fields of heaven at last.

Apollo, aid the song; if worthy thee
I nurse thy much-loved laurel's sacred tree,
And duly, with pure hands and rites divine,
Tend the Cymæan Sybil's mystic shrine.
And thou, great sire, obedient to whose prow
Remoter seas have bade their billows flow,
When Caledonia, by thy sail explored,
Own'd midst her wintry depths a Roman lord,
Indulgent listen; snatch me from the crowd,
Raise above earth and earth's polluting cloud;
And, while of long-past ages I rehearse
The deeds illustrious, favouring, crown the verse.
Thy own great acts thy offspring shall recite
(His muse not fearless of so bold a flight),
Idume vanquish'd, Solyma o'erthrown,
And, midst her ruins, thy more warlike son,
All black with dust, and, scattering torches round,
Dash her last haughty turret to the ground.
To thee the fane shall rise; his duteous heed
Shall dress the altar, bid the victim bleed;
When thou, translated to thy native skies,
Downward shalt look on Rome with partial eyes.
Not Helice for Greeks, a surer light,
Or Cynosure for Tyrians, gilds the night,

Than thou from Sidon, or from Nile shalt guide
 Our home-bound sailor o'er the foamy tide.
 Now in thy genial smile let me rejoice,
 And fill the Latian cities with my voice.

Through many a year had Pelias held the reins,
 Unquestion'd sovereign o'er Hemonia's plains ;
 Stern now with age ; the shuddering people's fear ;
 Of faith, distrustful ; and to crime, severe :
 His own dark jealousies, by heaven design'd,
 A fitting torment to his guilty mind.
 His each fair stream that to the Ionian sea
 Divides the fertile vales of Thessaly ;
 Black Hæmus his ; and Othrys, tipt with snow ;
 And fields that wave beneath Olympus' brow.
 Yet all sufficed not. Chiefly Jason's worth,
 In his old bosom, gave suspicion birth ;
 His brother's son ; and, oracles affirm,
 His heir and ruin at no distant term.
 Alarm'd by dire portents and prodigies,
 New cause of dread the prince's fame supplies,
 And virtue, charmless in a tyrant's eyes.
 The fatal day forecasting to prevent,
 On Jason's slaughter all his thoughts intent,
 The wily monarch weaves the subtle snares ;
 Spreads every toil ; each art of death prepares.
 No broils disturb the neighbouring nations' peace :
 No monsters stalk amidst the fields of Greece.
 Across Alcides' shoulders, grinning, flung,
 Harmless the spoils of Nemea's lion hung.
 Th' Ætolian bull and Cretan rage no more ;
 Nor Lerna's serpent dips her jaws in gore.
 The land from plagues secured ; from perils, free ;
 The deep alone remain'd, and hazards of the sea.
 The royal youth he calls ; then smooths his brow,
 While from his lips the words insidious flow :
 " A deed awaits thee, that exalts thy name
 Above thy great fore-fathers' martial fame.
 Hear me attentive, while the wrong I speak
 That bids our injured race for vengeance seek.
 Thou knowst how Phrixus, overwhelm'd with dread,
 The fury of his father Cretheus, fled ;
 Him fell Æetes, Scythian Colchis' lord,
 'Mid the full bowls, and at the shuddering board,
 (Be veil'd, O sun, while I the fact record,)
 Pierced through the heart. Nor only rumour bears
 The impious tale to these afflicted ears ;
 But oft, when slumber binds my weary limbs,
 Before mine eyes his mangled image swims ;
 Startled I hear his ghost lament and weep,
 And Helle's spirit rouse me from the deep.
 This frame is stiff with age ; I else had stood
 Ere now the avenger of our kinsman's blood ;
 But tardy creeps the current in my veins,
 Nor yet my son his manly prime attains.
 Go then, our champion : go, adventurous prince ;
 Thy worth in counsel as in arms evince.
 Be thine the Nephelæan fleece to bring
 To Græcia home ; nor spare the caitiff king."
 He ended thus ; and, though the words were bland,
 Seem'd less to sue for succour than command.

Nor spake he of the dragon, that debarr'd
Approaches to the fleece with scaly guard ;
He, who obey'd the royal virgin's hest,
Roll'd forth his burnish'd folds and flamy breast,
On her strange notes, suspense and quivering, hung,
And lapp'd her venom'd treat with many-forked tongue.

The deadly wiles the stripling soon discern'd ;
His inmost soul with proud impatience burn'd.
Oh ! for such wings as up th' ærial height
Led the young Perseus ; or a dragon flight,
Like his, who first the stubborn furrow broke,
And for the golden harvest changed the oak.
“ Thus,” he exclaim'd, “ might I to Colchis far
Speed my safe course, and end the fated war ! ”
What shall he do ? the multitude provoke,
Already grudging at the tyrant's yoke,
And pitying his father's helpless age,
At once to rise and in his cause engage ?
Or shall he face the perils, sure of aid
From favouring Juno and the blue-eyed maid ?
Thou, Glory, winn'st the day. He sees thee stand
Green in immortal youth on Phasis' strand,
And beckon to her shores with radiant hand.
The bright award Religion ratifies,
Stills every doubt, and points him to the skies.

Then stretching forth his arms, he prays aloud :
“ Great queen of heaven,” he cries, “ whom, when the cloud
Pour'd down from Jove a desolating storm,
Had from its basis swept thy hallow'd form,
Secure to land across Euripus' tide
I bore ; and dash'd the surging wave aside ;
Nor knew thee, goddess, till aloft thy frame
By thy great spouse was rapt in lightning-flame ;
Then, struck with shuddering horror, awed I stood :
O, grant me now to reach the Scythian flood.
And thou, unblemish'd maid, thy succour lend ;
So on thy rafters shall these hands suspend
The fleecy spoils ; the gilded horns, my sire
Will drag along toward thy sacred pyre ;
And, gay with fillets and with chaplets crown'd,
The snow-white herds shall low thine altars round.”
Each goddess hears ; and by a different way,
Swift gliding downward, leaves the realms of day.
Minerva hastens to the Thespian walls ;
There on her favourite Argus straight she calls ;
Bids him the bark prepare, the forest fell ;
Herself his leader to the woody dell.
Through towers Macetian, to her loved abode
Of Argos, Juno speeds ; and spreads abroad
Great Æson's son, resolved with ready sail
To court as yet untried the southern gale ;
The galley moor'd, and proudly from her stern
Shouting to haste aboard and deathless glory earn.

All, raptured, own the summons ; all, who claim
By service past the just reward of fame,
Or hope by feats of arms in future days
Their youthful name above the herd to raise :
Nor those unmoved, whom rural labours hold,
Who break the furrow or who watch the fold ;

Them the glad Fauns invite, and Dryad powers
 That curl the tendrils of the sylvan bowers :
 "The gallant ship," they sing, "in glory dight,
 With all her colours streams before their sight."
 The jocund rivers, rushing to the main,
 Lift high their horns, and echo back the strain.

First in her streets the Inachian city sees
 With quicken'd step Tirynthian Hercules :
 Him Hylas follows: easily he bore
 The Hero's bow and shafts, a venom'd store,
 Proud of the freight: the club he fain had grasp'd,
 But scarce his hand the unwieldy weapon clasp'd.
 Accustom'd fury kindles in the breast
 Of Juno, when she spies the unwelcome guest :
 "Oh that this novel labour did not ask
 The flower of Græcia's youth: were this a task
 Set by Eurystheus, then mine eager hand
 Had snatch'd the unwilling thunderer's levin-brand ;
 With storm and darkness and sequacious fire,
 Already had I wreak'd my vengeful ire.
 Ill can I brook this partner of our way ;
 Or owe to him our glory on the sea.
 Such shame be spared me. Never be it said
 That to Alcides Juno stoop'd for aid."
 She spoke ; and on Hæmonia turn'd her view.

There swarm'd along the coast th' impatient crew.
 The forest ~~strews~~ the shore: the woods resound,
 Smit by the glittering axe, and, crashing, nod around.
 The oars are ~~shaped~~. The Thespian artist frames
 The yielding rafters in the tardy flames.
 With polish'd adze the pine another splits ;
 One, plank to plank, with art ingenious, fits.
 Minerva, from the main-mast bends the bow,
 Whence bellying ere long the snowy sail shall flow.

Soon as the subtle wax has closed the sides
 Of the tall bark impervious to the tides,
 Sweet picture's toil its pleasing aid bestows ;
 Swells the bold line ; the magic colour glows.
 A dolphin rides with Thetis on the waves ;
 Her ivory foot the salt-green billow laves ;
 Reluctantly to Peleus chambers led,
 She sits ; the veil drawn low before her head ;
 Seeming as if she scorn'd a mortal's love,
 Nor patient of a son less great than Jove.
 Doto and Panope ; the sister-train
 Of Nereids ; and delighting in the main,
 Fair Galathea follows: on a steep
 The Cyclops stands and calls her from the deep.
 Next in a coral cave of ocean, spread
 With verd'rous leaf, appears the nuptial bed ;
 Reclining midst the sovereigns of the seas
 By his throned bride the great Æacides ;
 With wines and banquet the full table prest ;
 And Chiron's mellow harp to crown the feast.

Elsewhere the dread dissension might'st thou see
 Betwixt the two-fold race and Lapithæ.
 The guests the shining altars overthrew ;
 Poised in mid air the board and goblets flew.
 Here Pholoe stood: there Rhætus mad with wine :
 Here Æson's sword and Peleus' javelin shine.

PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT PEOPLE.

Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?—*Merchant of Venice*.

I HAVE no desire to jostle people out of their good self-opinion, or the good opinion of others, but to ascertain their real worth, to separate their vices from their virtues, and to have a little more equal dealing in our ordinary judgment of men. Steele, I think, in the *Tatler*, has in his brief way given an able judgment on this very subject; and Mr. Hazlitt, some years since, wrote an Essay expressly on it. Possibly little more was wanting; but two blows are always better than one; and as in a question of morality, or any other, where men's interests do not compel them to act or decide, twenty are often insufficient, the second, though infinitely weaker, may have some consequence.

By a pleasant fellow, I mean a man universally accounted so; for in certain moods of the mind, and in particular societies, we all answer to the description:—where opinions are all in agreement—where a mad speculation is kept in decent countenance, or one common-place seconded by another—where our prejudices are humoured, our likes and dislikes nursed and cherished,—where men clap hands to the same song, and join in the same chorus,—there is a nest of pleasant fellows, though they may be wise men or madmen, honest men or knaves.

But the pleasant fellow I mean is equally a pleasant fellow in all companies, and on all occasions; has a spare bed in every other man's house, a knife and fork at their table, a good welcome, go when and where he will, and a good word after he is gone.

There are many shades and distinctions in this class, as in all others, but these are the distinguishing features of them. Some give you a most fearful shake of the hand on meeting, and hold you by it with a sort of tremulous enjoyment, as if loth to part so soon;—have a boyish joyousness about them, that puts you constantly off your guard, and are delighted to see a friend any where, but at their own house or in jail, and therefore never subject

their feelings to the latter unpleasantness. Another variety are only pleasant on fresh acquaintance, or where it serves their purpose; but this last is a contemptible, mongrel breed.

A really pleasant fellow is neither a hateful, nor a contemptible one; but is generally a very unpretending person, full of an easy sympathy, active, zealous in a degree, with a quiet self-enjoyment, an enlarged humanity that includes all mankind, and woman kind too, for it knows neither distinction nor preference; taking all things pleasantly that concern him not individually, and thereby making all things pleasant; even sacrificing personal considerations, and always personal consequence and self-respect, in trifles, to the enjoyment of others; setting up no system, nor pulling down any; having no theories, no dreams, no visions, no opinions that he holds worth wrangling or disputing about; and, indeed, few opinions at all. He has always a dash more of the animal than of the intellectual about him; and is too mercurial-minded to be easily fixed, or fixed upon. He lives only in the present; for the past is immediately forgotten, because it has no farther consequence, and the future is a blank, because it has no perceptible influence. As he can be delighted with a straw, so is he depressed with its shadow; prick him and he will bleed; tickle him and he will laugh; poison him and he will die; for he has none of the fervency of imagination to carry him out of himself or beyond immediate circumstances. He is fitted neither for the goodly fellowship of the prophets, nor for the noble army of martyrs. If prophets or martyrs have ever been pleasant fellows, as some are reported, it was that from the vast height whence they looked down on the common and ordinary passion and turmoil of the world it seemed too puny and insignificant to interest or excite them. Who that is intent on an immortal life, and holds communion, even in thought, with those beatified spirits that

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
And for the testimony of truth have borne
Universal reproach——

Immoved,
Though worlds
Judged them perverse——

that looks on life as a needle's point in the vast eternity of time, can have much regard for its polish, or sympathy with our childish excitement?

Pleasant people are never "back-bone" men; they are never heart and hand with you. Their acquaintances are usually of long standing, because quarreling is not "their cue;" but separate them by any circumstance, and they are indifferent to it. Their hand is not against, neither is it for any man. It is not found in the sheriff's books,—this bond hath it not! They do good, I admit, well measured and doled out; but in this they have the advantage of the world, both in opinion and return.

Laying aside, for the present, whatever may personally affect either, for then it is often the reverse of true, I should say, that pleasant and unpleasant people differ most in this, that the one is without imagination, and looks to the naked reality; the other, with imagination, "aggravates" either joy or sorrow.

Unpleasant people have the larger sympathy and more universal humanity. This, it may be said, is contradictory, and opposed to what I have before observed of pleasant people. But if it be a contradiction, it is in human nature; and, to use an apology of Fielding's, "I am not writing a system, but a history, and am not obliged to reconcile every matter." But I think it is not a contradiction. The pleasant man sympathizes with the world in its ordinary and every day feelings; the man of more questionable temper is roused only by extraordinary circumstances. But he is then awakened to some purpose. He makes common cause with you, in sorrow or suffering; he will needs bear his share of your burthen; for if a portion will be oppressive to him, he sees you sinking under the whole. The pleasant fellow, on the contrary, measures his own shoulders and not your load; he will not lend a hand, and give the groan to your "three man beetle" labour; he is content that you should sit down and rest,

but has no fancy to "bear the logs the while."

The great majority of these pleasant fellows are indebted to their negative rather than their positive qualities; they have no deep feeling, no engrossing sympathy, no universal fellowship; the establishments of the Holy Alliance, and the Abolition of the Inquisition, were the same to them; "let the gall'd jade wince, their withers are unwrung;" "let the world go whistle," they have their toast and coffee. I would wager my existence that the man, mentioned by Clarendon, as out hunting in the neighbourhood of Edge-hill on the very morning of the fight, was one of them.

The two subjects on which men feel most intensely, politics and religion, are shut out from the conversation of a pleasant fellow; for there is no sure common-place that will suit all sects and parties on either subject; and to hazard an opinion is to speculate with his character, and put his amiability in jeopardy. Yet these men are the soul of mixed company, because their souls are in it; and there is no unpleasant shadow either of memory or anticipation to overcast their jollity.

Pleasant and unpleasant men are alike the sport of fortune and circumstance; equally subject "to every skiey influence," but not in an equal degree. The personal suffering of the one has no foil from the greater sufferings of thousands; the other has a measure and proportion, and considers it in relation to what might be or has been; it is a touch that awakens his humanity:—a pebble does not bruize because it has fallen on him; he remembers the stoning of Stephen;—a twinge of the rheumatism is borne as one of those natural ills "that flesh is heir to," and rouses him only as he remembers the infliction of the torture and the rack, that so many human beings have been subjected to in all ages for opinion, whether of belief or unbelief. The prick of a pin is painful to the one as it affects himself; there is more sorrowing at it than at the Battle of Waterloo; to the other it is the prick of a pin.

Pleasant fellows are indifferent, cold, heartless, unintellectual people; there is no engrossing passion, no

oppressive thought, no prejudice, and therefore, possibly no partiality or strong friendship; for friendship is but a partiality, founded on something real, which it tricks up into something unreal. We are none of us what our friends fondly believe.

In our estimate of unpleasant people, we all give weight enough to their disagreeable and palpable defects, but are not so ready to make the just deduction from a pleasant fellow, because his are neither so obtrusive, nor so likely to affect ourselves. There would be more equality in our commendation or dispraise, and consequently more justice in the decision, if we balanced the general virtues of the one against his palpable faults, and the indifference and moral insignificance of the other against his pleasant virtues. It is in this spirit that the selfish hardness and callosity with which pleasant people shake off care and sorrow, and are made insensible to any deep or lasting passion, is mistaken so often for elasticity of spirit.

It was the pleasant fellow of his time that Ben Jonson described in a very clever Epigram on "The Town's Honest Man:"

You wonder who this is, and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:
Naming so many too! but this is one
Suffers no name, but a description;
*A subtle thing that doth affections win
By speaking well o' the company it's in.*
Talks loud and bawdy, has a gather'd deal
Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.
Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and
wink,
Do all that 'longs to the anarchy of drink,
Except the duel: can sing songs and
catches,
Give every one his dose of mirth: and
watches
Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,
And him it lays on;—

The point of some part of this description was confined to the poet's age; but much of it is of universal application, and suited to all times. To watch "whose name's unwelcome to the present ear" is just the reverse of the unpleasant man; who, as people always bear too hard on the follies or vices of others, is sure to be opposed to his company, because he loves truth and justice better than agreement and pleasantry. I

think the Dean, in Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art*, had a little of the pleasant fellow about him; and the following description will serve to show the character under other circumstances, and in more important situations, than we have yet considered it.

If the dean had loved his wife but moderately, seeing all her faults clearly as he did, he must frequently have quarreled with her: if he had loved her with tenderness, he must have treated her with a degree of violence, in the hope of amending her failings: but having neither personal nor mental affection towards her, sufficiently interesting to give himself the trouble to contradict her will in any thing, he passed for one of the best husbands in the world.

This is the pleasant Benedict!

It is some proof with me, of the justice of these distinctions, that men's characters are essentially different in their different relations; and even where they are most anxious to be pleasant, they are rarely successful. Few of us have found our fathers pleasant fellows, although many of them, of course, were superlatively so to other people; and I hope our sons will object the same thing to us. The interest we have in our children is too great, the stake is too large, to be sported with; our hopes and fears are perpetually outrunning the occasion; we are the sport of possibilities, and cannot enjoy the real present, from some glimpse of an unreal future; we question how far chuck-farthing and marbles lead to the gaming-table, and our shins ache at foot-ball before the boys are kicked. All this makes strange havoc with our temper—frets and irritates us—whereas, equality and indifference are the sure footing of a pleasant fellow. A man is little fitted, with a thousand such speculations on his mind, to take all things smoothly, and to be himself the centre of sociality.

The turn of thought here might serve, if the occasion were fitting, to hazard a word or two on domestic education. This in brief. It is not enough that a father does on occasion "turn his solemnness out of doors;" he must keep it there. Besides, fathers are not only too "solemn," but too much with their children,

and too full of thought and anxiety; they are eternally thinking for them, whereas children must think for themselves. They love to feel their own independence. If a father decide for home education, it should be where there is room enough for the boy to lose himself, or rather to lose his father; where he may get out of the reach of thought, of care, and consequently of danger, for he knows of none that is not pointed out to him. In my opinion, a father has not to try his knowledge, but his nerves, before he undertakes the education of his son; and if he can see him stagger along a parapet, swing on the rotten branch of a tree, plunge into the water "reeking hot" in the dog days, in fact, hazard limbs and life itself without a word or a hint of caution, he is not only fitted to be pedagogue in his own family, but has many requisites to make a pleasant fellow, there or any where else.

But this little digression has broken in upon my sketch, which I shall

now leave to be filled up by the reader's imagination. Mr. Hazlitt's character is, I think, of a good natured man. How far they have points in agreement I know not, not having read his Essay since its first publication; but good nature has reference in my view to a deeper feeling, and even to some positive virtue, which, though it may be found in, is not at all essential to, the character of a pleasant fellow. Yet even good nature itself is too profitable a virtue; it is a venture that hath most usurious return: it is not, nor is it any thing like, *goodness of nature*, which "I take" says Lord Bacon "to be the affecting of the Weale of Men, what the Grecians called philanthropia;" goodness of nature is, in fact, so far different from good nature, that it is the very nature that sometimes spoils a man's temper:—"that affection for the weale of men" will throw a gloom over the mind, and dash a whole afternoon's pleasantness.

THURMA.

TO * * * *

O LOVELY maid, though thou art all
That Love could wish to find thee,
Of frailties that to charms may fall
Let modest hints remind thee.
Beauty's a shadow, Love's a name,
That often leave together;
As flowers that with the summer came
Will fly the winter weather.

Sweet maid, with youth's fond blushes warm,
And gently swelling bosom,
Stealing to woman's witching form,
Sweet as the bud to blossom;—
Be not too vain of Beauty's powers,
Nor scornful feelings cherish;
Thou'rt but a flower, with other flowers,
That only bloom to perish.

Thou lovely creature, though to thee
All earthly charms are given,
And Beauty vainly bids thee be
What Angels are in heaven;
Pity,—thou more than mortals are,—
Aught mortal should belong thee!
But Nature made thee, Angel fair,
And Age awaits to wrong thee.

JOHN CLARE.

THE SEVEN FORESTERS OF CHATSWORTH,

AN ANCIENT DERBYSHIRE BALLAD.

[IN presenting this somewhat rude but curious ballad to the reader, it may be proper to observe, that those who profess to be charmed with truth only, and would wish one to swear to the certainty of a song, will learn with pleasure, perhaps, that tradition has recited, or sung, I know not which, this singular legend for centuries, in the beautiful vale of Derwent, in Derbyshire. It is a tale current in the county. The projecting rock in Chatsworth wood, still bearing the name of the Shouter's Stone, is pointed out by the peasantry as the place on which this famous and successful Outlaw stood and shouted. It overhangs a wild and winding footpath in the Preserve, and in former times, before the wood became so luxuriant, commanded a fine view of the valley, in the midst of which stands Chatsworth-house, the favourite mansion of the ancient and noble family of Cavendish. In the house itself, this tale has sought sanctuary. There is a painting from no less a hand than that of Prince Nicolas, in which a portion of the tradition is sought to be embodied; but the illustrious artist has, with poetical licence, put a gilded horn in the outlaw's hand; and, with a departure from the story, which all lovers of oral literature will deplore, has given to the cavern below a couple of outlaws, who rouse and bestir themselves to the sound of their leader's horn. The ancient oaks of Chatsworth are to be found every where in the valley; and, perhaps, no oaks in England, except those in Sherwood forest, can claim to be their coevals,—they are upwards of a thousand years old.

Chatsworth has many other attractions. The Flower Garden of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scotland, a plat of earth elevated on a squat tower, and guarded with a foss, stands on the banks of the Derwent, within a stone's throw of the house. All around, the hills ascend and recede in woody or naked magnificence; and, indeed, the grandeur of nature is such, that the beautiful mansion is diminished in the contemplation.

Some sculpture, from no common hands, adorns the hall. A statue of Buonaparte's mother, by Canova, has a matron-like simplicity and stateliness; an Endymion, which Chantrey says is one of the most exquisite works of the Roman sculptor, will presently become its companion. A figure from the hand of Chantrey himself may soon be expected to join them.

Moderate rents, a wealthy tenantry, and a happy peasantry, will endear the name of the present generous Duke of Devonshire to many who may not feel the charms of his paintings, his statues, his books, and the rare curiosities of his museum.

An attempt was made to abate the occasional provincialism of the ballad, but the experiment threatened to ravel the entire web, and it was not persisted in.]

1.

The sun had risen above the mist,
The boughs in dew were dreeping;
Seven foresters sat on Chatsworth bank
And sung while roes were leaping.

2.

Alas! sung one, for Chatsworth oaks,
Their heads are bald and hoary,
They droop in fullness of honour and fame,
They have had their time of glory.

3.

No stately tree in old merry England
Can match their antique grandeur;
Tradition can tell of no time when they
Tower'd not in pride and splendour.

4.

How fair they stand amid their green land,
The sock or share ne'er pain'd them ;
Not a bough or leaf have been shred from their strength,
Nor the woodman's axe profaned them.

5.

Green, sung another, were they that hour
When Scotland's loveliest woman,
And saddest queen, in the sweet twilight,
Aneath their boughs was roamin'.

6.

And ever the Derwent lilies her tears
In their silver tops were catching,
As she look'd to the cold and faithless north,
Till her eyes wax'd dim with watching.

7.

Be mute now the third forester said,
The dame who fledged mine arrow
With the cygnet's wing, has a whiter hand
Than the fairest maid on Yarrow.

8.

Loud laugh'd the forester fourth, and sung,
Say not thy maid's the fair one ;
On the banks of Dove there dwells my love,
A beauteous and a rare one.

9.

Now cease your singing, the fifth one said,
And chuse of shafts the longest,
And seek the bucks on Chatsworth chase,
Where the lady-bracken's strongest.

10.

Let every bow be strung, and smite
The fattest and the fairest ;
Lord Devonshire will taste our cheer,
Of England's lords the rarest.

11.

String them with speed, the sixth man said,
For low down in the forest
There runs a deer I long to smite,
With bitter shafts the sorest.

12.

The bucks bound blythe on Chatsworth lea,
Where brackens grow the greenest ;
The pheasant's safe 'neath Chatsworth oaks,
When the tempest sweeps the keenest.

13.

The fawn is fain as it sucks its dam,
The bird is blythe when hatching ;
Saint George ! such game was never seen,
With seven such fellows watching.

14.

In the wild wood of fair Dove dwells
An Outlaw, young and handsome ;
A sight of him on Chatsworth bank
Were worth a prince's ransom.

15.

He slew the deer on Hardwick-hill,
And left the keeper sleeping
The sleep of death ; late—late yestreen
I heard his widow weeping.

16.

Now bend your bows, and chuse your shafts,
His string at his touch went sighing ;
The Outlaw comes—now, now at his breast
Let seven broad shafts be flying.

17.

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
Green was his gallant cleeding ;*
A horn at his belt, in his hand the bow
That set the roebucks bleeding.

18.

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
O'er a brow so brent and bonny
The pheasant plume ne'er danced and shone,
In a summer morning sunny.

19.

The Outlaw came—at his belt, a blade
Broad, short, and sharp was gleamin' ;
Free was his step as one who had ruled
Among knights and lovely women.

20.

See, by his shadow in the stream
He loves to look and linger,
And wave his mantle richly flower'd
By a white and witching finger.

21.

Now, shall I hit him where yon gay plume
Of the Chatsworth pheasant's glancing ;
Or shall I smite his shapely limbs
That charm our maidens dancing ?

22.

Hold ! hold ! a northern forester said,
'Twill be told from Trent to Yarrow,
How the true-love song of a gentle Outlaw
Was stay'd by a churl's arrow.

23.

It shall never be said, quoth the forester then,
That the song of a red-deer reaver
Could charm the bow that my grandsire bent
On the banks of Guadalquiver.

24.

And a shaft he laid, as he spoke, to the string,
When the Outlaw's song came falling
As sweet on his ear, as the wind when it comes
Through the fragrant woodlands calling.

25.

There each man stood, with his good bow bent,
And his shaft pluck'd from the quiver :
While thus then sung that gallant Outlaw,
'Till rung both rock and river ;

* *Cleeding*, a word still used in the north of England ; cloathing, apparel. South of Germany, *kleidung* ; Islandic, *klaede* ; Teutonic, *kleed*.

26.

Oh! bonny Chatsworth, and fair Chatsworth,
Thy bucks go merrily bounding;
Aneath your green oaks, as the herds flew past,
How oft have my shafts been sounding.

27.

It is sweet to meet with the one we love,
When the night is nigh the hoarest;
It is sweet to bend the bow as she bids,
On the proud prey of the forest.

28.

One fair dame loves the cittern's sound,
When the words of love are winging;
But my fair one's music's the Outlaw's horn,
And his bow-string sharply singing.

29.

She waves her hand—her little white hand,
'Tis a spell to each who sees her;
One glance of her eye—and I snatch my bow,
And let fly my shafts to please her.

30.

I bring the lark from the morning cloud,
When its song is at the sweetest;
I stay the deer upon Chatsworth lea,
When its flight is at the fleetest.

31.

There's magic in the wave of her hand,
And her dark eye rains those glances,
Which fill the best and the wisest hearts
With love's sweet influences.

32.

Her locks are brown—bright berry-brown,
O'er her temples white descending;
And her neck is like the neck of the swan,
As her way through heaven she's wending.

33.

How I have won my way to her heart
Is past all men's discernin';
For she is lofty, and I am low,
My lovely Julia Vernon.

34.

He turn'd him right and round about,
With a step both long and lordly;
When he was aware of those foresters bold,
And he bore him wond'rous proudly.

35.

Good morrow, good fellows, all fearless he said,
Was your supper spread so sparely;
Or is it to feast some sweet young dame,
That you bend your bows so early?

36.

The world is wide, and the world is broad,
There's fish in the smallest river;
Deer leap on the hill—fowls fly in the air,—
Was—is—and will be ever.

37.

And now I feast on the ptarmigan,
And then I taste the pheasant ;
But my supper is of the Chatsworth fawn
Which my love dresses pleasant.

38.

But to-morrow I feast on yon bonny roebuck ;
'Tis time I stay'd his bounding ;
He twang'd his string—like the swallow it sung,
All shrilly and sharply sounding.

39.

By my grandsire's bow, said a forester then,
By my shafts which fly so yarely,
And by all the skill of my strong right hand,
Good Outlaw thou lords it rarely.

40.

Seest thou yon tree, yon lonely tree,
Whose bough the Derwent's laving?—
Upon its top, thou gallant Outlaw,
Thou'lt be hung to feed the raven.

41.

So short as the time this sharp shaft flies,
And strikes yon golden pheasant—
There—thy time is meted, so bid farewell
To these greenwoods wild and pleasant.

42.

The Outlaw laugh'd ; good fellow, he said,
My sword's too sure a servant
To suffer that tree to bear such fruit,
While it stands on the Derwent.

43.

She would scorn my might, my own true love,
And the mother would weep that bore me,
If I stay'd my step for such strength as thine,
Or seven such churls before me.

44.

I have made my way with this little brown sword,
Where the war-steeds rush'd the throngest ;
I have saved my breast with this little brown sword,
When the strife was at the strongest.

45.

It guarded me well in bonny Scotland,
When the Scotts and Graemes fought fervent ;
And the steel that saved me by gentle Nith,
May do the same by Derwent.

46.

Fair fall thee, Outlaw, for that word ;
Oh ! Nith, thou gentle river,
When a bairn, I flew along thy banks,
As an arrow from the quiver.

47.

The roebucks run upon thy braes
Without a watch or warden ;
And the tongue that calls thee a gentle stream
Is dear to Geordie Gordon.

48.

The Outlaw smiled, 'tis a soldier's saye
That the Gordons, blythe and ready,
Ne'er stoop'd the plumes of their basnets bright
Save to a lovesome lady.

49.

Now by Saint Allan, the forester said,
And the Saint who slew the dragon ;
And by this hand that wields the brand,
As wight as it tooms the flagon ;

50.

It shall never be told of the Gordon's name,
Of a name so high and lordly,
That I took a gallant Outlaw in the toil,
And hanged him base and cowardly.

51.

I'll give thee the law of Lord Nithisdale,
A good lord of the border ;
So take thy bow, thou gallant Outlaw,
And set thy shafts in order.

52.

And we will go each one to his stance,
With bows and arrows ready ;
And thou shalt climb up Chatsworth bank,
Where the wood is wild and shady.

53.

And thou shalt stand on yon rough red rock,
With woodbine hung and bracken ;
And shout three times o'er Derwent vale,
Till all the echoes waken.

54.

Then loose thy shafts and slay a buck
Fit for a monarch's larders ;
And carry him free from Chatsworth park,
In spite of seven warders.

55.

Do this and live, and I do vow
By the white hand of my mother,
I'll smite him low who runs ere thou shout,
Were he Saint Andrew's brother.

56.

The Outlaw smiled ; good Gordon, he said,
I'll shout both high and gaily ;
And smite a buck and carry him off ;
Tis the work I'm bowne to daily.

57.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
Like light his looks did gladden ;
The sun was shining on Bakewell-Edge,
And on the heights of Haddon.

58.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
He look'd to vale and mountain,
And gave a shout so shrill, the swans
Sprung up from stream and fountain.

59.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
And shouted shrill and gaily ;
Till the dun deer leap'd from brake and bower,
Three miles down Derwent valley.

60.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
Looking o'er the vale so narrow ;
And his voice flew fleet as away from the string
Starts off the thirsty arrow.

61.

And loudly it rung in Haddon-wood,
Where the deer in pairs were dernan : *
And loudly it rung in Haddon-hall,
And up rose Julia Vernon.

62.

If ever I heard my true love's voice,
Tis now through my bowers ringing ;
His voice is sweet as the wild bird's note,
When the buds bloom to its singing.

63.

For well I know my true love's voice,
It sounds so gay and clearly ;
An angel's voice in a maiden's ear
Would ne'er drop down so dearly.

64.

She took her green robe in a hand
White as the opening lily,
And the morning sun and the lovely maid
Look'd down on Chatsworth valley.

65.

Around the brow of the high green hill
The sun's fair beams were twining,
And bend and fall of the Derwent stream
In golden light were shining.

66.

The silver smoke from Chatsworth tower,
Like a peimon broad went streaming,
And gush'd against the morning sky,
And all the vale was gleaming.

67.

She gave one look on the broad green land,
And back her tresses sheddin',
With her snowy neck, and her bonnie blue eyes,
Came down from the hill of Haddon.

68.

She saw the wild dove start from its bower,
And heard the green-boughs crashing,
And saw the wild deer leap from its lair,
And heard the deep stream dashing.

69.

And then she saw her own true love
Bound past by bush and hollow,
And after him seven armed men
With many a shout and hollo.

* *Dernan*, concealing. "Abusing and harming his Majesty's good subjects by their darned (concealed) stouths."—Acts of James I. of England. Anglo-Saxon, *dearn-an*.

70.

Oh! had I but thy bow, my love,
And seven good arrows by me,
I'd make the fiercest of thy foes
Bleed ere they could come nigh thee.

71.

Oh! had I but thy sword, my love,
Thy sword so brown and ready,
I'd meet thy foes on Chatsworth bank,
Among the woodlands shady.

72.

On high she held her white white hands
In wild and deep devotion,
And locks and lips, and lith* and limb,¹
Were shivering with emotion.

73.

Nay stay the chace, said a forester then,
For when the lion's roaring
The hound may hide,—May the raven catch
The eagle in his soaring?

74.

Farewell my bow that could send a shaft,
As the levin leaves the thunder;
A lady looks down from Haddon height
Has snapt thy strength asunder.

75.

A lady looks down from Haddon height,
O'er all men's hearts she's lordin';
Who harms a hair of her true love's head
Makes a foe of Geordie Gordon.

76.

The bank was steep,—down the Outlaw sprung,
The greenwood wide resounded;
The wall was high,—like a hunted hart
O'er it he fleetly bounded.

77.

And when he saw his love he sunk
His dark glance in obeisance:
Comes my love forth to charm the morn,
And bless it with her presence?

78.

How sweet is Haddon hill to me,
Where silver streams are twining!
My love excels the morning star,
And shines while the sun is shining.

79.

She and the sun, and all that's sweet,
Smile when the grass is hoarest,
And here at her white feet I lay
The proud buck of the forest.

80.

Now farewell Chatsworth's woodlands green,
Where fallow-deer are dernalp,
For dearer than the world to me
Is my love, Julia Vernon.

* *Lith*, joint. Anglo-Saxon, *lith*.

BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS,

No. II.

BEING A SCENE FROM BRITAIN'S GLORY,

A Comic Opera, in Three Acts, by T—— D——, Esq.

Dramatis Personæ ...

{	ADMIRAL ANCHOR,*
	SIR FREDERICK FRIBBLE,
	TOM TOPSAIL,
	CORPORAL CARTRIDGE,
	LUCY LOVELY.

Scene.—*A room at Admiral Anchor's. TOM TOPSAIL and CORPORAL CARTRIDGE discovered at a table drinking; one singing Rule Britannia, the other, God Save the King. The CORPORAL has but one eye, one leg, and one arm: TOM TOPSAIL has only one eye, and neither legs nor arms.*

Tom. Fill again, my boy, fill again: † our old master, Admiral Anchor, whose niece died in her infancy, ‡ finds us drink; and the least we can do is to find our own toast § to it. 'Tis my turn to give one now.

Corp. And suppose you tack a sentiment to it,—'twill all go in our day's work.

Tom. Well thought on, old boy; I'll give you—"Old England, and may she always be victorious by land and by sea!"

Corp. Huzza!

Together. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Corp. And she always is victorious. ||

Tom. Tom Topsail has done *his* duty; so now for something from old Corporal Cartridge. And I say,—hand us over something as new as a seventy-four on the stocks.

Corp. Something new? Well, let me see: I'll give you—"The King, and all the Royal Family!" **

* The alliteration is pretty, remarkably pretty. Mr. D—— has done much in this way, but has never succeeded better than in the present instance.

† The student in dramatic literature (for whose improvement these selections are especially intended) cannot too frequently peruse this scene. Mr. D——'s dialogues between crippled corporals, and able and disabled seamen, have been justly praised for their truth of imitation. What, indeed, can be more natural than this scene? I have sometimes listened to similar colloquies at the *Theatres Royal*; and, so perfect has been the allusion, that I have fancied myself sitting in a Wapping pot-house.

‡ To those who are not well versed in the modern drama, this allusion to the Admiral's niece, who died in her infancy, may seem as little necessary here, as an allusion to his great-grandmother, who died before he was born. It is, however, a very ingenious hint, and introduced with considerable art. To a practised spectator it says, as plainly as words can speak—"This niece, who died in her infancy, is in excellent health and condition, as her appearance, at a moment when you least expect it, will convince you."

§ As the author of *Virtue's Harvest Home* has given us dialect for character; so the author of *Britain's Glory* has substituted pun, alliteration, and other turns of words, in the place of turns of thought,—a dull expedient used by Congreve, Sheridan, and a few others, for the purpose of eking out their dialogue. It is said, that the worse a pun is, the better: better than Mr. D——'s cannot be.

|| This is a *joke* that never fails to entrap the spectators into the bestowal of three good rounds of applause. I have often been in doubt, though, on these occasions (and they are lavished with an unsparing hand in Mr. D——'s operas, &c.), whether we brave Britons are applauding the author or ourselves.

** Cram a child with pastry and sweetmeats till you make him sick, and he will never after put himself in the way of a whipping by stealing tarts. The immoderate quantity of loyalty nightly administered to the public during several seasons, by this author, may have served to ———. I say, that children love tarts till you force them down their throats, and then they would rather eat potatoes.

VOL. V.

M

Tom. God bless 'em. That's a toast will never be the worse for wear.—Huzza!

Together. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Corp. But I say, Master Boatswain, there's bad news in your line to-day.

Tom. Bad news? What, I suppose we've taken only twenty of the enemy's ships at a haul?

Corp. I wish it was no worse. Eleven French men of war have taken an English cutter.

Tom. Avast there, Master Corporal; an English cutter has taken eleven French men of war, you mean.*

Corp. I tell you, 'tis as I say.

Tom. Then I tell you, it is a lie—you old blockhead.†

Corp. I read it in the Gazette.

Tom. Damn the Gazette!—No; I won't damn the Gazette, for it bears the King's arms; and whatever bears the King's arms——; but I see how it is: one of your glims is doused, and you can't read plain with the other.

Corp. I tell you I read it—'twas as plain as a general order. Besides, where's the great mischief of it?

Tom. Mischief! A loyal subject ask where's the mischief of it! Eleven French ships take an English cutter! Why, the thing's as impossible as to steer without compass or rudder. Pooh! and be damn'd to you. And to tell such a rigmarole to an old sailor who has fought for his king and country. Cartridge, you're a damn'd hard-hearted old rascal.‡

Corp. That's unkind; and I'd rather swallow a musket than drink another drop with you.

Tom. You have brought the salt water into the eye of an old seaman. (*Wiping his eye.* §)

Corp. Dam'me, I'm sorry for that. (*Wiping his eye.*)

Tom. Are you though? Well, a British sailor can forgive a friend, as well as beat a foe; and there's nothing so bright as the tear of an old soldier who has bled for his king——

Corp. Except the tear of a British tar who has bled for his country.

Tom. And to shew || that a British tar doesn't bear malice, I'll give you—"Chelsea for ever!"

Together. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Corp. And to shew that a British soldier can forget and forgive, I'll give you—"Greenwich for ever!"

Together. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

(*They come forward.*)

Corp. You've seen some service, old boy, and so have I. What a glorious thing is a battle! **

* Englishmen conduct themselves well whenever called into action, and sometimes, indeed, perform prodigies of valour; but they no where perform such prodigies as in Mr. D——'s pieces.

† This expression is perfectly in keeping with the character. It would be absurd to cavil at it as being coarse and vulgar. Sailors are not *petit-maitres*, and 'tis well 'tis no worse.

‡ This scene is eminently pathetic. In such Mr. D——'s works abound. His Jack Tars, when they are not boasting, are either sentimentalizing or crying.

§ There is a kind of imitation which possesses the merit of originality. This is of that class. Mr. M——'s farmers are perpetually striking their bosoms: Mr. D——'s sailors are perpetually wiping their eyes. A true-born British tar, in the course of one of these three-act comic operas, will shed you "salt-water" sufficient to float his own vessel.

|| And to shew (he might add) that a British tar will guzzle, and find good reasons for guzzling, so long as any one will find him drink.

** Whenever a British tar appears in a comic opera, a description of a battle is inevitable. It need not be made necessary to the progress of the action, nor need it be drawn in naturally by the current of the dialogue; but, as in the present instance, and, as it usually is, it may be lugged in neck and shoulders, whenever the author thinks proper. As, however, it is always *effective*—that is to say, certain of being applauded

Tom. The enemy's fleet bearing down—

Corp. The enemy's troops marching up—

Tom. Pour in a broadside—

Corp. Charge bayonets—

Tom. Grape and canister—

Corp. Bombs and bullets—

Tom. With five sail of the line we attack forty of the enemy—

Corp. Two thousand English fall on seventy thousand French—

Tom. Take ten ; burn, sink, and destroy twenty ; thirty scud away—

Corp. Kill thirty thousand ; make forty thousand prisoners ; fifty thousand fly—*

Together. Victory ! Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

Tom. That was when you lost your eye, Corporal ?

Corp. No : My eye I lost with the great Marlborough at Blenheim ; my leg I gloriously left at Waterloo ; and my arm I left fighting by the side of the brave Harry, at Agincourt. † And how came you crippled, Tom ?—Come, tell us all about it.

Tom. No, split my timbers if I do. A British tar can beat forty Frenchmen at any time ; but, dam'me, he won't boast. Howsomever, I'll tell you.

SONG. *Tom Topsail.*

My name's Tom Topsail : I have seen
Some *service*, doubt no *one* can, ‡
For nine times round the world I've been
With Rodney, Drake, and Duncan.
Brave Jarvis made me cabin-boy,
Believe me 'tis no story ;
The boatswain pip'd all hands ahoy !
And all for Britain's glory.

Old England pip'd her sons to arms,
Tom Topsail he obey'd her,
And, joining Drake, in war's alarms,
We beat the bold Armada.
I lost a leg : and next I sail'd
With Nelson, fam'd in story ;
We beat the foe, and never fail'd ;
And all for Britain's glory.

To plough the seas again I went,
Although I had an *odd* knee,
And oft the Mounseer's flag I beat
Along with gallant Rodney.

by the galleries—an experienced writer will leave it to the actor's discretion to introduce it as soon as he perceives the pit and boxes beginning to yawn, or at any period when he discovers indications of a coming storm on the other side of the lamps. On such occasions, a battle and "British valour" always beat British common-sense out of the field.

* Our heroes are killing, burning, sinking, and destroying more ships and soldiers than were engaged in the combat. No matter : it would be absurd to attempt to circumscribe, within the common rules of arithmetic, courage and loyalty so enthusiastic as theirs.

† Unless we are to consider this as a downright anachronism (and our comic operas now and then furnish examples of the use of this licence), the Corporal is a veteran in the fullest sense of the term. On a moderate computation he must be upwards of four hundred years old.

‡ Assuredly not. He helped to beat the Armada in 1588, and fought with Nelson full two centuries later. But, compared with his companion, Tom is a mere infant in the career of arms ; for, as yet, he can hardly be more than two centuries and a half old. It has already been observed, that anachronisms, and similar lapses, are allowable in comic operas ; but if Mr. Topsail sailed round the world with Drake, "it follows as the night the day," that "brave Jarvis" promoted him to the post of cabin-boy when he was but about two hundred and twenty years of age. After this, let us hear no more complaints of the tardiness of naval promotion.

With him I lost a leg and eye ;
Said I, " I don't deplore ye,
Because a British tar will die,
And all for Britain's glory."

Then next with Howe, in storms and calms,
I oft the foe did leather :
A chain-shot took off both my arms
And t'other leg together.*
But soon the doctor set me right,
As now I stand before ye ;
My heart is whole, and still I'll fight,
And all for Britain's glory.

Then, since I've not lost both my glims,
Kind Fate has spared an *odd* eye ;
And though I've lost my precious limbs,
What then ?—I've got my body. †
And, should I lose my body too,
My head shall tell this story,—
" 'Tis thus a British tar should do,
And all for Britain's glory."

Enter ADMIRAL ANCHOR.

Admiral. Softly there, softly ; keep less noise between decks.

Tom. We are drinking to the success of old England, my noble Commander.

Admiral. Then make less noise about it, and be damn'd to you.

Tom. Less noise ! It wasn't your word of command to make less noise when the cannons were roaring aboard the Thunderer. ‡

Admiral. We are not aboard the Thunderer now, you lubber.

Tom. No ; for aboard the Thunderer Tom Topsail was fighting alongside of you. But Tom's hulk is batter'd, and I suppose he's to be put out of commission.

Corp. Aye, Gratitude has shoulder'd arms, and march'd out of the garrison.

Admiral. Split my timbers ! a mutiny in the fleet !

Tom. Mutiny ! Look'ee, Admiral, I've shed my blood for you ; but run me up the yard-arm, if ever I thought to shed a tear. § (*Wiping his eye.*)

Corp. Nor I neither, spike me on a *shiver-de-freeze* if I did. (*Wiping his eye.*)

Admiral. What the devil are you piping at ? Who spoke to you ?

Corp. True ; but looke'e, your honour : when a British sailor pipes his eye, 'tis the duty of ev'ry British soldier to pipe his eye also.

Admiral. (*Wiping his eyes.*) Dam'me, my old weather-beaten timbers a'nt proof against this. (*Kindly.*) Boatswain.

Tom. (*Sulkily.*) What says my noble Commander ?

Admiral. Corporal.

Corporal. (*As sulkily as Tom.*) Your honour.

* A very ingenious operation of this chain-shot. But let me check Mr. Tom's accounts. He lost a leg with Drake, a second leg with Rodney, and " t'other leg " with Howe. This then makes the *third* leg he has lost ! But what does that signify to a theatrical British tar ? Besides, one can never suffer too much in defence of one's king and country.

† And a very ample salvage too, for a tar of such determined courage and loyalty. But after his boast of what his head should do, even should he lose his body, it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of Witherington, of Chevy-chace celebrity. Tom, however, is a mere pigmy, compared with some others of Mr. D——'s heroes.

I will take this occasion to mention as a general rule, that when a British audience is to be drugged with clap-trap loyalty, and boasts of British valour, British generosity, or British any thing else, the dose cannot be too strongly administered.

‡ A foremast-man abusing his admiral, forms a true picture of naval manners ; at least it passes for such on the stage. It is now, perhaps, a little the worse for use.

§ More naval pathetic.

Admiral. I've wrong'd you; and a British admiral is not too proud to own it. Come, fill a bumper, lads. Here's "Gratitude: and may the man that is without gratitude never sail in his right latitude."

Tom. } Long life to your honour!
Corp. }

Admiral. Ah! lads, and I might still be happy, if my poor niece —

Tom. Aye, Miss Lovely, who died in her infancy. But come, your honour mustn't think of that. *(A scream heard.)*

Admiral. *(Agitated.)* Tom! that scream!

Tom. 'Twas very like!* Should it be. But make all sail for the port a-head, and leave me plenty of sea-room.

(ADMIRAL retires into a room at the side—CORPORAL walks up the stage.)

Enter LUCY LOVELY (running), followed by SIR FREDERICK FRIBBLE.

Lucy. Save me! save me!

Sir F. Why do you fly me, my charmer? I have four spanking greys, that shall gaily gallop us to Gretna-green. Let me be your *beau*; the blacksmith shall fasten the matrimonial *knot*; and I shall come back to London with an additional—*rib-on*.

Lucy. Leave me, monster, nor longer persecute me.

Sir F. Well, my frisky filly, if you've the folly not to follow freely, Frederick Fribble would feel it foolish not to force you.† So here goes. *(Takes her arm.)*

Tom. Avast there, pirate: fire a shot at that little cutter, and I'll pour a broadside into you.

Corp. Leave him to me: what can you do who have neither legs nor arms?

Tom. The duty of a British sailor.

Sir F. Stand out of the way, you great sea-bear. Do you know who I am?

Tom. No; but I know that a female is a woman, and it is the duty of a British tar to protect a woman in distress.‡ So surrender your prize, and make all sail out of an enemy's port. If you stay you'll buy a rabbit.

Sir F. Then I'll go, and buy a brush. This *tar* is above my *pitch*. *(Exit.)*

Lucy. Pr'ythee don't run after him.

Tom. *(Pointing to his wooden legs.)* A British sailor scorns to run.§

Lucy. Thanks, my brave deliverer. Pardon this intrusion. Alighting from the Plymouth Telegraph, the monster accosted me *(ADMIRAL appears listening)*; he would have forced me to accompany him; I fled; he followed; perceiving this door open, I entered to avoid him: you know the rest. But, where am I?

Tom. Aboard the good ship Admiral Anchor.

Lucy. Good Heavens! my uncle! Extraordinary adventure!||

ADMIRAL (rushing forward).

Admiral. Yes, Lucy, your uncle, who has so long mourned your death. Image of your departed mother! *(They embrace.)* But more of this anon.

Tom. Never a more unlooked for ship than this came into harbour; and come what may of it — 'tis all for BRITAIN'S GLORY.

End of the Scene.

* Like the scream of the Admiral's niece who died in her infancy. The modern drama abounds in recognitions equally probable.

† Alliteration is the beauty by which (next to pun) Mr. D——'s style is distinguished. In the art of punning he is not without rivals, and (I am forced to admit) dangerous rivals too; but in alliteration he reigns alone.

‡ This sentiment is sufficient to save a play on the very brink of damnation. *Probatum est.*

§ Ditto.

|| Perfectly natural and probable; and, in the modern drama, nothing more common.

The Twelve Tales of Lyddalacroos.

TALE SECOND.

HONEST MAN JOHN OCHILTREE.

A gay young lad frae Locherben
 Came galloping late to our gate en,
 He doft his hat an' came bouncing ben ;
 Saying maiden I come to wooe.
 His brow was brent, his glance was gleg,
 A snaw-white skin an' a wanton leg,
 A gallant young lad quo' I by my feg ;
 He's welcome here to wooe.

Aboon the fire upon the bink,
 He had bread to eat an' wine to drink,
 But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink
 Till he was warm and fou ;
 Syne by the hand I have him ta'en,
 Ye coldrife lover now get ye gane,
 I'd liefer lie a year my lane,
 Than lie an hour wi' you.—*Old Scottish Song.*

Thy tale of Elphin Irving, said a hale and ruddy old man to me, whose singular knack in relating adventures, chiefly of a joyous and festive kind, had rendered him a welcome visitant to the Portioner of Lyddalacroos ; thy tale, said this patriarch in narratives, is veritable doubtless, I have heard snatches of it said or sung myself while wandering about the country.

But ye have steeped it so deep, young man, in the dark stream of superstition, that ye have fairly drowned the tale and the hero of it together. Now, touching fairies and elves, and elf-candles, and water-spunkies, and wraiths, and ghosts, and goblins, and foul fiends horned or cloven-footed, and witches, and wizards, and familiar spirits, I have suffered more from a bed of wet sacks in a farmer's barn, than from all the invisible dwellers of the earth or the air. For save the sinful forms clothed in flesh and blood, nought else has ever disturbed the peace of honest old John Ochiltree: nevertheless, some of the early hours of my life have been devoted to curious adventures, any of which falling from the lips of one who has a natural grace of utterance might move you to mirth ; from my lips they will only move you to commiseration.

The old man adjusted his wallet, or traveling knapsack, stood perpendicularly up, and combing his white locks several times with his fingers, commenced his narrative with some-

thing of a look and tone at once arch and grave. I was not always, said he, an old man with a lank leg and hoary head: there was a time before I took to this pleasant life of wandering from house to hall, cheering the dames of the district with my grave look and my merry tale. I was then young, my locks were black, and my leg was firm, and I could have pitched a bar, or played on the fiddle, with any youth in the land. But a sad cough which I caught among the damp broom on Quarrelwood-hill, hearkening a sectarian sermon, plucked strength and spirit down, and drove me to the country to win the bread by my wit which I should have won by the sweat of my brow.

The adventures I shall relate commenced with my seventeenth year: I had learned to sing and also to dance ; but nature, which lavishes so many notable gifts, denied me that ready and familiar grace of address which wins its way to woman's regard: I conversed with the maids whom the music of the fiddle surrendered to my company, with such manifest confusion, and even alarm, that they soon reckoned me a creature equally uncouth and ungracious, and I was subjected to abundance of scorn, and caprice, and wit, when I endeavoured at gallantry. The maidens, when I led them to the floor, would examine me from head to foot, with an eye sparkling in malicious wit ; and even their grandmother

regarded me with a glance of the most mortifying compassion. It was sometimes a matter of rivalry among the girls to obtain my hand : to dance with such a cutter of uncouth capers, such a marvelous piece of human imperfection as me, was made a matter of boast and a subject for laughter ; and any expressions of respect or love which I hazarded were parodied and distorted into all that was absurd and ridiculous by these capricious spirits. They all seemed to possess, for my mortification and sorrow, a talent for humour and ridicule which broke out on every occasion. I became the most exalted personage in the parish, if my merit might be estimated by the notice I received, and to this "bad eminence" I was raised by the wit, and the fun, and folly of women.

To one of those meetings at the conclusion of harvest, which, taking farewell of autumn, welcome the winter with drinking and dancing and all sorts of rustic festivity, I was about this time invited. I drest myself out for the occasion in my newest dress, and in the vanity of my heart I counted myself captivating. My aunt assisted me much in this ; she possessed an antique taste, and so far back did her intelligence in apparel reach, that she sought to revive, and that on my person, the motiey dress of the minstrels at the ancient border tournaments. One mistake was, that I had no turn for poetry, so I was soon doomed to endure the malice of verse without the power of inflicting it on others ; and another was, that I had nothing of a romantic turn about me, so that the dress sat on me with an evil grace. To the dance, however, I went, waving my right arm gallantly as I marched along, and looking oftentimes back at my shadow in the moon-light ; the luminary I could not help thinking neglected to do justice to my form, but that planet is certainly the most capricious of all the lesser lights. I was received with a general stare ; and then with a burst of universal and spontaneous mirth. The old men surveyed me with looks in which compassion struggled with curiosity, but the maidens gathered about me, commended the head that imagined my dress, and the hand that fashioned it ;

the young men joined in this praise with a gravity which I mistook for envy, and the roof rocked and rang to another peal of laughter.

The fiddler, wholly blind, and seated apart from this scene of merriment and mortification, seemed incensed to think that any one should be the cause of mirth but himself. He stayed his hand, laid down his instrument, and while he rosined his bow enquired what all this laughter meant. "Thy curiosity shall be gratified," said a wicked young girl, and taking my unreluctant hand, she led me up to this producer of sounds, and guided his hand to my person. He felt my dress from head to heel, vowed by his bow he had never touched a garment of such rich device as my coat, swore by his fiddle my bonnet was worth all the money his instrument had ever earned, and hoped I would leave the land before I ruined the mystery of thairms, for there was no need of instrumental mirth where I came. And dismissing me with a suppressed laugh, for open merriment might have diminished his evening's gain, he recommenced his music, and the discontinued dance began.

My torment now commenced : the lasses danced round me in a ring. I had the misfortune to be so much in request that I was never off the floor ; though I danced six and thirty reels without lett or pause ; and though the drops fell from my brows like rain : I saw no end to such perpetual capering. This ridiculous exertion is still remembered among the dames of Ammandale ; and I lately heard a girl reproach her lover with his listlessness for mirth, saying, "when will ye dance six and thirty reels like daft John Ochiltree?" I grew an inch taller with this proof of my fame. All this was to come to an end. The blind fiddler had been smit in his youth with the disease of tune-making : he had mingled the notes of half a dozen tunes together, from which he extracted a kind of musical square root, and this singular progeny he was desirous of baptizing ; much it seems depends on having a fine sounding name. At present, he was hesitating between "Prince Charles's Delight," or "Duke William's Welcome," when a peasant demanded the tune, "the new tune, plague on't,

the tune without a name." "A tune without a name," said a girl, "cannot ye christen it, man, here fiddler, play up 'Honest Man John Ochiltree.'" A shout of laughter succeeded: "a noble name by my faith," exclaimed many voices at once, and the new name was shouted by an hundred tongues to the infinite mortification of the fiddler and me: our vanity was wounded. The name of the tune was fixed as unalterably as the laws of the Medes, and from that hour forward it haunted me through life; while the popularity of the air was encreased by the noises which a rustic minstrel soon caused to jingle in rude chorus to the air. Thus I got the name of "Honest Man John Ochiltree," and the story was a winter's laugh to the parish.

But there is no sour without its sweet: all this had been witnessed by a farmer's daughter, whom the pursuit of many lovers had not rendered capricious, and who thought she perceived in the patience with which I endured all this musical persecution the materials for making a quiet and tractable husband. She trod on my foot returning from a hill-preaching, and apologized with so much grace, that I thought her the fairest maiden of the whole valley; and after touching on the sermon, and quoting the Song of Solomon, we parted with a mutual promise of meeting in her father's barn at midnight. I was punctual to my tryste, and so accurate was the devout maiden, that the clock struck twelve as she turned the key in the granary door. She opened a little wicket and let in the summer moonlight, and seating ourselves on two inverted bushels, we sat in collateral splendour, side by side, amid the silent light of the luminary.

I looked at the maiden, who kept looking on the opposite wall with an aspect of demure but arch composure, and seemed to count the stones of which it was built. Had I been afflicted with the cureless evil of verse making, I had now a matchless opportunity of displaying my gift. The silence of the place,—the glow of the moon,—the beauty of the maiden, Mary Anderson by name, her white hands clasped over a whiter bosom, her locks a glistening and a golden brown, escaping from the

comb, descending in ringlets down her left cheek and shoulder, and taking a silvery or a golden hue as they moved to her breath amid the pure moonlight! This was my first attempt at courtship. I trembled much, and the words of love, too, trembled on my tongue. Let no man sit many minutes silent in the presence of his mistress: he will be forgiven for folly, for more serious offences, but never for silence. Had I made my debüt in darkness, I think I should have spoken, and spoken, too, with much tenderness and true love. But the fault lay with the moon, plague on the capricious planet: I never see her fickle light glimmering through the chink of a barn wall, but I think on the time when I lost my first love through her influence. We sat mute for the space of a quarter of an hour; and I had nearly vanquished my aversion to the moon's presence, when an owl rested from her flight on the roof above us for a moment, and just as the words had assembled on my lips, uttered a long and melancholy "whoop hoo." I wished not to pitch the tone of courtship by a sound so ominous, and remained mute. I mustered my resolution again, and the first word (I would give the world to remember what word it was) was actually escaping from my lips, when a sucking-calf lowed, perhaps for its dam, in a stall near us, and the voices of the four and the two footed animals were blended so curiously in utterance, that a judge of natural music would have found difficulty in awarding to each their own proper notes. This was a sound much more mischievous than the voice of the owl: the maiden, devout as she was, could not suppress a smile, and rising, said, "I think we know enough of one another's minds for one night," and vanished from my side; so I closed my first night's wooing. I once had the courage to propose to her the endurance of another vigil, she set her hands to her mouth, and "whooted out whoots three:" we never met again.

But I was an inextinguishable lover. I disciplined my mind, pampered up my courage, and having, as I hoped, inured myself to the sharp encounter of female wit, boldly resolved to go in quest of an adventure.

I have traveled much in the world ; but all parts of the earth are surpassed by Scotland in the amorous spirit of its peasantry : there a maiden has many lovers, and a peasant many mistresses: adventures equaling those of romance are encountered ; and the effusion of men's blood, as well as maiden's tears, not unfrequently follows those nocturnal excursions. I walked resolutely abroad, and hoped the achievement of some notable adventure. For some time I was without success ; but at last a long stream of light from a farmer's window led me up to the casement, within which I observed his eldest daughter, a gay damsel of eighteen, couched on the watch, and waiting the approach of some happy wooer. She opened the window when I appeared, but seeing a form she had not hoped for, stood holding the sash in her hand, pondering whether she should take the earliest blessing which heaven had sent in human shape.

At this moment her expected lover appeared, a spruce youth from the neighbouring city, pruned and lathered, and scenting the way with musk and frankincense. The maiden wrung her hands with vexation: her wit could not deal with more than one at a time ; and as I was never of a quarrelsome nature, and had an aversion to intrude upon true love, I turned suddenly to retreat. The young man started off too, and as my road lay the very way he ran, he imagined I pursued him with some sinister intention, so he augmented his speed ; I still gained on him ; a lake was in the way: I have ever had an affection for running water since it received my rival in its bosom, plump over head and ears, with a dash that startled the wild ducks for a mile round. He swam through like an evil spirit, while I returned to his mistress, and found her holding the casement open, perhaps for the successful lover, so I leaped gaily into the chamber, and, seated by the maiden's side, began to hope I was conquering my fate.

The night, gloomy before, became ten-fold darker now ; the wind, accompanied by heavy gushes of rain, shook window and door, and raised in the chimney top that long and melancholy whine which so many of the peasants reckon ominous. The night

waxed wilder and wilder, and to augment the tempest, the fires flashed and the thunder roared in such rapid succession, that the walls of the chamber appeared in continual flame, and the furniture shook and clattered. Now I have heard of lovers who considered a stormy tryste night as a kind gift of fortune, and who could enlist the tempest which "roared and rustled" around them into the service of love, and compel it to make a pathetic supplication in their behalf to an unmerciful mistress. I never liked these cloudy influences, and instead of making a vassal of elemental commotion, it always made a servant of me ; a high wind and a storm, accompanied by thunder and fire, made me quiver and quake. I gave ample proof on this unfortunate night of my submission to the genius of the blast: the maid laid her white arm round my neck, and when she was soothing my terrors with soft words, the door of the chamber opened and in glided her mother, saying, "lassie are ye waking?" To find a lover in her daughter's chamber was perhaps neither uncommon nor unexpected ; but to find a new face, to find me, "honest man John Ochiltree," whose name was doomed to descend to posterity at the top of a ridiculous reel tune, the disclosure was to be dreaded ; so the subtle maiden, unloosing a comb from a thick fleece of long auburn hair, threw such a profusion of ringlets over my face as nearly suffocated me ; waving her hand at the same time for her mother to retire.

The prudent mother, however, advanced, saying, "bless me, lassie, this is a fearful night to have love-trystes and wooster-daffin in. I have trysted on mony a queer night myself, but on none that equaled this ; yet I think nae the waur of the lad who keeps his faith on a night that makes the wide world tremble." The daughter still waved her hand, but the dame was not to be daunted ; and thus she persisted : "but Jenny, my bonnie bairn, when will ye put an end to these dallyings ; no that I would have ye to make your election rashly, in the calf-love, as the rude proverb says, for ye're young and no at the end of your teens till the bud be on the bush ; but when will ye quit these dallyings, I say, and

single out a discreet husband and a devout? Ye have rich lovers, more than one or two, yet set not thy heart on the siller, lass, though I would hardly counsel ye to wed without it. A loving lad in lilly white linen looks weel enough in a fule sang, but give me the lad with bills and bonds, and good set siller, who can fill and fetch mair. Yet make not gowd a god in the choice of thy heart, though to give ye mair for a bridal-tocher than three hundred pounds, and put ye into a fu' farm, is what I wadnae counsel thy father to do." The daughter still waved her mother to be gone, but the covering of my face excited the good dame's suspicions, and she resolved to see me face to face, though it might diminish the amount of Jenny's admirers.

No resolution was ever carried more quickly into execution. "But Jenny, woman, what ails the lad that he hides his face; if he has nae a face worth looking at, he's no a lad for thee. And I ken not a lad in the parish who might wish to hide his head, except that daft chield, Jock Ochiltree—Jock Gomerall would suit him better: his grand-dame was burnt for a witch at the west bowport of Edinburgh, and if the grandson was burnt for a fool there would be no waste of fuel on the family." And removing a handful of her daughter's hair as she spoke, she saw me, and shouted, till her voice fairly exceeded the tempest that still raged without: "Nay, but the Lord preserve me! his presence be near! here's that gaping goose, Jock Gowk himself; for my lips I wadnae defile with his name, much less my arms with his person. Oh, to think that ever thy mother's daughter thought of lending credit to such a race, or bearing a bonnie bairntime to a born gomerall. Out of my house, I say, out of my house; start, else I shall write the notes of thy ain tune on thy face, seven crotchets to the bar." "O mother," said the submissive daughter, "turn not the poor lad out on such a night as this: the thunder and fire, the flash and the din will kill him; for he shakes at every clap like the leaf o' the linn." "Na, worse than all," shouted the dame, in a tone where scorn was blended with anger; "na, worse than all: to be but a fool is no such a failing; there's Captain

what's his name? whose whole wit lies in feeding capons, and who is hardly fit for watching the worms from the kale, yet he's made a justice o' the peace: but what can one do with a coward? I'm wasting words; I'm whistling a reel tune to a milestone: out of my house, I say; I will not defile both window and door with thee, so leap and vanish." And holding up the casement, I leaped gladly out, happy at escaping from the wicked wagging of her tongue into the more endurable evil of wind, and rain, and fire.

This unlucky repulse, with many a mischievous embellishment, flew over the parish; but I was not to be daunted. On the third evening after this mixed adventure of good and evil, I made an excursion beyond the limits of my parish, and entered upon the wild moorlands, where the dwellings are few and far between. A young man finds ready access among marriageable maidens; so I soon found myself seated at a sheep farmer's fire, in company of the good man's only daughter, a maid both ripe and rosy, with her father and mother, and some fifteen sheep dogs, as auditors of our conversation. At first, our talk was of that kind which newspapers call desultory; the weather, with all its variations; the fruits in their season; and the cattle after their kind; and contracting the circle of our scrutiny as we proceeded, we at last settled upon the cares of a pasture farm. We talked of sheep after their sorts, the Cheviot breed, the auld stock of Tinwald, the lang sheep and the short mug ewes, gimmers, crocks, and dinmans; nor did we fail to discuss the diseases which preyed on this patriarchal wealth; mawks and moor-ill, rot and leaping-illness; and so extensive was my knowledge in all this, and also on the more mysterious mischief of "evil e'en," elf-arrows, and witchcraft, that the old dame grew astonished and whispered to her husband: "This lad's words are worth drops of gold; speak him cannillie, Sandie, speak him cannillie." Her daughter, too, had her own thoughts: she appeared to employ herself with the intricacies of a skein of thread, but contrived at every motion of her hand to steal a glance at me from beneath a thick mass of natural curls which rivaled in density, and nearly

in colour, the fairest fleece of any of her father's flock. Her hand, too, unwittingly paused in its work, and shed back the curls from her ears that she might hear more accurately my ideas of fire-side economy and joy. The old man alone seemed slow in entering into the prospect of wedding his daughter's visible wealth to one whose chief substance was speculative. He sat solacing his thoughts with a scheme which had no connexion with my happiness. I saw something sinister in his looks; I heard him utter many a dry and dubious cough as his wife urged his admission of me as a suitor; and perceived, like the half hope of bliss held out by the Puritans, that I might be elected but should never be chosen.

At this moment the latch of the door was lifted, and a human figure tottered in, leaning twofold over a staff polished like glass with long use. It was a neighbouring moorland farmer, and a suitor to the maiden. He was dressed, or rather encumbered with cloaths which in the shape of two coats, a large one and a less, showed the antique skill of cloth-cutting at the time of the Scottish persecution. Over all these a large plaid extended, and a bonnet that nearly overshadowed the plaid crowned the whole. He removed this last mentioned article, and displayed a face as sharp and biting as a northern frost, and a couple of small keen and inquisitive grey eyes which seemed only acquainted with arithmetical calculation. He smoothed back his locks which seemed to have long rebelled against the comb, and casting his eyes over us, said with a prefatory cough; "Hale be thy heart, goodman, and happy be thine, goodwife, and merry may thine be, Penney, my winsome quean, mair by token I have sold seven score of dinmans, every cloot, and all to buy thee a bridal garment, lass, and a horse to ride on to the kirking; the fellow of whilk ye'll no find from Annan to Nith. But who in the name of all that's holy can this strange tyke be," said this venerable gallant, casting a look of no great delight on me, "his dress would scare the sheep, so he can be no shepherd; and he seems to lack wit to watch the hooded crows from his flock, so he cannot be wealthy;"

and with this unceremonious notice of me, he drew in a chair by the side of the maiden, and stroked down her innumerable curls with his hand, which smelled of tar equal to the suffocation of any town damsel. She smiled, for the smell was frankincense to her; the ancient suitor smiled also,—a smile, rivaling that of a death's head on a grave-stone, and said, "Well may ye laugh, lassie; that's the right hand that lays on the tar with mair skill than the proudest man in Tiviotdale, and has more flocks to lay tar on, lassie,—seventy score of brood ewes; but why need I brag? a man may ride a summer-day on my farm and no get far over the boundary." I sat confounded at this display of opulence, which I saw had a strong influence on the maiden's heart, while her father drawing near her, whispered; "Take him, Penney, take him, he's a rich man and well arrayed, he has two tap-coats and a plaid on."

The shepherd maiden looked on this antiquated suitor and she looked on me, but the glow which unrequited love spread over a face of eighteen barely balanced the matter against territorial wealth and its grey-bearded owner. I had no resource save in youth and health, but my adversary came armed in the charms and might of property, and my more modern looks made but a poor battle against the appeal which riches made to maiden vanity. "Foolish lassie," said my rival, in a tone which sounded like the first shovel-full of churchyard earth thrown on the lid of a coffin, "Foolish lassie, why makest thou thy bright een glance from side to side on this stripling and me, as if thou would'st weigh us in a balance? Who is this raw youth thinkest thou? The owner of his own proper person, the laird of no-town-brae, as the proverb says, and lord of windy-wa's, as singeth the auld sang. He may wooe you with fine words, but will he drop a bonnet piece of beaten gold in thy lap for every sigh he gives? he may please thee with his face, and, bating that he looks like a fool, his looks are well enough; but can he cast cantraips over ye as I can do? can he scatter golden spells and paper charms in thy lap, and make ye lady of as mickle land as a hood-

ed crow will fly over when he seeks to prey on the earliest lamb of spring?" And as the old man spoke, he produced from the nook-pouch of his plaid a kind of wallet of rough calfskin, secured with many a strap and string which he unloosed with a kind of prolonged delight, and then diving into the bosom of this mouldy sanctuary of Mammon, fished up the remains of an old stocking. "Haud thy lap Penney, my woman," said the owner, and he emptied with a clang into the maiden's lap upwards of an hundred antique pieces of Scottish gold, which avarice had arrested in their circulation before the accession of the house of Stuart. "There's as mickle as will array thee for the bridal, and here's documents for property which I will give thee the moment the kirk buckles us." An old piece of leather, which the diligence of the owner had fashioned from a saddle-lap into a pocket-book, supplied him with sundry papers, which he described as he submitted them to her examination. "That's a haud-fast bond on the lands of the laird of Sloken-drouth for seven hundred pounds Scots, a' sure siller; that's the rights of the lands of Knockhoolie, thirty-five pounds yearly, and ye'll be called the dame of Knockhoolie, a bonnie title and weel sounding." But why should I prolong a story of which all who hearken must know the upshot? I saw the wicked speed that Mammon made in the maiden's affections, and sat dumb-founded and despairing. Her look, which was one of grave consideration at first, gradually brightened and expanded; she looked at the riches and she looked at him, and said, "But I'm to have the cheese-siller, and the siller for the udder-locks; a riding habit brown or blue, or one of both; a grey horse and a side saddle. I am to gang to the two fairs of Dumfries, the St. James's fair of Lanark, to the Cameronian sacrament, and to have a dance at our house twice a year, once at Beltane and once at Hallowmass." "All shall be as thou sayest, Penney, my princess," said her lover, interrupting, probably, a long list of expected luxuries; "so name the bridal-day." My vexation now exceeded all bounds of decorum, and I spoke: "I would counsel ye to

name the day soon, for the bridegroom has not an hour to lose; the bridal cups will barely be dry before they're lacked for his lyke wake; he has little time to spare." The bride, as I may safely call her, laughed till her eyes were wet, and said, "Well spoken, young man, that's the most sensible thing ye have said this blessed night, and so, as there is no time to be lost, ye say, let us be married on Saturday; let the fault fall on the lag end of the week." For this mention of early joy the bridegroom endeavoured to inflict the penance of a kiss on the lips which uttered it.—"Haud off," said the damsel, "filthy body, ye stink of tar; bide off till the blessing's said, till the meat be consecrated; go home and nurse your breath, for it's wondrous feeble." I now rose to depart, the bride conducted me to the door, and endeavoured to console me in a departing whisper: "This is Monday,—I'm to be wed on Saturday,—let me see,—my father and mother will be frae hame on Thursday, so come owre here in the braw moonlight, and let us have an hour's running round the haystacks, and daffin in the darksome nooks. Auld Worlds-worm,—Auld Simon Setsiller,—him there with the twa tap coats and the plaid on, wha has not as much breath as would bless his breakfast, he'll ne'er be the wiser on't: what he disnae ken will give him no manner of trouble." We parted, but we met no more.

After this unsuccessful inroad on the moorlands, I resolved to push my fortune no farther without some more sensible assurance of success. I was, therefore, on the look out for the young and the handsome: I frequented fairs with the fidelity of a horse dealer; attended all the merry-makings round with the punctuality of a fiddler; and went devoutly to the kirk with the regularity of an ancient maiden whose thoughts had been weaned, by the counsel of aching bones and the eloquence of wrinkles, from free love to religion. But I was doomed to every species of mortification and repulse, and had actually in despair procured a copy of the register of maidens' baptisms in the parish, with the serious resolution of courting them regularly forward according to their seniority of claim,

when the wheel of fortune turned up one of her brightest spokes.

As I sat pondering on my luckless lot, a slender fair-haired girl of fourteen, the daughter of a respectable and opulent farmer, came gliding like a sylph to my side, and, with a manner conscious and sly, said, that her father and her mother were gone to a bridal, and that her elder sister, Bess, desired my company to curds and cream, and to help her to while away the fore night. Now her sister was one of the merriest and rosiest girls in the district; had a dancing foot and a fine ankle, and a voice which lent a grace to old songs which the best of your theatrical quaverers fail to impart. I need not say that her invitation charmed me: I lavished ribbons, as well as thanks, on the bearer of this pleasing news, and passed my hand over her long and curling hair, saying, "An thou be spared, some lad will sigh at his supper for thee yet." She set out a fair chin and a white bosom to the motion of my hand, and seemed perfectly aware, though young now, that she would be older in summer. She tripped to the door, and looking back with an archness of manner, and a roguish glance of her eye, said, "Ye might have done waur than given me a kiss to carry to my sister, and ane to myself for carrying it," and uttering a loud laugh as she saw me rise to follow, away she bounded as light and graceful as a woodland fairy. An old beggar woman looked after her as she fled, and shook her crutch at her: "Ah, thou young wanton, I heard thy words: they who learn young learn fair, and it's worse to keep the kitten frae the kirk than the auld cat; but see what it all comes to; a lamiter's crutch and an awmous-powk: nought will be a warning!" and the old woman groaned bitterly as she halted along at the memory of merrier days.

I was true to tryste, and turned my steps to the farmer's residence a little after twilight; the windows were gleaming with light, and the din of merriment resounded far and wide. My fairy messenger met me at the door, and standing on tiptoe, whispered in my ear, "Come away, ye have been lang looked for: there's naeboddy here but Jock Gordon of

Goosedub, Rab Robson of Rowan-tree-burn, and Davie Wilson of Ballacraig; ye ken all the rest except the young laird of Moorbirn and his cousin, whom men call Daunerig John." I entered, and found my knowledge was much more limited than the girl imagined; the farmer's hall was filled with strange faces, for three parishes round had each sent its contribution of youthful flesh and blood.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
And ten came rowing o'er the water;
Twa came down the long dike side,
There's twa and thirty wooing at her.

But if the heroine of Tintock-top rivaled bonnie Bess in the amount of her wooers, I question if she excelled her in the native tact and good management with which she kept in subordination so many fiery and intractable dispositions. We were all seated round a large table, at the head of which the maiden herself presided, distributing her glances among her admirers with an equal and a judicious diligence. Curds and cream, and tea, were in succession handed round; she partook of both, uniting in her own person the pastoral taste of the mountains with the refinement of the vales: songs were sung; she assisted in the strain, and her voice was sweet and delightful; and thus the evening hours flew by. But amid all this show of harmony and good fellowship, an experienced eye might observe, by the clouding brow and restrained joy of many, that the breeze of love which blew so soft and so balmy would soon burst out into tempest and storm. It is certainly a hazardous policy in such matters to collect a number of admirers face to face: in the silent darkness of a solitary tryste, the lover imagines himself the sole, or at least, the favoured admirer, and after breathing a brief vow, and tasting the joy of a half yielded kiss, he returns home, leaving his mistress to the nocturnal hardihood and superior address of a more artful lover. But seated with your rivals at your side, your jealousy of affection rises in arms against your peace, and you begin to sum up the hours you have been blessed in her company, and to multiply them by the number of

her admirers, conceding in despair a fractional part of affection to yourself, while it is plain your rivals have reveled in round numbers. There is no temper can long endure this; and it seemed plain that my fellow suitors regarded our meeting as a general field-day,—a numbering of the people, that she might wonder over the amount of her admirers and the force of her own charms.

Conversation began at last to flag, and silence ensued. "For my own part," said an upland shepherd, "I came here for an hour of quiet joy in a dark nook, the darker the better, but here's nought but an assembly of fools from the four winds of heaven, bending their darkening brows at one another, and a young lass sitting to count the strokes they strike, and to reckon every bruised brow a sure sign of her influence among men. Deil have me if I like it; so let short peace and long strife be among ye; and for you, my bonnie dame, the less ye make sport of honest hearts, the less sport will evil hearts make of you, and so I leave you:" and away he strode, whistling manfully the tune of the gallant Graemes in token of defiance. "Let him go, the rough footed moorcock that can clap his wings but never crow," said a plowman from the vale of Ae; "the smell of tar and tainted mutton is diminished since his departure." This was touching on a perilous theme,—the old feud which exists between the pastoral and agricultural districts. "I would advise ye lads," said a youth of moorland descent, "to eat well of wether-mutton and moorcocks afore ye speak lightly of aught that's bred among mosses; ye may need all your strength to maintain unguarded words. Lord, if my cousin of Blackhagg were here, he would make ye eat your own words though every one were as ill to swallow as a pound of hiplock wool." The incensed tiller of the holms of Ae started to his feet, his utterance nearly choked with rage: "Rise, ye moorland coof, ye twofooted tender of fourfooted brutes, lacking as much in sense as ye lack in number of limbs; rise this precious moment, else I'll give ye the blow where ye sit." The man of the moors was not slow in attempting to rise; the brawny arm

of a brother shepherd, which clutched his gorget with a grasp equal to the tethering of a bull, alone retarded his rising. "Let him alone, I say, Sandie; just let him alone," said the shepherd; "be civil at a douce man's hearth before his weelfaured daughter: ye ken the auld say; be the saint in the hall and the devil on the greensward; meaning nae doubt that we should carry our mischief out of doors: I'll stretch him as straight as one of his own furrows before an hour blow by, and on the same place too, the lilly lea." The wrath of the husbandman was turned on this doughty auxiliary, and having a divided aim, it burnt fiercely between them without harming either. Meantime, other tongues took part in the commotion: parochial nick-names, and family failings, and personal defects, were bandied from side to side, with all the keenness of rustic wit, and the malice of rivalry, while, on the whole, the maiden sat and looked as one would on a fire burning too fiercely to be quenched.

It was not my wish to distinguish myself in this strife of tongues, and therefore I sat still, maintaining an expression of face which I hoped would carry me quietly through this stormy tide of contention.—I was only deceiving myself.—"And ye'll sit mute and motionless there, and hear the bonnie green hills of Annandale turned, by the malice of man's wit, into moudie-tammocks," said a shepherd to me; "up and speak, for I have spoken till I'm as hoarse as a raven; or rise and fight; if ye have not a tongue in your head, ye may have a soul in your body." All turned their eyes on me at this address, and the uproar subsided for a time to hear my answer to this singular appeal. "A soul in his body," shouted a rustic, in a tone which implied something like a suspicion of my right to the spark immortal, "Have ye not heard the scoffing sang that's ringing from side to side of the country? I wonder the subject of such verses presumed to show his face among sponnable folk." And to my utter shame and confusion of face, he proceeded to chaunt the following rude verse, looking all the while on me with an eye sparkling with scorn and derision:

O have ye not heard of John Ochiltree?
 That dainty chield John Ochiltree?
 The owl has a voice, and the cat an ee,
 And so has sonsie John Ochiltree.
 An ancient woman wonn'd in Colean,
 She had never a tooth 'tween her lips but ane,
 She mumbled her meat with a horn spoon,
 Yet she fell in love with a bonnie new tune;
 She bobb'd on her crutches so frank and so free,
 To the dainty tune of John Ochiltree.

As the verse ended, a laugh burst out which made the roof shake over our heads, to show how fickle men's passions are, and the mortification I was doomed to endure. To be the subject of ludicrous rhymes is to have an infection about one equal to the plague. My fellow suitors shunned me, and the capricious maiden herself assumed an air so haughty and decided that I saw my cause was cureless. All this was witnessed by one who sympathised in my sufferings, and whose ready wit suggested an instant remedy. The milkiness of my nature had already given way to the accumulating reproach; I had started to my feet, and taken one stride towards my rhyming persecutor with a clenched fist, and a face burning in anger, when the young girl who brought me the invitation to this unlucky tryste uttered a scream, and holding up her hand, laid her ear to the floor like one listening intensely. We all stood mute and motionless: she darted to the door with the rapidity of light, returned in a moment half-breathless, and exclaimed in a voice of seeming despair, "Oh! Bess, Bess, what will become of ye, here's Hazelbank; here's our ain father coming up the road. If he sees what I see, he'll turn Solway, be it for him or against him."

Like a brood of chickens when the hawk descends, so started, so fluttered, and so flew in all directions this meeting of rivals; the door seemed far too narrow for escape. Seven bounded over the stack-yard dyke, and three leaped over a quickset hedge six feet high; two ran down the middle of a corn-field, with half the dogs of the place pursuing them; and two, who were strangers, in the haste of escape, fairly leaped into a pond, or small lake, and made good their retreat by swimming to the op-

posite side. In one minute the clamorous hall of Hazelbank was as mute as a kirk at midnight. As I hastened to retreat with the others, a white hand twitched me cunningly by the sleeve, and pulled me aside into a little closet, where two very warm and ripe lips whispered close in my ear, "Let the gowks flee, they know not the goose's quack from the eagle's cry; my father's far from home:"—and shutting the chamber door as she spoke, my bonnie and cunning messenger added:—"My sister Bess is in her grand moods this night; she carries her head o'er high, and winna speak to ye, for the foolery of that silly sang. A pretty thing, to lose a weelfaured lad for the sake of an idle rhyme: sae bide with me; I am almost as tall as Bess is; and I'll be fifteen at midsummer."

"And now," said this representative of the rustic name of Ochiltree, "I shall stay my narrative; feeling something of the distress of a traveler who comes to the shedlans of sundry roads, and knows not which one to elect; for the adventures which befel me were manifold, and seem in my sight all alike curious and important. But I cannot expect douce greyheaded folk will listen to the idle tales of youthful times. I might have made far more imposing stores of my misadventures among the maidens; for they are not unsusceptible of poetical embellishment; but I despise fictions, and laugh at "the idly feigned poetic pains" of metre ballad makers; I abide by the old proverb, "truth tells aye best."

"Truth tells aye best indeed," re-echoed an ancient dame, as she sat by the hall-fire, "and yet, idle fictions, and the embellishments,—I think that's the word ye used,—of a poetic fancy, seem to flow off as glibly as the current of truth itself."

Ah! thou auld-farrand ane, dost thou think to pass off the pleasant inventions of thy own fertile brain for the well-known tales of thy early courtship? Ah, my lad,"—and she eyed him with a look where humour and seriousness seemed striving for mastery,—“ye are kenned where ye least hope it; far kenned and noted is thy name, as the rhymemaker said of Satan. And so ye say, you are John Ochiltree, and suffered in your youth from maiden's scorn and minstrel's sang? A bonnie tale indeed! D'ye think I don't know the merry goodman of Dootagen, Simon Rodan by name, whom I have known since he was the height of a pint-stoup. More by token, he plundered my plum-trees when he was

a boy, and climbed in at my chamber windows afore the beard was on his chin, and all to wooe three of my servant maidens and my own cousin, bonnie Jeanie Carruthers.—Scorned by the lasses indeed! Mickle scorn have they endured for thee. Ah! thou flatterer, and bonnie tale teller. Many a good advice hast thou received from the parish minister and elders in full session assembled. A lad, the like of Simon Rodan, with all the failings he had, was not to be seen in seven hours' riding.—A straighter, or a more taper leg never set its foot in a black leather shoe; and it's not much the worse o' the wear yet.”

And thus ends the Second Tale of Lyddal Cross.

A HERMITAGE.

WHOSE is this humble dwelling-place,
The flat turf-roof with flowers o'ergrown?
Ah! here the tenant's name I trace,
Moss-cover'd, on the threshold-stone.

Well! he hath peace within, and rest,
Though nought of all the world beside;
Yet, stranger, deem not him unblest,
Who knows not avarice, lust, or pride.

Nothing he wants:—he nothing cares
For all that mourns or revels round;
He craves no feast, no finery wears,
Nor once o'ersteps his narrow bound.

No need of light, though all be gloom,
To cheer his eye,—that eye is blind;
No need of fire in this small room,
He recks not tempest, rain, or wind.

No gay companions here;—no wife
To gladden home with true-love smiles;
No children,—from the woes of life
To win their sire with artless smiles.

Nor joy, nor sorrow, enter here;
Nor throbbing heart, nor weary limb;
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,
And man and brute are nought to him.

This dwelling is a Hermit's cave,
With space alone for one poor bed;
This dwelling is a mortal's grave,
Its sole inhabitant is dead!

ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

THE ILISSUS.

Who to the life an exact piece would make,
 Must not from others' work a copy take;
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyke:
 Much less content himself to make it like
 Th' ideas and the images which lie
 In his own Fancy or his Memory.
 No: he before his sight must place
 The natural and living face;
 The real object must command
 Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

THE true lesson to be learnt by our students and professors from the Elgin marbles, is the one which the ingenious and honest Cowley has expressed in the above spirited lines. The great secret is to recur at every step to nature—

—To learn

Her manner, and with rapture taste her style.

It is evident to any one who views these admirable remains of Antiquity (nay, it is acknowledged by our artists themselves, in despite of all the melancholy sophistry which they have been taught or have been teaching others for half a century) that the chief excellence of the figures depends on their having been copied from nature, and not from imagination. The communication of art with nature is here everywhere immediate, entire, palpable. The artist gives himself no fastidious airs of superiority over what he sees. He has not arrived at that stage of his progress described at much length in Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, in which having served out his apprenticeship to nature, he can set up for himself in opposition to her. According to the old Greek form of drawing up the indentures in this case, we apprehend they were to last for life. At least, we can compare these Marbles to nothing but human figures petrified: they have every appearance of absolute *fac-similes* or casts taken from nature. The details are those of nature; the masses are those of nature; the forms are from nature; the action is from nature; the whole is from nature. Let any one, for instance, look at the leg of the Ilissus or River-God, which is bent under him—let him observe the swell and undulation of the calf, the inter-texture of the muscles, the distinction and union of all the parts,

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and the effect of action every where impressed on the external form, as if the very marble were a flexible substance, and contained the various springs of life and motion within itself, and he will own that art and nature are here the same thing. It is the same in the back of the Theseus, in the thighs and knees, and in all that remains unimpaired of these two noble figures. It is not the same in the cast (which was shown at Lord Elgin's) of the famous Torso by Michael Angelo, the style of which that artist appears to have imitated too well. There every muscle has obviously the greatest prominence and force given to it of which it is capable in itself, not of which it is capable in connexion with others. This fragment is an accumulation of mighty parts, without that play and re-action of each part upon the rest, without that "alternate action and repose" which Sir Thomas Lawrence speaks of as characteristic of the Theseus and the Ilissus, and which are as inseparable from nature as waves from the sea. The learned, however, here make a distinction, and suppose that the truth of nature is, in the Elgin Marbles, combined with ideal forms. If by *ideal forms* they mean fine natural forms, we have nothing to object; but if they mean that the sculptors of the Theseus and the Ilissus got the forms out of their own heads, and then tacked the truth of nature to them, we can only say, "Let them look again, let them look again." We consider the Elgin Marbles as a demonstration of the impossibility of separating art from nature, without a proportionable loss at every remove. The utter absence of all setness of appearance proves that they were done as studies from actual mo-

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dels. The separate parts of the human body may be given from scientific knowledge:—their modifications or inflections can only be learnt by seeing them in action; and the truth of nature is incompatible with ideal form, if the latter is meant to exclude actually existing form. The mutual action of the parts cannot be determined where the object itself is not seen. That the forms of these statues are not common nature, such as we see it every day, we readily allow: that they were not select Greek nature, we see no convincing reason to suppose. That truth of nature, and ideal or fine form, are not always or generally united, we know; but how they can ever be united in art, without being first united in nature, is to us a mystery, and one that we as little believe as understand!

Suppose, for illustration's sake, that these Marbles were originally done as casts from actual nature, and then let us inquire whether they would not have possessed all the same qualities that they now display, granting only, that the forms were in the first instance selected with the eye of taste, and disposed with a knowledge of the art and of the subject.

First, the larger masses and proportions of entire limbs and divisions of the body would have been found in the casts, for they would have been found in nature. The back, and trunk, and arms, and legs, and thighs, would have been there, for these are parts of the natural man, or actual living body, and not inventions of the artist, or *ideal* creations borrowed from the skies. There would have been the same sweep in the back of the Theseus; the same swell in the muscles of the arm on which he leans; the same division of the leg into calf and small, *i. e.* the same general results, or aggregation of parts, in the principal and most striking divisions of the body. The upper part of the arm would have been thicker than the lower, the thighs larger than the legs, the body larger than the thighs, in a cast taken from common nature; and in casts taken from the finest nature they would have been so in the same proportion, form, and manner, as in the statue of the Theseus, if the Theseus answers to the *idea* of the finest nature; for the *idea*

and the reality must be the same; only, we contend that the *idea* is taken from the reality, instead of existing by itself, or being the creature of fancy. That is, there would be the same grandeur of proportions and parts in a cast taken from finely developed nature, such as the Greek sculptors had constantly before them, naked and in action, that we find in the limbs and masses of bone, flesh, and muscle, in these much and justly admired remains.

Again, and incontestibly; there would have been, besides the grandeur of form, all the *minutiæ* and individual details in the cast that subsist in nature, and that find no place in the theory of *ideal* art—in the omission of which, indeed, its very grandeur is made to consist. The Elgin Marbles give a flat contradiction to this gratuitous separation of grandeur of design and exactness of detail, as incompatible in works of art, and we conceive that, with their whole ponderous weight to crush it, it will be difficult to set this theory on its legs again. In these majestic colossal figures, nothing is omitted, nothing is made out by negation. The veins, the wrinkles in the skin, the indications of the muscles under the skin (which appear as plainly to the anatomist, as the expert angler knows from an undulation on the surface of the water what fish is playing with his bait beneath it), the finger-joints, the nails, every the smallest part cognizable to the naked eye, is given here with the same ease and exactness, with the same prominence, and the same subordination, that it would be in a cast from nature, *i. e.* in nature itself. Therefore, so far these things, *viz.* nature, a cast from it, and the Elgin Marbles, are the same; and all three are opposed to the fashionable and fastidious theory of the *ideal*. Look at Sir Joshua's picture of Puck, one of his finest-coloured, and most spirited performances. The fingers are mere *spuds*, and we doubt whether any one can make out whether there are four toes or five allowed to each of the feet. If there had been a young Silenus among the Elgin Marbles, we don't know that in some particulars it would have surpassed Sir Joshua's masterly sketch, but we are sure that the extremities, the nails, &c.

would have been studies of natural history. The life, the spirit, the character of the grotesque and imaginary little being would not have made an abortion of any part of his natural growth or form.

Farther, in a cast from nature there would be, as a matter of course, the same play and flexibility of limb and muscle, or, as Sir Thomas Lawrence expresses it, the same "alternate action and repose," that we find so admirably displayed in the Elgin Marbles. It seems here as if stone could move: where one muscle is strained, another is relaxed, where one part is raised, another sinks in, just as in the ocean, where the waves are lifted up in one place, they sink proportionally low in the next: and all this modulation and affection of the different parts of the form by others arises from an attentive and co-instantaneous observation of the parts of a flexible body, where the muscles and bones act upon, and communicate with, one another like the ropes and pulleys in a machine, and where the action or position given to a particular limb or membrane naturally extends to the whole body. This harmony, this combination of motion, this unity of spirit diffused through the wondrous mass and every part of it, is the glory of the Elgin Marbles:—put a well-formed human body in the same position, and it will display the same character throughout; make a cast from it while in that position and action, and we shall still see the same bold, free, and comprehensive truth of design. There is no alliteration or antithesis in the style of the Elgin Marbles, no setness, squareness, affectation, or formality of appearance. The different muscles do not present a succession of *tumuli*, each heaving with big throes to rival the other. If one is raised, the other falls quietly into its place. Neither do the different parts of the body answer to one another, like shoulder-knots on a lacquey's coat, or the different ornaments of a building. The sculptor does not proceed on architectural principles. His work has the freedom, the variety, and stamp of nature. The form of corresponding parts is indeed the same, but it is subject to inflection from different circumstances. There is no primness or *petit maître*-

ship, as in some of the later antiques, where the artist seemed to think that flesh was glass or some other brittle substance; and that if it were put out of its exact shape it would break in pieces. Here, on the contrary, if the foot of one leg is bent under the body, the leg itself undergoes an entire alteration. If one side of the body is raised above the other, the original, or abstract, or *ideal* form of the two sides is not preserved strict and inviolable, but varies as it necessarily must do in conformity to the law of gravitation, to which all bodies are subject. In this respect, a cast from nature would be the same. Mr. Chantrey once made a cast from Wilson the Black. He put him into an attitude at first, and made the cast, but not liking the effect when done, got him to sit again and made use of the plaister of Paris once more. He was satisfied with the result; but Wilson, who was tired with going through the operation, as soon as it was over, went and leaned upon a block of marble with his hands covering his face. The sagacious sculptor was so struck with the superiority of this natural attitude over those into which he had been arbitrarily put, that he begged him (if possible) to continue in it for another quarter of an hour, and another impression was taken off. All three casts remain, and the last is a proof of the superiority of nature over art. The effect of lassitude is visible in every part of the frame, and the strong feeling of this affliction, impressed on every limb and muscle, and venting itself naturally in an involuntary attitude which gave immediate relief, is that which strikes every one who has seen this fine study from the life. The casts from this man's figure have been much admired:—it is from no superiority of form: it is merely that, being taken from nature, they bear her "image and superscription."

As to expression, the Elgin Marbles (at least the Ilissus and Theseus) afford no examples, the heads being gone.

Lastly, as to the *ideal* form, we contend it is nothing but a selection of fine nature, such as it was seen by the ancient Greek sculptors; and we say that a sufficient approximation to this form may be found in our

own country, and still more in other countries, at this day, to warrant the clear conclusion, that under more favourable circumstances of climate, manners, &c. no vain imagination of the human mind could come up to entire natural forms; and that actual casts from Greek models would rival the common Greek statues, or surpass them in the same proportion and manner as the Elgin Marbles do. Or if this conclusion should be doubted, we are ready at any time to produce at least one cast from living nature, which if it does not furnish practical proof of all that we have here advanced, we are willing to forfeit the last thing we can afford to part with—a theory!

If then the Elgin Marbles are to be considered as authority in subjects of art, we conceive the following principles, which have not hitherto been generally received or acted upon in Great Britain, will be found to result from them:—

1. That art is (first and last) the imitation of nature.

2. That the highest art is the imitation of the finest nature, that is to say, of that which conveys the strongest sense of pleasure or power, of the sublime or beautiful.

3. That the *ideal* is only the selecting a particular form which expresses most completely the idea of a given character or quality, as of beauty,

strength, activity, voluptuousness, &c. and which preserves that character with the greatest consistency throughout.

4. That the *historical* is nature in action. With regard to the face, it is expression.

5. That grandeur consists in connecting a number of parts into a whole, and not in leaving out the parts.

6. That as grandeur is the principle of connexion between different parts, beauty is the principle of affinity between different forms, or their gradual conversion into each other. The one harmonizes, the other aggrandizes our impressions of things.

7. That grace is the beautiful or harmonious in what relates to position or motion.

8. That grandeur of motion is unity of motion.

9. That strength is the giving the extremes, softness, the uniting them.

10. That truth is to a certain degree beauty and grandeur, since all things are connected, and all things modify one another in nature. Simplicity is also grand and beautiful for the same reason. Elegance is ease and lightness, with precision.

All this we have, we believe, said before: we shall proceed to such proofs or explanations as we are able to give of it in another article.

(To be continued.) W. H.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

Mary. Is this the close then of the truest love?

It was too tender and too kind to last—

Alas! I dream'd not of ungentle war:

It is a fearful thing—war, where the odds

Will make gods of the winners, is a game

That charms the noble, but makes poor maids' eyes

Moist with perpetual tears. Go, my love, go—

Yet all my thoughts were still on gentle themes;

On twilight walks aside the shaded brooks;

Of songs by moonlight on the castle top;

Of merry-makings when the corn was ripe;

Of building sunny homes for hoary men;

And thou wert ever there with thy grave smile:

But thou wilt find some higher love, when fame

Has deck'd thy helmet, and the laughing eyes

Of noble dames are on thee.

Sir M.

I shall be

True as these stars are to the cold clear sky;

True as that streamlet to its pebbly bed;

True as green Criffel to her stance; and true

As birds to song in summer. Smile, my love,

For I may yet return 'mid many a shout

And song of welcome.

The Early French Poets.

HUGUES SALEL, AND OLIVIER DE MAGNY.

HUGUES SALEL is one of those writers who, having been much caressed and applauded by their contemporaries, meet with a different treatment from posterity. Looking into a modern compilation of some authority for an account of him, I find that he is pronounced to be awkward, embarrassed, and languid; and that he is without any ceremony condemned to a place among the poets that merit no better fate than to lie on the shelf, and be gnawn by worms. I suppose, therefore, that it is in this vermicular capacity I must own that I have tasted, and found him no unsavoury food.

If matters come to the worst, there is something at least in his title-page that will be relished by all those who honour an old book, as some honour a great man, for nothing else but the title. Here is the style in which it runs:—"Les Oeuvres de Hugues Salel, Valet de Chambre ordinaire du Roy, imprimees par Commandement dudict Seigneur. Avec Privilege pour six Ans. Imprimé à Paris, pour Estienne Roffet, dit le Faulcheur, Relieur du Roy, et Libraire en ceste Ville de Paris, demourant sur le Pont S. Michel, à Lanseigne de la Roze blanche."—"The Works of Hugues Salel, Valet de Chambre in ordinary to the King. Imprinted by Commandment of the said Lord. With Privilege for six Years. Imprinted at Paris, by Stephen Roffet, called the Mower, Binder to the King, and Bookseller in this Town of Paris, abiding on the Bridge Saint Michael, at the Sign of the White Rose." There is no date, except in manuscript at the bottom of the page, which imports it to have been printed in the year 1539. Whoever wishes to preserve his character as a Bibliomaniac (so they have termed

it of late years,) will go no further than this. They who can pluck up a good courage, and are not afraid of the more odious name to which they may subject themselves by pursuing the quest, will venture onwards. The first poem then, or the first prey for the worms, whichsoever we shall term it, in this collection, is "a Royal Chase, that containeth the taking of the wild Boar Discord, by the very high and very potent Princes, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and the King Francis, the First of this Name." "Chasse Royale, contenant la prise du Sanglier Discord, par tres haultz et tres puissans Princes l'Empereur Charles Cinquiesme, et le Roy François, premier de ce Nom." France and Spain being in a state of perfect peace and happiness, all the Gods receive due homage from mortals, except Mars; who, enraged at the neglect, descends to the lower regions, and brings up the wild boar Discord to earth. Charles V. and Francis I. unite to hunt down the monster, whose defeat, with the help of other European princes, they soon accomplish. This is a slight sketch, and somewhat pedantic; but I should say that it was filled up with much spirit.

In the Marine Eclogue on the death of the Dauphin François de Valois, there are some verses of remarkable sweetness, which remind me of Lydgate.

The Punishment of Cupid is another poem in which the materials, though very slender, are wrought up with a certain portion of elegance and fancy.

The following song may be considered as a testimony on the long-pending suit with respect to the song of the Nightingale.

En passant par ung boys, et regrettant Marguerite.

Rossignolz qui faictes merveilles,
De jergonner pas ces verdz boys,
Ne remplissez plus mes aureilles
De si douce et plaisante voix,
Puis que voyez que je men voys
Au lieu ou joye est endormie,
Chantez s'il vous plaist cette fois
Le triste depart de m'amee.

F. 50.

Ye nightingales, whose voice divine
 Thrills out these greenwood glades among,
 Oh! fill no more these ears of mine
 With such a sweet and pleasant song.
 Ye see the way I now am wending,
 Unto a place whence joy is flown;
 Then but for once a sad note lending,
 Sing, an ye will, my mistress gone.

Like most of his brethren, he celebrates the "green eyes" of his mistress:—

Marguerite aux yeulx rians et verds. F. 53.
 The "laughing eyes" would be too bold an expression for a Frenchman now-a-days; and accordingly one of them, who met with it in translating Dante,—

Ond 'ella pronta e con occhi ridenti.
 Par. C. 3.

has translated it,—

L'ombre me répondit d'un air satisfait.

There are some more poems by Salel, printed at the end of the "Amours d'Olivier de Magny," of which I shall speak presently. The most remarkable amongst them are three Chapitres d'Amour (as they are called), in which he uses the Italian measure called the Terza Rima. It was adopted by some of our writers in Henry VIII. and Elizabeth's time, as Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Frs. Bryan, Sir Philip Sydney; and afterwards by Milton, in his version of the Second Psalm. Yet Mr. Hayley supposed that

he was the first to introduce it into our language, in that spirited translation of the first three cantos of Dante, which he inserted in the notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry; and Lord Byron, when he adopted it in a late poem called the Vision of Dante, was not aware of Mr. Hayley's mistake.

At the command of Francis I. Salel undertook to translate the Iliad, but did not proceed further than the beginning of the thirteenth book. By a preface to the eleventh and twelfth books, and a fragment of the thirteenth, edited after his death by Olivier de Magny, it seems he was accused of having made use of a Latin version instead of the original Greek. "But I was his amanuensis," adds Magny, "and can with truth bear witness to the contrary." Whether it was made from the Latin or the Greek, his translation is but a lame one. It is curious to see how he has contrived to strip the moonlight landscape, at the end of the eighth book, of more than half its splendour.

Et tout ainsi que lon peult voir souvent,
 En temps serain, prés de la lune claire,
 Les corps du ciel (car ung chascun esclaie
 Tant que les montz, les vallées et plaines
 Sont de lumiere ainsi qu'en beau jour pleines).
 Dont le berger que sa veuë en haut jette,
 Se resjouit en sa basse logette.

But there is another extreme. All my readers remember Pope's version of this,—

As when the moon, resplendent lamp of
 night, &c.

and if they have not yet seen Mr. Coleridge's observations on it in his Biographia Literaria, vol. i. p. 39, I

would recommend them to their notice.

In another famous simile, that in the fifth book, of the clouds amassed on the mountain tops by Jove, his anxiety that all should be well understood has caused him to make strange work of these cumulostrati.

Ainsi que les nues
 Sont bien souvent sur les montz retenues
 Maulgré les ventz, par le dieu Juppiter,
 Que ne pourroient aultrement resister
 Au soufflement, et tourbillon divers
 Du vent de nort qui leur donne à travers;
 Semblablement, &c.

But this is quite enough of his Homer.

Hugues Salel, of Casalé in Querci, was born about the year 1508.

Quercy, Salel, de toi se vantera ;
Et (comme croy) de moi ne se taira :

are Marot's words to him in the Epigram on the French Poets, to which I have referred in the account of that writer.

"Querci will boast itself in thee,

Salel ; and, as I think, will not pass my name in silence."

Ronsard esteemed him one of the first who began to write well in France.

Besides the other marks of favour which he received from the open-hearted Francis I. he was presented by that monarch with the abbey of Saint Cheron, near Chartres ; where he died in the year 1558.

OLIVIER DE MAGNY.

THE first production I have met with from the pen of Olivier de Magny, is entitled *Les Amours d'Olivier de Magny, Quercinois, et quelques Odes de lui. Ensemble un recueil d'aucunes Oeuvres de Monsieur Salel, Abbé de Saint Cheron, non encore veuës. A Paris. Vincent Sartenan, 1553, 8vo.* In this collection, Magny's sonnets (in the common or ten syllable measure) are in the taste of the Italian Petrarchisti, or imitators of Petrarch. In some of the odes there is more nature. That on a nosegay presented to him by Castianira (F. 56), has a

peculiar vivacity and richness, and is very much in Ben Jonson's way.

His next work is *Les Gayetez d'Olivier de Magny à Pierre Paschal, Gentilhomme du Bas Pais de Languedoc,*

*Non tamen est facinus molles evolvere versus,
Multa licet castè non facienda legant.*

A Paris, pour Jean Dallier, 1554, 8vo.

There is much ease in these trifles. If I were to select one of the most pleasing, it would be that to Corydon, Ronsard's servant, which gives an engaging picture of that poet's manner of life.

Et s'il veult avec la brigade
S'en aller aux champs quelque fois,
Va t'en par la proche bourgade
Choisir le meilleur vin François ;
Puis sur le bords d'une fontaine
A l'ombre de quelque aubespain,
Aporte la bouteille pleine
Pour luy faire prendre son vin.

(The leaves are not paged in this book.)

And if he with his troop repair
Sometimes into the fields,
Seek thou the village nigh, and there
Choose the best wine it yields.
Then by a fountain's mossy side,
O'er which some hawthorn bends,
Be the full flask by thee supplied
To cheer him and his friends.

We shall be reminded of the hawthorn, when we come to Ronsard himself. These poets seem to have enjoyed nature with an unceremonious gaiety and frankness of heart, not known to their successors in the days of Louis XIV.

The last publication, I have seen,

of Olivier de Magny, is called *Les Soupirs. Paris. Par Jean Dallier, 1557. 8vo.*

These Sighs vent themselves in a hundred and seventy-six sonnets, some of which, fortunately, are any thing but dolorous ; as may be seen by the following :—

Sonnet 123.

Sus, leve les papiers, descharge m'en la table,
 Et ne m'en monstre aucun, Batylle, d'aujourd'huy,
 Car je ne veulx rien voir qui puisse faire ennuy,
 Et ne veulx faire rien qui ne soit delectable.
 Ce jourd'huy me soit feste et non point jour ouvrable.
 Mon Cassin est venu, et pour l'amour de luy
 Je veulx prendre mon aise, et m'esloigner d'autrui
 Pour avecques luy seul l'avoir plus agreable.
 Je veulx donner un peu de tresve à mon amour,
 Je veulx de craye blanche aussi marquer ce jour,
 Et ne veulx invoquer que le gay Pere libre.
 Je veulx rire et saulter comme un homme contant,
 Je veulx faire ung festin pour y boire d'autant,
 Et ne men chault pas fort encor que je m'enivre.

Up; sweep the papers off; the table clear:
 I will no more of these, good boy, to-day.
 All trouble shall be held awhile at bay,
 And nought but mirth and pleasure shall come near.
 For see, my friend, my dearest Cassin here:
 This is a festal and no working day;
 Bid each intruder hence; we will be gay
 Together, and alone make joyous cheer.
 I will with Love himself a brief truce keep:
 I will with white chalk score this day for gladness;
 I will to Bacchus only homage pay;
 Yea, I will laugh and leap and dance away,
 And drain at last the brimming bowl so deep,
 I care not if it end in merry madness.

It has been observed by Johnson, that in Milton's mirth there is some melancholy. In Magny's melancholy there is certainly much mirth. He does not seem to have been made for sighing. Yet it might have been enough to make him do so, if he could have known that in so short a time his countrymen would no longer think him worthy of a place in

their voluminous works of biography. This must be my excuse for having nothing to tell either of his birth, his fortunes, or his decease. He was of Querci. His verses bespeak him to have been a good soul, free from envy and ill-nature; and he was prized accordingly by the wits of his age. Be this his record.

SONNET.

Ah! know you not suspense is worse than fate,
 The image of Love's hope, that hopeless is;
 Whose every thought from shallow fear takes date,
 And by anticipation joy doth miss?
 Love, dearest lady! barreth not despair,
 When out of heart no gentle hope remaineth;
 But love's sweet roses still may twine them there,
 When loving look the lover's hope sustaineth.
 Beauteous and fair thou art; so much the more
 Look I, and droop, on my unworthiness;
 Oft counting all thy dear perfections o'er,
 To note mine own, and value them the less:
 Aspiring to be blest, reason doth show
 How much my sorrows by my reason grow.

Dec. 20, 1821.

R.

HOMER'S HYMN TO PAN.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. VI.

THIS Godling, as he is commonly taken to be, has been excessively ill used. In the vulgar mythology he is the guardian of mountains, caves, and forests; and so far he would seem a swain-like pastoral personage; a shepherd-genius, like that in the Vision of Mirza. Nothing of the sort: *noscitur à socio*: he has always an ill-conditioned group of goat-horned, goat-footed, goat-tailed, goggle-eyed, wrinkle-faced, yahoo-like caricatures of humanity near him and about him, and he is himself the ugliest of the crew. How should he be otherwise? for however odd and paradoxical the announcement of the fact may seem, it is as unquestionable as the existence of Pompey's pillar, that his Godship is the great original from whom traditional superstition has embodied in painting the personification of the Principle of Evil, vulgarly ycleped *The Devil*! Let the reader turn to Leviticus xvii. 7, and he will read of "offering sacrifices to devils;" but the original Hebrew imports the *demons* (as the word should be rendered) that is, ghosts, or human genii, that were worship'd under the emblematic form of *goats*. There was a city and a nome (or district) of Egypt, not far from the Israelitish border, called *Mendes*; and this, in fact, was the name of the Egyptian PAN: he was a personification of the prolific energy of nature, and his symbol was a goat. He was represented in sculpture either simply as a goat, or with a mixed human figure: sometimes as a man with goats' legs, sometimes with the head of a goat and the body of a man. The frequent Scripture comparison of the wicked to *goats* has been thought, with great probability, to involve an allusion to the Mendesian idolatry. As the sun is the spring of fecundity, the horns of the goat were frequently supplied by two solar rays; in the same manner as the horns of the Nilotic symbol, the bull Apis, were exchanged for the lunar crescent, the type of the ship of Osiris, or diluvian ark the mystic egg: which teemed with the elements of mundane life. Pan is then Osiris:

who was the Nile on earth and the Sun in heaven: who was also Jupiter Hammon, or Hammon-No, when indicating the sun in his power; Horus or Apollo, when significant of his beneficial influences on the air; Serapis, when he passed to the lower hemisphere; Hercules, when ad-measuring time by his passage through the Zodiacal constellations; and Vulcan, when, as the super-planetary fire, he was adored as the fountain of human souls, the subtle pervading heat which animated all things, and the organizing mind of matter. No wonder that such a considerable personage should have been thought able to scatter *panic* among armies. This faculty, however, is sometimes degraded into a propensity to urchin tricks: scaring cattle, and playing the night-mare with shepherds in their dreams. In Homer's hymn it must be owned that his figure is not very primitive. Plainly to speak, he is the same sort of wild man of the woods that we meet with every where else. The poet, however, wipes off the scandal of his clownish skill in music, (the reader will remember the affair of Midas), for he compares his piping to the nightingale; and if he could only leave his horns and hoofs behind him, it appears that he would make by no means a contemptible figure in the *ballet*.

I have called this Homer's hymn, from a fellow-feeling with tender and moon-loving enthusiasts; believers in the books of Hermes Trismegistus, or the precocious metres of the chest-buried Orosmanes, the cowed phantom Rowley. Scaliger would have thrown himself out of his garret window, had any one disproved his hypothesis of old Musæus having been the real author of Hero and Leander. Some persons would feel not a little discomposed by the insinuation that the "*Economy of Human Life*" was not a real Chinese manuscript; and still more at being told that the book which bears his name was not written by *Robinson Crusoe*. He that disturbs such gentle reveries ought to bear in mind Horace's spectator of ideal plays, who sate unintermit-

tingly (happy dog!) in the very best place of the first circle of Roman boxes; his whole life a Megalensian holiday; and Roscius "strutting and fretting," not his "hour" but his year, "upon the stage before him," without either growing husky, so as to be "heard no more," or securing admission into future chronological registers, as having "declined on a certain day in a certain month to play to an empty house." On detecting this alarming state of quiescent rapture, his "d——d good-natured friends" began to bustle about

him: they put in instant practice the *virtutem*

"Medicandi,"
Purgandi,
Seignandi,
Perçandi,
Taillandi,
Coupandi,

and it all ended in the consummation

"Occidendi:"

the curtain dropped, the "dreamer was awakened—"

"Pol me occidistis amici!"

AN IDLER.

HYMN TO PAN.

Take up thy tale, O muse! of Hermes' darling child;
Goat-footed and twin-horn'd, and loud in frolics wild:
With dance-blithe nymphs he bounds o'er Pisa's tree-clad head,
Nymphs that the giddy ridge of crags precipitous tread;
Shouting on Pan, the God of pastures, yellow-hair'd,
Sun-tann'd, by whom all heights of snowy hills are shared,
All mountain crests, and rocks that lift their foreheads bare;
Through tangled thickets deep he ranges here and there:
One while enticed to plunge in brooks that smoothly run,
Anon he trips o'er crags that jut against the sun,
And climbs the headland top whence shepherds watch their sheep:
O'er the hoar lengthening hills he scours with many a leap;
Or at their sloping foot the beasts of chase he slays,
And tracks them with his eye through every lair and maze:
Till, his brave hunting done, he numbers up the flocks,
And pens them in the cave, his fold within the rocks:
And all the time he breathes a tune upon his reeds,
Which not the bird of flowery spring 'mid shrouding leaves exceeds,
When flowing out in song-sweet dirge melodiously she bleeds.
To these their rival tunes the nymphs make answer sweet,
The clear-voiced mountain nymphs that troop with thronging feet
To the deep fountain's side, that dark in gushes springs,
And to their shrilling chaunt the hill-top echo rings.
Then creeps the stealthy god and nimbly threads the throng,
And beats the ground with doubling feet, timed to their charming song:
The lynx's blood-fleck'd hide athwart his back is thrown;*
He thus the meadow prints with silky grass o'ergrown,
Where bloomy crocus studs the tufted herbage green,
And hyacinth uprears its fragrant bells between.
They sing of blessed Gods on high Olympus' hill:
As Hermes, deftest God, the herald of heaven's will,
The same who haunted erst that mother of the fold,
Arcadia, from whose lap the gushing springs are roll'd;
His own Cyllenian grove still marks that here he fed,
A God, poor ragged sheep, and ate a mortal's bread;
For moist-eyed love o'erpowered and strong within him throve,
With long-tress'd Dryope he sigh'd to blend in love.
The jocund rite he seal'd; and in her house she brought
To Hermes their own son, in shape prodigious wrought,
Goat-footed and twin-horn'd, and full of noise and laughter:
The nurse that took, arose, and fled, the moment after,
Sore fearing when she saw that bearded visage grim;

* The Idler requests his readers will correct a typographical error in the 4th Leisure Hour, where *Hebris* is printed instead of *Nebris*: the red-deer-skin worn by Bacchus. The etymon, as will immediately occur to them, is *νεβρις*, a fawn.

But helpful *Hermes* straight caught up and dandled him:
 The God was pleased at heart, and heavenward ran in haste,
 Muffling the boy in skins of hares on mountains chased:
 He sate among the Gods, and by the side of *Jove*,
 He show'd his boy, and glad were all the Gods above:
 But jovial *Bacchus* most; his name they shouted—*Pan*!
 Since, once beheld, delight through all their spirits ran.
 I bid thee hail, O King! I worship thee in song:
 These are thine own—to others yet must other strains belong.

SUPERSTITION'S DREAM.

Thou scarest me with dreams.—JOB.

WHEN Night's last Hours, like haunting spirits, creep
 With listening terrors round the couch of sleep;
 And Midnight, brooding in its deepest dye,
 Seizes on Fear with dismal sympathy;
 "I dream'd a dream" of something 'kin to Fate,
 Which Superstition's blackest thoughts create,—
 Something half natural to the grave that seems,
 Which Death's long trance of slumber haply dreams:
 A dream of staggering horrors, and of dread,
 Whose shadows fled not when the vision fled,
 But clung to Memory with their gloomy view,
 Till Doubt and Fancy half believed it true.

That time was come, or seem'd as it was come,
 When Death no longer makes the grave his home;
 When waking spirits leave their earthly rest
 To mix for ever with the damn'd or blest;
 When years, in drowsy thousands counted by,
 Are hung on minutes with their destiny;
 When Time in terror drops his draining glass,
 And all things mortal like to shadows pass,
 As 'neath approaching tempests sinks the sun;
 When Time shall leave Eternity begun.
 Life swoon'd in terror at that hour's dread birth;
 As in an ague, shook the fearful Earth;
 And shuddering Nature seem'd herself to shun;
 Whilst trembling Conscience felt the deed was done.

A gloomy sadness round the sky was cast,
 Where clouds seem'd hurrying with unusual haste;
 Winds urged them onward, like to restless ships;
 And Light dim faded in its last eclipse;
 When Agitation turn'd a straining eye,
 And Hope stood watching like a bird to fly,
 While suppliant Nature, like a child in dread,
 Clung to her fading garments till she fled.

Then awful sights began to be reveal'd,
 Which Death's dark dungeons had so long conceal'd:
 Each grave its doomsday-prisoner resign'd,
 Bursting in noises like a hollow wind;
 And spirits mingling with the living then,
 Thrill'd fearful voices with the cries of men;
 All flying furious, grinning deep despair,
 Shaped dismal shadows on the troubled air:
 Red lightning shot its flashes as they came,
 And passing clouds seem'd kindling into flame;
 And strong and stronger came the sulphury smell,
 With demons following in the breath of hell,
 Laughing in mockery as the doom'd complain'd,
 Losing their pains in seeing others pain'd.

Fierce rag'd destruction sweeping o'er the land,
 And the last counted moment seem'd at hand:
 As scales near equal hang the earnest eyes
 In doubtful balance which shall fall or rise,
 So, in the moment of that crashing blast,
 Eyes, hearts, and hopes paused trembling for the last.
 Loud burst the thunder's clap, and yawning rents
 Gash'd the frail garments of the elements;
 And sudden whirlwinds, wing'd in purple flame
 And lightnings' flash, in stronger terrors came;
 Burning all life and nature where they fell,
 And leaving earth as desolate as hell.
 The pleasant hues of woods and fields were past,
 And Nature's beauties had enjoy'd their last:
 The colour'd flower, the green of field and tree,
 What they had been for ever ceased to be:
 Clouds, raining fire, scorch'd up the hissing dews;
 Grass shrivel'd brown in miserable hues;
 Leaves crumbled ashes to the air's hot breath,
 And all awaited universal death.
 The sleepy birds, scared from their mossy nest,
 Beat through the evil air in vain for rest;
 And many a one, the withering shades among,
 Waken'd to perish o'er its brooded young.
 The cattle, startled with the sudden fright,
 Sicken'd from food, and madden'd into flight;
 And steed and beast in plunging speed pursued
 The desperate struggle of the multitude.
 The faithful dogs yet knew their owners' face,
 And cringing follow'd with a fearful pace,
 Joining the piteous yell with panting breath,
 While blasting lightnings follow'd fast with death;
 And as destruction stopt the vain retreat
 They dropt, and dying lick'd their masters' feet.
 When sudden thunders paus'd, loud went the shriek,
 And groaning agonies, too much to speak,
 From hurrying mortals, who with ceaseless fears
 Recall'd the errors of their vanish'd years;
 Flying in all directions, hope-bereft,
 Follow'd by dangers that would not be left;
 Offering wild vows, and begging loud for aid,
 Where none was nigh to help them when they pray'd.
 None stood to listen, or to soothe a friend,
 But all complain'd, and sorrow had no end:
 Sons from their fathers, fathers sons did fly,
 The strongest fled, and left the weak to die;—
 Pity was dead:—none heeded for another,—
 Brother left brother; and the frantic mother
 For fruitless safety hurried east and west,
 And dropp'd the babe to perish from her breast;
 All howling prayers that would be noticed never,
 And craving mercy that was fled for ever.
 While earth, in motion like a troubled sea,
 Open'd in gulphs of dread immensity,
 Amid the wild confusions of despair,
 And buried deep the howling and the prayer
 Of countless multitudes, and closed—and then
 Open'd and swallow'd multitudes again.
 Stars drunk with dread roll'd giddy from the heaven,
 And staggering worlds like wrecks in storms were driven;
 The pallid moon hung fluttering on the sight,
 As startled bird whose wings are stretch'd for flight;

And o'er the east a fearful light begun
 To show the sun rise—not the morning sun,
 But one in wild confusion doom'd to rise
 And drop again in horror from the skies—
 To heaven's midway it reel'd and changed to blood,—
 Then dropp'd, and light rush'd after like a flood.
 The heaven's blue curtains rent and shrank away,
 And heaven itself seem'd threaten'd with decay ;
 While hopeless distance with a boundless stretch
 Flash'd on Despair the joy it could not reach,
 A moment's mockery—till the last dim light
 Vanish'd, and left an everlasting night ;
 And with that light Hope fled and shriek'd farewell,
 And Hell in yawning echoes mock'd that yell.

Now Night resum'd her uncreated vest,
 And Chaos came again, but not its rest ;
 The melting glooms that spread perpetual stains
 Kept whirling on in endless hurricanes,
 And tearing noises, like a troubled sea,
 Broke up that silence which no more would be.

The reeling earth sank loosen'd from its stay,
 And Nature's wrecks all felt their last decay.
 The yielding, burning soil, that fled my feet,
 I seem'd to feel, and struggled to retreat ;
 And 'midst the dreads of horror's mad extreme
 I lost all notion of its being a dream :
 Sinking, I fell through depths that seem'd to be
 As far from fathom as eternity ;
 While dismal faces on the darkness came,
 With wings of dragons, and with fangs of flame,
 Writhing in agonies of wild despairs,
 And giving tidings of a doom like theirs.
 I felt all terrors of the damn'd, and fell
 With conscious horror that my doom was hell :
 And Memory mock'd me like a haunting ghost,
 With light, and life, and pleasures, that were lost.
 As dreams turn night to day, and day to night,
 So Memory flash'd her shadows of that light
 That once bade morning suns in glory rise,
 To bless green fields, and trees, and purple skies,
 And waken'd life its pleasures to behold ;—
 That light flash'd on me, like a story told ;
 And days mispent with friends and fellow men,
 And sins committed,—all were with me then.
 The boundless hell, where tortures never tire,
 Glimmer'd beneath me like a world on fire :
 That soul of fire, like to its souls entomb'd,
 Consuming on, and ne'er to be consumed,
 Seem'd nigh at hand—where oft the sulphury damps
 O'er-aw'd its light, as glimmer dying lamps,
 Spreading a horrid gloom from side to side,
 A twilight scene of terrors half descried.
 Sad boil'd the billows of that burning sea,
 And Fate's sad yellings dismal seem'd to be ;
 Blue rolled its waves with horrors uncontrol'd,
 And its live wrecks of souls dash'd howling as they roll'd.

Again I struggled, and the spell was broke,
 And 'midst the laugh of mocking ghosts I woke :
 My eyes were open'd on an unhoped sight—
 The early morning and its welcome light,
 And, as I ponder'd o'er the past profound,
 I heard the cock crow, and I blest the sound.

BRADGATE PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF LADY JANE GREY.

The palsied hand of Ruin is on our House. *Real Old Play.*

"If any one would choose to pay Antiquity a visit, and see her in her grand tiara of turrets, see her in all her gloomy glory,—not dragging on a graceless existence, in ruined cell, with disordered dress, and soiled visage; but clad in seemly habiliments, bearing a staid, proud, and glowing countenance, and dwelling in a home that seems charmed, and not distracted by time: let such a one go to the wooded solitudes, the silent courts, the pictured walls, and rich embrowned floors of Warwick Castle."

This is the direction of a writer in the London Magazine. Let me have permission also to speak my advice to the reader.

Reader!—Art thou a lover of those grand and melancholy places in which virtue hath thriven, or genius abided, or beauty reigned? Art thou a melancholy worshipper of the memories of the great and good, and wouldst have thy worship solemnized by scenes which are covered with gentle recollections, and which seem by their decay to have sympathised with the fortunes of their mortal deities? Go thy ways to the lone and melancholy ruin in Bradgate Park—walk in the majestic solitude of its strange and romantic valley—and hear and feel the wild evening voice of its brook. Or shouldst thou desire to remain by thy home-fireside, and to read—aye—read aloud of a spot which innumerable circumstances may prevent thee from visiting and wandering in; listen to one who owes it no common remembrances,—who gathered in its quiet unassuming paradise no common peace,—who went to it sick in mind and body, and who came away from it refreshed, even as the pilgrim that hath reached the spring, and is returning.

It is now six or seven years, since, at the persuasion of some very kind friends, who, pitying the maladies, mental and bodily, to which I was a slave, craved of me to accompany them into Leicestershire, I first entered Bradgate Park. By some peculiar and early ties, my lady-friend was bound to this memorable place; and her family having sojourned on

the borders of the park, she had in childhood become intimate with the deer-keeper (of whom I shall have hereafter to speak), and in his cottage she, her husband, and myself, were hospitably and quite happily accommodated. We remained there a month, and in that time I made a healthful acquaintance with the trees and with the air,—and indulged in a passion of the memory (if I may so stretch the phrase) for the birth-place, and the abode of the beautiful and the unfortunate Jane Grey—the daughter of the House of Suffolk—the lady of the noble Dudley—the friend and scholar of honest and kind-hearted Ascham—the sweet and girlish reader of the Greek and the Latin, the Chaldaic and the Arabic! I visited over and over again every nook of the building, crumbling, ruined, and confounded as it is; and I wandered into every sequestered and romantic angle and upland of the forest,—re-building, by aid of that goodly mason, the imagination, each broken tower and disordered wall, and honouring some conceived window with the image of the gracious young creature, leaning her head upon her slight hand, which her curls seemed to chain and imprison to her cheek, and reading the *Phædon* in its mystic characters in the evening sun. Her pleasant tutor, for such I must call Master Ascham, hath writ that nothing could distract her from these her wondrous and *unsexlike* studies. Not the chiding of parents, nor the noble pleasures of the forest chace,—nor the harmonies of youthful societies—nor the gallant example of her ladies, and the enchantment of the place. There she sat discoursing with the learned Greek, and fitting her young and patient heart for the philosophical regard of a bitter world which she had thereafter to encounter; and for the uncomplaining sufferance with which she met her fatal sorrows, and untimely death. How brief is beauty! This gentle lady had passed through the perils of infancy—the tediousness of strict scholastic labour—the chidings, the remonstrances, the anxieties of parental care—the fleeting joy of her girlish

love—the welcome and tender devotions of Lord Guilford Dudley—her marriage—her wedded peace and happiness—the Mary-persecution—her fatal trial and condemnation—her husband's death on a scaffold—her own execution!—and all ere she was seventeen years of age. In this poor breath of life—this bitter instant—the most beautiful and sainted lady of England had suffered her birth and death. No mind that hath a thought—no heart that hath a feeling—but must in the lonely ruin of Bradgate Forest be made the better and wiser for its wholesome and searching associations. And I cannot conceive of that temperament so gay as not to quail on some jut of the rocks, or near some noising angle of the brook, and beget a seriousness and a sad vision of the hapless Jane; a seriousness better than all mirth—a vision such as doth “rise without a sleep,” and sweeter than all that can be called realized joy.

I am becoming profuse too early in my remembrances of this lady, and am forgetting that all these thoughts upon fleeting mortality are as common to mankind as human calamity; and that even if they were not the tenants of every-day minds, they might be conjured up at the fireside, without dragging the reader to a far off forest, of which I have promised a description, and not a code of common morality framed within it. It is, however, next to impossible to write of this great ruin, and refrain from relapsing into recollections tender, visionary, and shaded. I will be as “faithful” as my *Polonius*-humour for diverging will permit; but let not the royal tempers of my readers run riot and distract, if I am somewhat tiresome and prolix in arriving at my conclusions. I will keep to the *pathway* of the forest as steadily as I may; but if a dell diverts me,—if a silent fragment of ruin, the tomb it may be of some early architectural beauty, lures me to step aside, and struggle for its mystic inscription—let me be endured and forgiven.

I remember it was a very beautiful autumnal evening (I am strictly faithful in my relation of facts, however I may wander in my meditations,) when we left Leicester, passed through the turbulent and *pouching*

little village of Anstey—about three miles from Leicester, as I conjecture, though for greater certainty, as the law expresses it, I crave leave to refer to *Paterson*—and descended the irregular and sloping field that leads down into the forest, and to the deer keeper's cottage. The sky was ruddy and rich, and looked as ripe as a harvest field, from the extreme heat and cloudlessness of the foregone day. The forest rose as it were from a depth beneath us, and displayed before our eyes clumps and extents of old noble trees,—openings of sallow and ripe grass,—the silver threading of a perplexed brooklet, which was as narrow and meandering as a fairy's silken clue, unwound to conduct some favoured princess to her palace: we beheld distant and sky-bound hills—caught glimpses of a shattered building, standing in warm brown fragments of colour, in the very brick work that seemed, and always seems to me, an *architectural history* of the age of Elizabeth; and below us, in the quiet depth of the entrance of the forest, stood the cottage of the keeper, all alone, and sending its white wood-smoke up as from some domestic altar, in token to Heaven of peasant devotion, and grateful content.

The keeper—worthy A—— (nay, why should I disguise a name which his manly, frank, and sensible mind may make him free to hear, and proud to have uttered?)—the keeper, Harry Adams,—I am now guilty of a familiarity which I never took in his presence,—had been on business to Leicester that day, it being market-day; and he rode just a-head of us on a switch-tailed old mare that might have carried old Roger Ascham for aught I could, by her apparent age, guess to the contrary. I drove a one-horse chaise, the first time I should think that ever so town-like a vehicle had *convulsed* its way through the pitfalls and fearful varieties of that amazing road. We talked little on our way,—and rode with extreme slowness; indeed the hump-backed lane set its deformities against a trot. Adams ploughed his way before us with a serene gravity; and so, thought I, have I often, quite in my boyhood, seen the English husbandman ride homeward through the outskirts of my native town, slowly, pensively,

and alone, when I have been straggling back from the river bank on a Saturday evening, where I had been cozening the silly perch all the live-long holiday afternoon: such was indeed my thought! And, oh! how easily and well are opposite scenes joined together by some gliding association—even as you see in a theatre the separate parts of a wood, or of a heath, shot on and blended, by unseen hands, and as by magic.

On arriving at the long old barred gate that *pretended* to protect the entrance to the farm-yard, our guide dismounted, and led his reverend mare through to an opposite wicket, disburthened her of her saddle and simple bridle, and showed her *serene* highness into the open park, where she just took one wholesome and orderly shake,—one look of luxurious indolence around her, and straightway proceeded to the cropping of her evening meal. Adams returned to offer us assistance, though I am vain enough to account myself a decent hand at harnessing and unharnessing a horse, from curb to crupper.

Our horse being accordingly housed in a comfortable spacious stable, but littered with dried fern, instead of straw, at which I know more than one scrupulous nag that would have turned up the nose, spurning such a bed, we entered our worthy friend's cottage. We entered it through a maze of children, "each under each," and quite as *tuneable* as the beagles of Theseus. The eldest was a fine healthy rosy girl, of about twelve years of age, with handsome and regular features, and possessing that natural and retired modesty which seldom fails to accompany true youthful grace and beauty. She stood somewhat apart, looking with her shy dark eyes askance at us, like one of her father's fawns, from which she perchance caught this her so pretty air the while it came fearfully at the dawn about the cottage, to get bread from her hand, and to fleet away at the sun-rise. This little girl held a baby-sister in her arms, as like to herself as blossom is to blossom. Around the doorway crowded breeches-brother, and petticoat-brother, and pinafore-sister, and frock-sister, and every species of this urchin genus, some with bread, and some without, but none wanting it!

The bigger ones marveling at our coats and boxes,—the biggest "encumbering us with help,"—and the lesser ones clinging to the clean tucked-up gown of their pleasant and welcoming mother, who stood intreating and rejoicing at our entry, yet continually molested by unknown hands, which she removed from her garments only to have them return, as some peasant girl brushes away the giddy murmuring, still returning gnats that swarm round her comely head. In vain she pleaded, protested, rebuked. There they clung with their round, crumby, rosy cheeks, and plump buttery fingers; they were her children, and she was their mother, and tiresome as they might be to her I should like to see the person that could or would have put them asunder. Inside the cottage, an aged and respectable mother of the mother sat spinning at the wheel,—she was the only one in whom joy and curiosity slumbered. Years had destroyed the wonder which a stranger creates; and she heard the din of her grand children without, and lost not a turn of her wheel, or a thread of her flax. She seemed to me sacred to the age of the place—akin to the ruin,—silent as the old decaying oak that brooded over the cottage wicket, and almost as unconscious of our approach.

Our tea was delightful, our butter tasting as of country air, our cream rich as any that curded up to the silver brim of "a lordly dish" for Suffolk's Countess, in Bradgate's nobler days:—we sat in the tile-paved parlour, and had a talk of past times, to which I listened, and which gradually lighted up the manly countenance of Adams with gladness, and set his memory to work with great industry. I had leisure to note him curiously; and I thought I never saw the dignity of human nature so well asserted in humble life, as in the tall well-proportioned person of this keeper; in his strong, handsome, and evenly marked countenance; and in that frank unobtrusive manner with which nature had endowed him. His voice was extremely quiet, and his remarks were at once modest and sensible. I was much pleased to hear him eulogize the present Earl, then Lord Grey of Groby, and admire him for his condescension, and his higher

powers of walking and shooting. Such a faithful and attached servant, so earnest in his wishes and intentions, so steady in the performance of his duties, I never beheld; and I sincerely hope that at the time I write this he is worthily remunerated, and relieved from many labours which often seemed to me to silently oppress him, though he never complained.

We arose each morning, not with the lark, perhaps, but long before the sun had dried up the dew from the glittering grass. My window looked out across the brook, and up towards the ruin, and I never so drank in the bright air as then, when I first unhasped my casement, and let in the noise of a thousand rooks, at the same time that I heartily admitted the cool spirit of the morning's breath. The throwing back of that jingling and diamond-paned window to its farthest limit, seemed to be the signal to the babbling geese, the lowing cattle in the park, the singing birds, the trees, wind-shaken,—all, to tell me that the day was up, and to rebuke me, with pastoral sounds, for staying so idly in my bed-chamber. I used to speak to the little Adamites under the window, and inquire how long they had been abroad: and certainly in comparison with these sleepless urchins, I showed off “poor indeed!”

And now, suppose that the morning meal is dispatched, let us, gentle reader, (thou art always by an author's courtesy so called; and, in my present mood, I am not minded to curtail thee of the title,) let us go into the park, and enjoy one of those happy walks, which that place affords better than any other place I ever visited. We will idle on our way and discourse pleasantly of all that may interest,—connecting the present with the past, and tenanting with creative thoughts the holy retreats of our melancholy ruin, so as almost to recall the times when they were indeed gay and perfect,—when the laugh went round by day, and the dance by night,—when at morn the hound was loosed, and the hawks unhooded,—and when at eve “the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.” I will be to thee, gentle reader, a faithful guide, an honest narrator of the little I know.—Oh!

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that I could speak of the air, the water, and the light, in phrase as white and simple as that which characterises the discourse of goodly Master Walton, when he talketh of the angle rod, and the silver river Lea!

On stepping to the wicket of the farm-yard, you pass, or rather I passed (for *I must* speak by my memory), under an oak that is hollow with age;—perchance under that very tree hath Lady Jane passed;—under that tree read;—there thought and wept (for she had ever a soul sad with an over-wise consciousness);—I leaned against the wicket, and looked up into its forest of branches, *mazing* my mind in its knotty intricacies, as the philosopher would vainly master some tangled subject of the brain. The brook is within forty paces of this gate, and winds up, snakishly enough, to within the same distance from the ruin of the house. There is a nearer footway, well trodden, through the park; but that was not the way for me, and I chose rather to unthread the little slim palace of the water-spirit that haunts the solitude of the forest, than go as the crow flies, and the milkmaid walks. The tall and beautiful trees which line this delightful stream, hold out the most tempting spots for indolence and rest;—and I could not resist lying down at the foot of many a goodly trunk, and starting the wary trout from a similar though deeper enjoyment of solitude and shade. At length I reached the famous ruin—ruin indeed!—The few relics of wall and tower that remain give you little idea of the original shape of the building, although it is described as having been square and with four towers. There appear to be some remains of a kitchen, and the side nearest the chapel (which is the most perfect) still partly triumphs over time. The walls on all sides, except this, have not only fallen, but crumbled into the very earth, and become covered with the soft and silent turf. You can walk on a kind of terrace of about eight feet in breadth, within which, as though sunk into the earth, is a place now called the Bowling-green; I could not myself help thinking that it must have been the tilt-yard, and more particularly, as the place pointed out to me as such did not in the

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least satisfy my feeling of that chivalrous spot. The pleasure-grounds are now distinguishable by their being a wilderness.—The uncultivated earth is rich and soft as ever; but the garden of man's care is eloquent of neglect, and seems to disdain any other but its first proud life.

Nichols writes exactly enough, in his *Leicestershire History*, thus:—"The careful observer may yet discover some traces of the tilt-yard; but the courts are now occupied by rabbits, and shaded with chestnut-trees and mulberries. The lover of the picturesque will be particularly struck with the approach from Thurstaston, especially at the keeper's lodge, where the view is truly enchanting. On the left appears a large grove of venerable trees. On the right are the ruins of the mansion, surmounted by rugged rocks and aged oaks; the forest hills, with the tower on the hill, called Old John, forming the back ground of the prospect: whilst the valley, through which the trout stream runs, extends in front, with clumps to shade the deer, and terminates in a narrow winding glen, thickly clothed with an umbrageous shade." This passage, written in the good old *county* style, gives a very fair picture of the place;—and if it were only from the mention of the *rabbits*, I should be sure that the writer had visited the Ruin itself. That little grey race has fixed itself immoveably there, and defies extinction.

The chapel, which you reach through a mass of ruin, is the least touched by decay. You enter it, and are awed by the intense chill and silence of the place. All is white—solemn—exact. One tomb of the Suffolk family, with its two figures extended, in the usual monumental attitude, with pointing palms, is in a very fine state. It is impossible here to forget, that Lady Jane Grey must often have knelt in this sacred chapel, and have breathed her virgin prayers audibly within it:—no such voice hath ever broken its silence since;—nor will hymn be sung, or orison uttered, with so pure a zeal, in any of the coming years of its decay. The trees around this ruin seem older than any other trees in the forest. They appear musing over their age, and drowsing

—With hoods, that fall low down
Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
Worn by the monks in Cologne.

On the opposite side of the brook to that on which the ruin decays, stands a large barn-like building, which was originally used as the kitchen and offices of the mansion. Since that time, it has been converted to a kennel for stag hounds, and now it is utterly closed and neglected. The effect of this huge sombre building is in unison with the whole scene, making the heart grave and melancholy.

I turned again to the poor fragment of the ruin, and again stood by the side of that yard, which I still must think the tilt-yard. How often, methought, within a bowshot of that desolate place had bounded the armed horse, with glittering poictrel, bearing his proud lord in rich apparel, and costly armour. The silence, now so profound, and vexed only by the lofty rook, had been torn by the daring trumpet,—and the turf, now touched but by the simple rabbit, had been spurned by the flashing hoof, or dented by the dishonoured helm. I pictured in a dreaming mood a joust in Suffolk's days—and brought into the field the flower of that age's chivalry:—first, the Earl of Surrey, in his dancing plume—the Howard with his white charger—Seymour and Cromwell—and Dudley—all appareled like brave knights. They tilted like visions of the air, their imagined accomplishments gleaming and glancing in the sun—they shifted—triumphed—encountered—faded—all—all by turns, and with the inconstancy of dreams. I became delighted with the enchantment, and in the mad joy of fancy—the walls grew up before me—the lattices, flower-adorned, re-opened to my view—fair ladies, goodly nobles, filled terrace and gallery—and I saw the young, the gallant Guilford, the impassioned, brave, and unfortunate Dudley, come fiery off in a joust—and ride with bared forehead to the lady of his love, bending as knights in romances are said to bend. And there *was* the lady—the lady Jane! Young as the veriest flower—beautiful as poet can imagine—her hair simply bound back, after the fashion of her time, so as to betray her expansive and pearl-white forehead—a costly

close cap on the higher part of the head—and a long and solemn necklace wound in quaint fashion over her neck and bosom,—her gown, gold-embossed and fitted to her form, like some gentle armour. There she sat. I saw her smile upon Dudley, and straight, as though fancy were jealous of the splendours of that she had woven her web withal, the walls crumbled to air—the pageant faded—and in their room the rabbit nibbled beneath the shading fern—and the fawn bounded out of some weedy recess of the ruin.

It can never be forgotten, that here in Bradgate, the Lady Jane tasted all that was permitted to her of ease, and learning, and happiness. It was here that Ascham, who so-journed in the neighbourhood, was wont to come, and marvel at, and encourage the noble girl's accomplishments. She wrote a beautiful hand, and Ascham was skilful in penmanship. She read Greek, and Ascham, who once wished that friends could discourse in that brave tongue, gloried in her learned pastime. In one of his letters to a favourite German is the following pleasant description of our gentle girl.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phædo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the Park? Smiling, she answered me; "I wist, all their sport in the Park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how

came you, Madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a scholmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened; yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and trouble unto me."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy Lady.

Ascham's Scholmaster, 8vo. 1743, p. 37.

This is wholesome prose, and worthy of its gracious subject: it seems idle to vex the sentiment which language, clothed in so fitting a costume, must awaken in the reader; and yet I cannot deny myself the introduction of a few stanzas, which were composed under the influence of the character to which they are dedicated.

STANZAS

To the Lady Jane Grey, at Bradgate.

This was thy home then, gentle Jane!
 This thy green solitude;—and here
 At evening, from thy gleaming pane,
 Thine eye oft watch'd the dappled deer,
 While the soft sun was in its wane,
 Browsing beneath the brooklet clear:
 The brook runs still, the sun sets now,
 The deer yet browseth; where art thou?

Oh, gentle Dudley! Where art thou?
 Have years so roll'd that not a track
 Of even thy chamber lingereth now
 To call thine image sweetlier back?
 The careless chair at window bow,
 The ruin'd lute, the crumbling wrack
 Of broidery, the forgotten glove,
 The learned book, thy virgin love;—

None, none of these abide to tell
 Thy gentle tale,—yet it is told!
 The silence of the breathless dell
 Is musical of thee; the cold
 And mournful water passeth well
 Thy house's ruin, as of old,
 And pineth with a watery sound
 Its little hymn to thy lone ground!

The air is sainted;—never shone
 More tender light on greener grass,
 Than that which kisseth turf and stone
 Of thy decayed house; alas!
 The aged drowsing trees make moan
 For thee, sweet girl! And many a lass
 Pauseth at morn upon her way,
 And grieveth for the Lady Grey.

Here was thy life! Here was thy bower,
 By this light water! Thy hard death
 Was far away in town and tower,
 And cruel hands destroy'd thy breath:
 Might they not let so young a flower
 Bud all its beauty in life's wreath?
 What must have been that guilty sense,
 That had such fear of innocence!

But though thy young and bridal heart
 Was tortured, thy brave spirit, still
 Untroubled, left its mortal part,
 And halloweth now each dell and hill:
 It liveth by a gracious art
 For ever here; and that wild thrill
 The stranger feels of love and pain,
 Is the present voice of the Lady Jane.

It may be supposed, that often and often during my stay at Bradgate, I wandered amid the ruins of this noble park; and many were the verses that I dedicated to the memory of my favourite Lady and Queen. I did not, however, entirely confine myself to this particular part of the forest, but sought out all the romantic beauties of valley and hill. The valley which leads from the ruin to the village of Newtown, is extremely beautiful, and seen, as I have seen it, in the misty and inconstant lustre of the morning, or warmed and enriched with the steady flood of the evening sunlight, it is quite a scene of enchantment. The sides of either hill are rocky, and fledged with the

most luxuriant fern, from which the deer are continually starting; and trees of magnificent growth are in great profusion. The stream winds gracefully in the depth of the valley, through broken rocky ground,—

And to the sleepy woods all night singeth
 a quiet tune.

Here I used oftentimes to take my book, and read the hours away in such a golden idleness as I have never since enjoyed, and now never shall enjoy more! Here I read many a goodly poem, from which shortly thereafter I was ever utterly to be divorced. And here I sat discoursing with my friends on subjects to which now I dare never to recur. In

turning to those times, I feel that I am changed; and my present sense of the idle romance of many of my then pleasures is perhaps one of those bitter apples of knowledge, the tasting of which has driven me out of Paradise! However, we cannot always be boys.

Let me return to Adams, and in conclusion give a slight account of his pursuits,—pastimes they seemed to me, shared as they were at the jolly autumn-tide, when the open air was all enjoyment: to him they were daily work—dreary daily work! One morning I accompanied him to Groby Pool, a large piece of water within a few miles of the forest: thither he went to shoot wild ducks and to take pike. He took an assistant to row the boat, and with his active spaniels, we were soon coasting the reeds and dreary bulrushes of that immense sheet of water. The dogs dashed in and paddled, and struggled, and yelped their way, betraying their passage by their tongue, by the splash of water, and the severing of the reeds. A few ducks were soon scared from their ancient brooding-place, and the keeper fired. At that instant, as the echo of the gun shook its way across the waters, the air was *freckled* with water birds. One cloud of noisy frightened fowl arose tumultuously into the air, as though a great silence was broken for ever, and these creatures of the place were by one consent quitting their old and desolate habitation. The fishing did not prove successful, for though nets were cast, and the pool is well stocked, only fish of a moderate size were taken. Adams was quite disappointed with the day; but he was the *Nelson* of such sports, and always calculated on the *three-deckers* of pike and ducks—aye, and many of them.

Another day he took down his rifle piece, and quietly loaded it with ball. I enquired his pursuit, and he told me that he was about to shoot a buck. Of course, I determined on seeing the gallant beast die, if possible, and I therefore kept as near to him as he could permit. The task was tedious and difficult, and many hours were lost before the keeper could obtain his shot; for the herd, being extremely suspicious of his intentions, ever shun him with singular care.

His assistant I found singing a melancholy low ditty of a few notes only, and pacing up and down with a measured *monotonous* pace (if I may use the expression); the deer began to herd, as though the music lulled and overcame them; and as the notes drew nearer, they huddled up more and more closely, till they appeared to be lost in the melancholy of the keeper's song, and heedless of the freedom of the park and the natural life and wildness of their natures. Suddenly, Adams, having selected with his eye the unfortunate creature whose speed was to be checked, gave a sort of war-whoop, at which sound the herd started from their melancholy trance, threw up their confused and mingled horns, and bounded away in one fleet single line. The keeper steadily leveled at a fine black gallant buck, and the aim was death. The fire flashed,—he plunged upward with a frantic motion of his body, and a mad toss and clash of his horns, and fell with his nostrils at the very brink of that brook to which in the pride of youth he had so often come for water. He was carefully carried home, and carved up by Adams, “as a dish fit for the gods!” I recollect grieving to see such goodly venison go from the cottage; but he was delighted in contemplating the haunch, and thinking what satisfaction it would give.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages are sad poachers, and much trouble and anxiety did they occasion to our good keeper, who could never rest morning, noon, or night, if he suspected them at the brook. Many a night late, have I seen him take down his gun from the rack, and sally out with his dog, because he had a notion of their haunts, and knew that the hour was likely: what but the sense and pride of doing and deserving well could recompense this man for the slavish and dangerous existence which he led? His rigid honesty was such that he wished me not to fish in the brook, that he might not sanction in any one under his own roof that practice which he sought to put down in others.

I have often walked out with him for the greater part of the day when he has been shooting; and he could not disguise his surprise that I should

hold on with him untired, coming as he imagined I did from poor powerless London. He walked well and shot well; indeed, his aim was unerring, but I rather think he was not severe enough to his dogs for a gamekeeper, not but that I honoured his character the more for this its *professional* weakness. When *Rattler*, a tall handsome galloping setter, with a liver and white skin, and curly head, raced over a field and proceeded to bound a hedge or shoot a gate without leave, I have seen his master (almost delivered to wrath I confess) halloo and whistle him in,—take his long *napkin* of an ear in one hand, and *stretching* forth the other, like an orator, expostulate, as man would talk to man, on his undoglike conduct. His “*for shame*” awed even me. *Rattler* remembered the admonition for a time; but I fear a small whip would have been more impressive, much as I should have grieved to see so handsome a creature corrected. During our walk I spake to my guide of the Turks and of the Greeks, people of books, imaginary men, creatures for travelers to romance upon. Adams listened with visible delight, and put ques-

tions to me, credulous but sensible, to which I replied as faithfully and plainly as possible. He liked to hear of the habits of these nations, even though he was not quite convinced of their positive existence.

I have been in many scenes, and with those persons who are called lovers of the country, but never did I pass such a happy golden time as that which I whiled away in the humble hospitable cottage of Harry Adams.

Here I conclude my rambling history. But who can write of a wild and romantic forest, peopled with such associations as those which abide in Bradgate, and keep the straight and beaten path? Here and there I may in descriptive particulars be incorrect, but I am strictly faithful to my impressions, and write from recollections that were born between six and seven years ago. The memory of Lady Jane Grey made the place sacred to me, and therefore I thought that some record, however slight, might find readers who would take pleasure in the same. If I have thought correctly, I shall not have written wholly in vain.

E. H.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

OF all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in *Hotspur*’s famous rant about glory, or the transports of the Venetian incendiary at the vision of the fired city.* His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiring effect of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affectation; and the thorough-bred gentleman was uppermost in every move-

ment. He seized the moment of passion with the greatest truth; like a faithful clock never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet’s message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in *Homer* deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mountebank it; and betrayed none of that *cleverness* which is the bane of serious acting. For this reason, his *Iago* was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator from his action could divine more of his artifice than *Othello* was supposed to

* How lovelily the Adriatic whore
Dress’d in her flames will shine—devouring flames—
Such as will burn her to her wat’ry bottom,
And hiss in her foundation. *Pierre, in Venice Preserved.*

do. His confessions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the mystery. There were no bye-intimations to make the audience fancy their own discernment so much greater than that of the Moor—who commonly stands like a great helpless mark set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators, to shoot their bolts at. The Iago of Bensley did not go to work so grossly. There was a triumphant tone about the character, natural to a general consciousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuckles and cannot contain itself upon any little successful stroke of its knavery—which is common with your small villains, and green probationers in mischief. It did not clap or crow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other children who are mightily pleased at being let into the secret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils, against which no discernment was available, where the manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without motive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley, with a richness and a dignity of which (to judge from some recent castings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would have dreamed of giving it to Mr. Baddeley, or Mr. Parsons: when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theatre, John Kemble thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan;

and he might have worn his gold chain with honour in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will) is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honourable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling.* His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman, and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great Princess, a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service.† Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she “would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry.” Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what?—of being “sick of self-love,”—but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues. His rebuke to the knight, and his sottish revellers, is sensible and spirited; and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with

* *Viola*. She took the ring from me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you pcevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

† Mrs. Inchbald seems to have fallen into the common mistake of the character in some sensible observations, otherwise, upon this Comedy. “It might be asked,” she says, “whether this credulous steward was much deceived in imputing a degraded taste, in the sentiments of love, to his fair lady Olivia, as she actually did fall in love with a domestic; and one, who from his extreme youth, was perhaps a greater reproach to her discretion, than had she cast a tender regard upon her old and faithful servant.” But where does she gather the fact of his age? Neither Maria nor Fabian ever cast that reproach upon him.

which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honour of the family in some sort in his keeping, as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing some estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers. "Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace." Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas,* and philosophizes gallantly upon his straw. There must have been some shadow of worth about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapour—a thing of straw, or Jack in office—before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule. There was "example for it," said Malvolio; "the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe." Possibly too he might remember—for it must have happened about his time—an instance of a Duchess of Malfy (a country-woman of Olivia's, and her equal at least) descending from her state to court her steward—

The misery of them that are born great !
They are forced to woo, because none dare
woo them.

To be sure the lady was not very tenderly handled for it by her brothers in the sequel, but their vengeance appears to have been whetted rather by her presumption in re-marrying at all, (when they had meditated the keeping of her fortune in their family) than by her choice of an inferior, of Antonio's noble merits especially, for her husband; and, besides, Olivia's brother was just dead. Malvolio was a man of reading, and

possibly reflected upon these lines, or something like them in his own country poetry—

—Ceremony has made many fools.
It is as easy way unto a duchess
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer :
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves.

" 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion." If here was no encouragement, the devil is in it. I wish we could get at the private history of all this. Between the Countess herself, serious or dissembling—for one hardly knows how to apprehend this fantastical great lady—and the practices of that delicious little piece of mischief, Maria—

The lime twigs laid
By Machiavel the waiting maid—

the man might well be rapt into a fool's paradise.

Bensley threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. He was starch, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bottomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love in his conceit of the Countess's affection gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain! what a dream it was! you were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a

* *Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that can lay him open to such frenzies—but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion. O! shake not the castles of his pride—endure yet for a season bright moments of confidence—"stand still ye watches of the element," that Malvolio may be still in fancy fair Olivia's lord—but fate and retribution say no—I hear the mischievous titter of Maria—the witty taunts of Sir Toby—the still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight—the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked—and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges." I confess that I never saw the catastrophe of this character while Bensley played it without a kind of tragic interest. There was good foolery too. Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was *it*, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain *in puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intel-

ligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five and twenty years ago that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crinkles, and shouldering away one of two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks—taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom from his grave air and deportment I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him than any positive motion of the body to that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which I observe nine times out of ten rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognized but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion,

to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent,—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries,—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying he “put on the weeds of Dominic.”*

The elder Palmer (of stage-treading celebrity) commonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which he did not quite fill out. He was as much too showy as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. In sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of *the footman*. His brother Bob (of recenter memory) who was

his shadow in every thing while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards—was a *gentleman* with a little stronger infusion of the *latter ingredient*; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the Duke's Servant,† you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant. When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute, you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his top-knot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amlet was insuperable.

Jack had two voices,—both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the *dramatis personæ* were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The *lies* of young Wilding, and the *sentiments* in Joseph Surface, were thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience. This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially, where the absolute sense of reality (so indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The fact is, you do not believe in such characters as Surface—the villain of artificial comedy—even while you read or see them. If you did, they would shock and not divert you. When Ben, in *Love for Love*, returns from sea, the following exquisite dialogue occurs at his first meeting with his father—

Sir Sampson. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough,

* Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in *Aguecheek*, and recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a “Save you, *Sir Andrew*.” Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an “Away, *Fool*.”

† High Life Below Stairs.

an that be all—Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir Sampson. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true; Marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say—Well, and how?—I have a many questions to ask you—

Here is an instance of insensibility which in real life would be revolting, or rather in real life could not have co-existed with the warm-hearted temperament of the character. But when you read it in the spirit with which such playful selections and specious combinations rather than strict *metaphrases* of nature should be taken, or when you saw Bannister play it, it neither did, nor does wound the moral sense at all. For what is Ben—the pleasant sailor which Bannister gave us—but a piece of a satire—a creation of Congreve's fancy—a dreamy combination of all the accidents of a sailor's character—his contempt of money—his credulity to women—with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verge of credibility to

suppose *might* produce such an hallucination as is here described. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his character. But when an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief—which Bannister exhibited—displays before our eyes a downright concretion of a Wapping sailor—a jolly warm-hearted Jack Tar—and nothing else—when instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose—he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full consciousness of its actions; thrusting forward the sensibilities of the character with a pretence as if it stood upon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone—we feel the discord of the thing; the scene is disturbed; a real man has got in among the *dramatis personæ*, and puts them out. We want the sailor turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain, but in the first or second gallery.

(*To be resumed occasionally.*)

ELIA.

THE DRAMA.

Our article last month was not extraordinarily long, but this will be shorter:—not that we are deficient, as we flatter ourselves, either in will, or ability to talk; but that there is little to talk about,—and that little (the pantomime excepted) little pleasant. The mighty mother, having decided on another *avatar*, is greatly gruelled by the superhuman efforts of the rival Bayeses for the honour of becoming her fleshy receptacle. Piece after piece they throw out to be damned, with hisses, or with the worse doom, faint applause; and heroically persist in running them against that most satisfactory proof of public disapprobation,—empty benches. Who shall decide on the ultimate success of these belligerents? At which house are we most soporific? Whether is the immutable order of mundane things, mutability, better oppugned at Drury, by *Gerardi Duval*, *Monsieur Tonson*, and

the Coronation of George the Fourth; or by *The Exile*, *The Two Pages of Frederick*, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* at Covent Garden?—To come to the point: the managers must by this time have found out that costly spectacles which do not *draw*, and which, from the vast preparatory expenses, they cannot afford to *withdraw*, return into the treasury fewer net profits than sterling tragedies and comedies, carefully cast. Mr. Elliston has had very miserable audiences, and latterly his great “masque” must have eaten its own head off; and though there was a fuller show of heads, on the average, at the other theatre, their receipts must have been smaller in proportion; for this reason, that, to the best of our information, the amount of salaries paid from the treasury of Mr. Harris is in relation to that of the *great lessee* as four to one. We are, indeed, afraid that Mr. Harris's wish to treat

the public with liberality is carried to an excess hurtful to his own interests. His company, like a company of the Guards, is assured with double numbers; he can present a front on every side; while that of E. resembles a skeleton battalion of a condemned West India Regiment. The simile will also hold with regard to their arrangements of novelties. At Covent Garden, they form four deep; if one drops, another is pushed forwards with promptitude to the murderous fire. *The Venison Pasty* is damned! Let it go! *The Two Gallant Pages* will make the pass good; and if they too fall, we have another, and another, and another. The Russian troops in the *Exile* slacken fire:

Try we the day then with our hot Italians,
Our Veronese, cat-footed, to climb towers
Where damsels be, though perpendicular
straight,
And with the steamy breath of swathing
clouds
Most dizzying slippery.

Now how is it on the other side of the Euxine? The English beef-eaters, worn with ninety nights' successive watch and ward, were relieved by an ill officered levy of Irish Galloglasses, who, thrown speedily into confusion, were, after a feeble resistance (to use a phrase of Soult's) annihilated—and the overweening general having no fresh troops in reserve, was forced to protect his retreat with his jaded yeomen: that is to say, *Giovanni in Ireland* received its well deserved quietus; and though Mr. Elliston has had experience of the public for thirty years, "man and boy," he had nothing in rehearsal against accidents; so that after a very formal red-lettered interment of his "King and no King," the royal Vampire was dragged from the tomb of all the Capulets, or wherever it was, to amuse the little Christmas people, (who had, doubtless, had a glimpse of it before) in lieu of that mysterious entertainment, chartered to them by custom, viz. a pantomime. The consequences of this grand failure were felt sensibly in the treasuries of both houses:—new ventilators were required by Covent Garden, and more fires at Drury. Loss of money was not all;—miscarriages at such a critical season create a want of confidence in play-goers—

every one is not amused with the damnatory sound arising from a conflict between expellent breath and repellent teeth; and Elliston, who knows this as well as any body, in his despair, laid violent hands on the new Scotch Novel, and, assisted by Mr. T. Cooke, and Mr. Moncrief, or Mr. Somebody, actually strained forth a premature bantling, which seemed to interest nobody. Still we must inflict somewhat concerning it on our poor readers.

Jan. 15.—Bowed together by the rushing force of the chill north wind, we threaded rapidly the yelling groups under Covent Garden Piazza, pressing onwards to the warmth of a full house, on the first night of *The Pirate*; but, as we obliqued from the angle of Bow Street, to the angle of Bridges Street, our hopes were blanked. Before the swinging valves of Drury stood no carriages, but those with the Arabian numerals. "Are you full?" said we, "Middling! very fair, Sir!" (*Gentlemen!* we mean.) We would try the dress circle, however; and there, by the aid of that obliging box keeper, Mr. Stewart, (whom we thus immortalize) we got a seat, second row, third from the stage. Soon we wished for the great coats unheededly delivered into Mr. S's safe custody—for though the pit was full, and rolled below us like a black lake, the boxes, in general, were merely dotted about here and there, with extremely plain-faced people, pale, disconsolate, having no voice but wheezes, snuffles, and coughs. We are believers in ugly nights, and handsome nights; and nearly always contrive to go on the former—which is pleasant!

Reader, we take leave to set it down that you have eaten (a more genteel word than devoured) the novel. You shall not therefore be bored to chew the cud of it with Messrs. Foote, Penley, and Mrs. W. West, as we were. We will speak briefly, and only let you know that the Pirate limped very much, notwithstanding the excision of his worst corns, Mr. Trip's Yellowley, and his sister Baby. We should have been for casting off the poet Halcro, with his "long yarns," instead of aiding his proper dullness with some ingredients from "the clod compeller;" and

putting the active little old man (as the Unknown denominates him) into the gaolership of that stout, able-bodied actor, Mr. Gattie; whose harsh treatment so muddled his brains, and lowered his poetic fire, that at the whale hunt (of which we merely *hear*) he not only engaged the stranded mass with a hay-fork, but deserted his friend Mordaunt, in the most cowardly way; and for the whole long eve was absolutely unable to chaunt one stave in praise of the lass of Northmaven—poor Bet, ("I call her Mary! though Betsy does well for an English song,") of poor Bet Stimbister; let alone his

Headlong forward, foot, and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen.

We augured no good, when we saw he had on a heavy full-bottomed wig! his knees tottered too, poor man! "and a plentiful lack of wit doth ever comrade your weak hams." For this, however, Mr. G., though an indifferently bad performer, is not entirely accountable; we must look to the blundering carpenter, who knocked so clumsily together the good boards. In the whole job, there is neither selection, nor common stage knowledge of effect. Even Mr. Farley, who so mauled *Undine*, would have turned out a better thing. The bare scaffolding, the simple plot, was hardly to be missed; but the incidents which carry it on seem to have been dipped for in the dark. A man dragged out of green canvas is a very stale trick to play-frequenter—not so is a whale fishing, yet one is rejected and the other retained. The half-fearful, half-impudent evasions of the *jagger* to Cleveland's demands for the restitution of his doubloons and pocket book, combined with the drubbing he suffers from that irritated worthy, might have been worked up very efficaciously for Munden; and, as the grand excuse for the Pirate's re-connexion with his ruffians hangs on that incident, its insertion is more necessary in the *Drama* (where the son of Norna is comfortably united to the daughter of Magnus) than in the romance, which ends in the grave. But we should be silly to look for any thing like propriety in "a new serious drama (with music,)" so let us sweeten our mouths a

little with sweet words on Cooper; who really personated the corsair hero with much ease, animation, and feeling of the original character. The over-acted bluntness, the disagreeable airs of a bullying, patronizing gratitude towards young Mertoun, in their first colloquy, were correctly exhibited; nor can less be said of the natural haughtiness, civilized into dignity, which, merely laid down while he heaves the lead, is resumed, together with his splendid attire, on coming into safe anchorage. If we said that Mr. ———, whoever he was, the presenter or disfigurer of the jolly Udaller, knew nothing at all about the matter, our sentence would comprise two good things, brevity and truth; and why should we not include in our memorables Mr. Penley, (Mordaunt Mertoun) when his merits may be summed with so simple a combination of letters as *ditto*. The sentimental Buccaneer, Frederic Altamont, alias Jack Bunce, was allotted to the fidgetty-active, gasping-jawed, oddly-trotting, smile-creating Harley, the *sal volatile* of Drury; who very ably proved that Mr. Elliston is *not* always out in his managerial distribution of MSS. studienda. His costume was very discreetly in unison with his amalgamation of nautical duties and histrionic hankerings;—and we admired equally his white petticoat, black steenkirk, red stockings, and verditer blue breeches. But who, save *Sir Walter* himself, with antiquarian gusto, shall blazon thy glorious array, Old Goffe? Who shall pour thy ambitiously dressed form on the field-dulled fancy of our Westmoreland perusers?—How, except by coloured plate, can the full effect of thy tasteful assortment become tangible enough for vision? The brown bob-wig!—the laced satin vest, full-flapped, of heavenly blue! the brass-buckled baldric of honest black harness leather, stuck full of brass pistols [till it looks like a bandileer! — the gold-fringed, thick-plaited seaman's petticoat! — the cocked hat, gay with red ribbons, and involuted like a sea-shell! — the red-heeled pumps! — the collarless, spacious-cuffed coat, in hue like the bloody mulberry! — a coat, whose skirts alone would swallow full six such coats as we degenerate wear;—

the point cravat!—the public-house physiognomy!—the ineffable *stand* of the legs!—and the cloathing of those ship-adapted legs, of sky-blue silk grizzled horizontally with white heraldic palisades!—What else? what is omitted?—Everything, himself!—But if “the Fortune’s Favourite” be not blown up at *point non-plus* before we are off the stocks you must go and see the old “monkey-sucker,” with his one-eyed boat-swain, and his men, carousing in the cabin; singing manfully the best song in the piece, or the tale—

Thus said the Rover,
To his gallant crew,
Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue!
Fire on the maintop,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun deck,
Fire down below!

When we call to mind this joyous chorus, we almost incline to set down the Pirate as an amusing spectacle; but then Mr. Pope and Mrs. West arise, and crush the humane feeling. And here we will just note the different treatment which these two performers met with from the vulgar looking audience. Mrs. West, who in the rapt enthusiast Norna was a little more *mannered*, a little more *false*, and a little more weak, than customary, seemed to join the powers of Cecilia and Timotheus; drawing down applause from the gods, and raising rapturous shouts from “the satyrs of the pit.” On the other hand, Pope (Basil Mertoun) was laughed at, and hissed by a parcel of half-price shop boys, to whom this long tried servant of the public might be grandfather. Is this all the consideration and the kindness that English youth show to an old familiar face, falling somewhat into “the sear and yellow leaf?” “Fie on’t, O fie!”—When indeed novel imbecility is smuggled on the town at the commencement of a season (as in the recent case of a young *soi-disant* comedian at Covent Garden) to cheat us of an able hand, it beseems the real theatrical amateur to let no means of warfare escape that may bring about the pristine integrity; he must combat stratagem with stratagem; but surely in the space of forty years, acts of amnesty must

have been passed, which privilege Mr. Pope from all petty hostility.

That unequalled humourist, Munden (whom we seldom see now, because Mr. Elliston considers him too dainty to be supped on often) was put into Bryce Snaelsfoote; but he did little; for he had nothing to do;—still he gave us his unctuous countenance.—Reader! did you ever see him in the Deaf Lover? or is that luxury yet in unenjoyed perspective? if so, take our envy!

The ladies ask a word or two.—Minna, the lofty-visioned, “call her *fair* not pale,” was thrust on Vestris with the roving eye, who used a whole sixpenny paper of carmine on her pretty face, tried to look grave, and sang delightfully. Her style was steady yet graceful, and her intonation rich, full, airy, and clean. Miss Cubitt, a favourite with us, was much applauded in her musical portions: but spite of her very beautiful sunny hair, and her odd saucy looks, she was not much nearer to Brenda, than Lucy Giovanni to the Zetland Zuleika. We are quite at fault respecting the “*faits et gestes*” of sweet-voiced Mrs. Bland and Miss Povey; but their names are in the bills. Adieu Mesdames et Mesdemoiselles au revoir.

The scenery was very respectable, but not correct; for example, though many of the excellent views of Kirkwall and St. Magnus are to be found in the last interesting volume of William Daniel’s Coasting Tour, yet the street scene before the cathedral in that burgh was copied from an English town very familiar to us, though we cannot at this moment tell where, but we should say in Herts. As to the machinery, the less we speak of it the better: the engagement between the Pirate’s schooner and the Halcyon (if that may be termed an engagement where the slap-banging is all on one side) was jocose, and the fizzling squib which blew up the “Fortune’s Favourite” excited much laughter. When the drop fell, a contest arose which kept Mr. Cooper for some five minutes in cap-in-hand suspense. The contents evidently had it, and he gave out “The Pirate” for the next night amidst a chaos of *Bravos! Ya! Yes! No! No! Catcalls! Hisses! Turn the*

geese out, &c. &c. This was our notion of the case ;—but as a proof that all people do not hear with the same ears, the actor-emperor announced in his manifestoes, “ *that the new piece was received on its first appearance by the unanimous applause of a brilliant and overflowing audience !* ”

At Covent Garden, nothing has been done as yet in the fine old pre-eminent way ; in the regular Drama. Macready has played his Rob Roy (which is a clever thing, but not at all like the genuine article) ; and Miss Stephens has appeared as Polly in the sweet pretty refined abridgement of the Beggar's Opera, executed we hear by Mr. Bowdler the reformer of Shakspeare. Our country friends will be pleased to learn that those profligate wretches, Moll Brazen, Mrs. Slammerkin and Co. are now omitted, in pursuance of remonstrances from the modest and tender-conscienced ladies who nightly occupy such retired and retiring stations as the slips, lobbies, and the pigeon-holes. What a miserable self-betraying disguise all this make-believe goodness is !

When *we*, the dramatic whipper-in, were a little boy, we always, in destroying mince pies, reserved the rich meat for the finish. Characters are best studied from things that the superficial set down as superficial. The principle of selective epicurism, which caused the above *delicate* separation of the two grand components of the Christmas *delicacy*, is become so diffused through our nature, that, without any observable exercise of the judicial process, we have hoarded up for our grand finale the following account of the pantomime by a friend “ who hath words and wit at will.” Here, take it, and allow that we leave you *con la bocca dolce* till the next month.

THE PANTOMIME.

Drury Lane has no pantomime this Christmas, which we very sincerely regret, for we know no amusement half so rich as the first night of such a piece at this house. The performers begin hopelessly—and nothing turns out perfect. We remember seeing a splendid failure of this

kind a season or two ago, and were nearly as much entertained at it as if it had been *Mother Goose* in all her bloom and freshness. The disguises, though touched by a silver wand, and ordered off by a little lady with gauze wings, positively declined making their departure—but stuck to the legs and arms of the irritated Harlequin, as though he had been dressed in cobwebs. Columbine was a considerable time in taking the *shutters* down from her spangles and laces—and the Clown himself was obliged to stamp at the negligent trap-door, before it would condescend to admit his charmed and charming habiliments. The disaster of this commencement was the prologue to a thousand failures. Half the river Thames, with half a collier, and three fourths of the patent shot manufactory, was pushed on, and joined by half a parlour, and the moiety of a pianoforte ; at another change of scene, half a house glided on by itself, and in vain *yawned* after its partner, which kept struggling in canvas convulsions at the side of the stage, unable to advance or retreat. The sky was *laid on* as the roof to a kitchen—and the beams of the kitchen were suspended over “ a view at sunrise,” and were the only beams permitted to illuminate the prospect. Harlequin danced about in dejected gaiety, and faded lustre—and Columbine followed, sighing, and shuffling, like a lady who is following the dance of a runagate husband. The Clown and Pantaloon cuffed one another with desperate pleasantry—and there was no other humour that told. In vain Harlequin flogged a hard-hearted chest of drawers that ought to have cracked—opened, and flapped into a wheelbarrow, or a temple, or some such animal ; there it stood, with its hateful brass handles, and eternal drawers, determined not to throw off its nature. Harlequin gave his wand an additional flourish, and then in the silence of an expecting audience, banged the stubborn furniture enough to have beat in the brains of a real chest :—No—the hint was not taken—the bureau did not move a muscle of its mahogany countenance. At length the jaded Harlequin seized it with one hand, chastised it with the other,

and *tore* it into a magical shape. This worthy king of patches had at another moment to carry his diamond *inexpressibles* through a mirror, when after coming down to the lamps, lifting the black mask from his eyes, taking a run and a muscular spring, he stuck midway in the glass, and you saw him dragged through by the scene shifters. The Clown was as unfortunate—his cabbages would not walk—his gun would not go off. The only successful scene was the green curtain, at twelve o'clock. Such was a Drury Lane Pantomime.

They order these matters better at Covent Garden. Mr. Farley has a soul made of spangles, Mr. Grimaldi has a mouth open as a letter-box—we should guess it to be the original of the latter half of the sign painted on Mr. Willan's coaches. The Columbine is a lively elegant girl—and Mr. Barnes has a humour of the richest and *feeblest* kind as Pantaloon. The scenery is beautifully painted and contrived, and the dresses and tricks are admirably *plotted* and executed. Indeed it is a pleasure, and a laughing pleasure too, to be fairly in for a pantomime at Covent Garden. Mother Bunch must bow (or curtsy) to Mother Goose, but she is potent in her way, and befriends the Yellow Dwarf correctly, according to the book. Oh! these delightful magical tales! These fairy and ever young stories. What riches do they open to youthful hearts—what *Aladdin Lamps* are they in childhood!—We could repeat the names of those we have read, when we were *so high*! and find joy even in the repetition of such names, A Fairy Tale! Princess Fair Star, and Prince Cherry! The Little White Mouse! The White Cat! Tinetta!—Ah! such diamonds as these are not combed out of the hair of literature in these impoverished days—and we must ever cherish Mother Bunch, Mother Goose, and all those old enchanting mothers, who suckled us with fairy milk when we were little. Gray has said that “you can have but one mother.” Here are two mothers, kind, glorious and old, and fit and ready for any child. But to the pantomime.

The story of the Yellow Dwarf is minutely, but rather tediously told, for we little folk do not like to be kept waiting for the pantomimic feast a long time before the *covers* are removed. We like to see a Harlequin, a Clown, and a Columbine speedily dished up, and cannot patiently sit out a long and splendid preparation. The King of the Golden Mines bears himself right gallantly, and claims his bride in true bravery: The Yellow Dwarf descends from the fruit tree, at Mother Bunch's call, and looks as ugly and yellow as need be—and the young lady Princess chooses the handsome suitor, with a truly feminine indifference. But of all the important persons, commend us to the Mother of the Princess! (Mr. Barnes.) She, with her Bonassus body and flaring crimson countenance, shaded by a white veil—is company for Gog! How broadly does she career about her mansion—how expressive is her nose, terrifically *pugged*—how ample her chest,—almost a chest of drawers! how magnanimous her back. When she toddles up the stage to look at her sleeping daughter, she looks like a trotting copper!—In verity, she is a charming woman, and a *widower*.

The scenery is very beautiful, and the tricks, though not of the newest, are adroitly executed, which makes them as good as new. Grimaldi, the rich Grimaldi (we only hope he is as rich off the stage as he is on, for then he may do!) laughs aloud several times, and makes a few remarks in the course of the pantomime, which it is impossible to resist—bursting as they do from that Highgate Archway of a mouth, and seconded as they are by his clear jolly visage. His son should not speak; he is a nimble lad, but no Clown-orator. The exhibition of John Gilpin in all his glory, with bottle necks, and without wig or hat, is a play of itself—a play of the muscles! Indeed we enjoyed the pantomime heartily; and what would a critic have more?

Miss Dennett is a lively girl; and Mr. Ellar leaps like a Trojan.

' ON A FREE PAPER CURRENCY.

MR. EDITOR—I was the other day in company where the propriety of supporting a petition for a free paper currency was much questioned by some gentlemen who had been attending the Norfolk Meeting, and had heard there opinions, as they thought, expressed against the measure. One said the petition was for an increased paper currency; “but what, he would ask, had been the great cause of all the calamities under which we were labouring? Was it not the great circulation of paper which had formerly prevailed? What was the disease? A paper currency. What the remedy proposed to be applied for it? Why, the very disease itself. He had heard no arguments in favour of this measure, and he should like to hear whether any could be advanced. In his opinion, the real cause of our distress was to be found in the enormous taxation, as well direct as indirect, imposed at present on the country; and the only remedy would be found in a rigid economy enforced in every department of the State, naval, military, and civil, from the head of the Executive down to the lowest offices of Government.”

Another gentleman was opposed to the petition, “because it had, for its effect, the re-enactment of the Bank Restriction Act, which was the cause and origin of all our difficulties: that Act had given Ministers power to obtain almost unlimited credit with the Bank, and thus enabled them to expend those enormous sums of money which were the real cause of the present distress: it had created a currency of paper which had given a fictitious value to money. Mr. Peel’s Bill was proceeding to restore it to its true standard; and one good effect of it was, that it was daily bringing the English farmer nearer to a state of competition with the foreign grower, into which it was at present impossible for him to enter, for the former sold his corn at 80s. a quarter—the latter at 40s. What was the cause of this great difference? It was, that the foreigner paid no taxes—not that he had a better climate, or greater industry than the English farmer. He concluded with saying, that the opinions which he had stated upon this

subject were not opinions which he had himself crudely formed, for he was ready to confess that he was no financier, but opinions supported by those who were best acquainted with the whole bearing of this great financial question.”

A third gentleman differed so far from those who preceded him as to “feel convinced, that the alteration of the currency was the chief cause of the distress; but though the Bill which effected this was impolitic when it was passed, he would say it ought not now to be repealed; for, in the last year, many contracts had been framed: and though the operation of the Act might be a scourge, it was only the work of retributive justice; whereas, to repeal it, would be absolute spoliation.”

I know that your Miscellany, Mr. Editor, takes no particular side in politics; and, from the absence of all articles in which the views of party are professedly maintained, I conceive that such writings are not likely to gain any favour with you: but, as this subject savours neither of Whig, Tory, nor Radical principles; as it concerns only the common weal; and as all classes are alike interested in its discussion, being equally implicated in the good or ill to which the determination of it must give rise; so I hope you will allow me to oppose, in your pages, the arguments, or rather charges, which, in the above-mentioned speeches, were, at the time, successfully brought against the proposed measure.

And, first, let me vindicate the advocates of a free paper currency from the charge of wishing to restore the Bank Restriction Act. They disapprove of that weak and unphilosophical expedient, and would have us do now what ought to have been done when that unfortunate measure was first proposed to the consideration of Parliament, viz. acknowledge the principle of an increased value of gold compared with our paper currency, and provide for their constant interchange at that rate which the extra issues of paper money should render just and necessary. According to this plan, the value of gold would possibly have been raised to the price

it bore at certain periods of the late war, when, to answer the demands of Government, it was bought up at the premium of seven or eight shillings in the guinea; but it is not unlikely that, if the Bank had been the constant channel of supply, it might have been considerably lower, as there was a great quantity of money kept from circulation, partly from timidity, but very frequently from a conviction that it was dishonest to sell it for more than its legal value, and from a natural aversion to part with it for less than its known worth. Be this as it might, no particular class of persons could have gained by the advance; for the country at large would have had the benefit, instead of a few individuals of less tender conscience than the rest.

But some persons will say, is it not a national calamity to have a paper currency continually increasing in amount? To this I answer, it is not a calamity to possess abundance of gold and silver in the country, and why should abundance of paper money produce such an effect? Because, they say, it is so liable to depreciation. Now here lies the great mistake. Paper is no more liable to depreciation than any other currency is. Suppose, for example, that instead of giving paper money, the Bank of England had possessed a silver mine, and had made all its issues in that kind of coin, would not silver have been depreciated? Depreciation is a relative term: it respects some other thing, which is made the standard of value, and in comparison with which that article is said to be of diminished value, which is increased in quantity while the standard remains the same. Gold is the fittest of all things for a standard, by reason of its slowness of increase or decrease, and because, by common consent, it is considered valuable in almost all parts of the world. Now, compared with gold, corn is depreciated, when we have an abundant harvest;—that is, an ounce of gold will purchase more of it than when the supply is less. In like manner, silver is subject to depreciation when it increases in the country while gold remains stationary: and equally, but not more so, paper money is depreciated when it exists in greater abundance at one time than at another.

But who thinks of lamenting a plentiful supply of corn? Yes, I am sorry to say it is the language of too many at this present moment, who attribute our distresses to an abundant harvest, and who teach us to hope for better times when it shall please God to give us a drought, or blight, or mildew. This impious doctrine, for it is nothing less, since it charges on Providence the misery resulting from man's silly councils, is likely to have a speedy punishment; for the check which has been given to agriculture is sufficient to produce a comparative famine, and then these wiseacres will find no less cause to complain of a bad harvest than they have of a good one. Whether the farmer can derive much advantage from having a higher price when he has, at the same time, less corn to sell, I leave him to determine; but there is no doubt that all the rest of the community will be sufferers by the undue share of money which the purchase of that chief necessary of life will draw from their annual income.

We ought not, I say, to regret having an abundant harvest; for, if it is not the source of comfort and peace to every person in the kingdom, the error is in ourselves. As little should we have cause to deplore an issue of silver coin beyond our usual quantity. It is true, that compared with other things which remain the same as they were, it is depreciated, and we give more shillings for the guinea, and more for the quarter of wheat; but who can complain of that, seeing that he has *more to give*, and that is the very reason why he gives it: he has first received it in greater abundance before he is called upon to impart some of that superfluity; and what hardship can there be in this? Do you know, Mr. Editor, if it were not an absurdity almost too great for supposition, I could be tempted to imagine that some of those persons who rail at high prices think, positively think, that *they* shall keep up their receipts to the old amount, while agricultural produce, and other articles which are the first to fall in value, will remain at their present low price. I fear many tradesmen are of this way of thinking, and flatter themselves that their prices will not fall in proportion, and so they shall be the richer for

that which is the ruin of the farmer. But I need not gravely state to them, that their fall will be as certain and as low as that of the farmer; nor is it necessary to tell the landlord, or the clergyman, how soon he must sympathise with the disadvantages of that return to low prices which, at first, seems one source of greater wealth to him, by making his income appear so much larger in comparison with his expenditure.

I have hitherto considered the depreciation as belonging to our silver currency; but, though that has been increased, and therefore deteriorated, *in a degree*, compared with gold, it is our paper currency which has undergone that depreciation from abundance, which it has been so much the fashion to lament of late. But the cases are precisely similar; and, unless I were to repeat what has just been said on the subject of an extra issue of silver, I could not explain what is the necessary consequence of a larger amount of paper money, nor how little we are injured by that excess. Prices are, at all times, relative to the amount of the currency in circulation. When men could buy an ox for a guinea, there was not more than a penny a-day paid to the labourer. Increase your currency to twenty times the amount, and the price of the ox will be twenty guineas, and the wages of the labourer twenty pence. I state the matter loosely, for it requires no nicety. The principle is without doubt just, and applicable to all payments as well as to those just mentioned. Money will find its level; and, when you increase the quantity in the country, the prices of all things will advance; when you diminish the amount, they will fall. In either state, when prices have regained that level to which they continually tend, men are, in fact, neither richer nor poorer for high or low prices. All this is so obvious to every capacity, that I should be ashamed to dwell upon it, were it not so much the practice to represent low prices as containing in them every thing that is desirable; and, on the other hand, to reprobate high prices as the ruin of the country.

It may serve to enliven this dull topic, and, perhaps, give some useful information to those who have not much considered the nature of money,

if I insert here what a very old writer says of it:—

The monoyes were established first | for as moche as they had not of all thinges necessarye to gydre | that one had whete | another had wyn | and another cloth or other wares | He that had whete had not wyn withoute he chaunged one for another | and so must they dayly chaunge one for another | For to have that they had not | as they that knew none other mene | Whan the philosophres sawe this | they dyde so moche that they established wyth the lordes sometime regnyng | a lytil lyght thyng which every man myght bere with him to bye that was nedeful to him | and behoefull for his lyf | And so ordeyned by advyse to gydre a thyng which was not over dere | ne holden for over vyle | and that it were of some valure for to bye and use wyth all true marchandyse one with another | by vertue of such enseygne | and that it were comune over all and in all maner | And estabed thenne a lytil monoye | which should goo and have cours thurgh the world | And by cause it lad men by the waye and mynystred to them that was necessarye | it was called monoye | That is as moche to saye | as to gyve to a man al that hym behoveth for his lyvyng | Monos in grekysh langage is as moche to saye | as one thyng only | For thenne was but one maner of monoye in all the world | But now every man maketh monoye at his playsir by which they desnoy and goo out of the waye more than yf ther were but one coyne only | For by this cause is seen ofte plente of diverse monoyes | Thus establisshed not the philosophres | For they establisshed for to save the state of the world | And I saye it for as moche yf the monoye were out of grotes and pens of silver so thenne it shold be of lasse weyght and lasse of valewe | and that shold be better for to bere by the waye for poure folke | and better shold be easid for the helpe of their nedes to their lyvyng | And for none other cause it was ordeyned first | For the monoyes be not preysed but for the gold and sylver that is therin | And they that establisshed it first made it right lytil and lyght | For the more ease to be born al aboute | where men wold goo | For now in late dayes as in the begynnyng of the regne of Kynge Edward and longe after was no monoye curraunt in Englund but pens and halfpens and ferthynges | And he ordeyned first the grote and half-grote of sylver | and noble | half noble and ferthyng in golde.—*From Caxton's "Ymage or Mirrour of the World,"* 1480.

Another old writer tells us, what was the case before even this degree of currency was in use.

In ancient ages of the world, before the invention of money, men were all for bar-

tering of commodities, as Dionædes' armour was valued at 10 cowes, and Glaucus, his golden armour, at 100. But I read of no money till Abraham paid 400 shekels for a burying place.—The old Britons used iron rings and plates for money.

The custom of using *light* pieces of money was doubtless a great improvement over the iron rings and plates of the old Britons; and as great is the advantage of paper over metal. For if it was not possible to transact with iron money the business of this country in 1480, equally impossible I should conceive it to be to represent the immense transactions of our day by a gold currency. Has any body calculated the length of time it will take to make our payments, merely in the way of counting gold; the great hazard, and delay, and labour of carrying it; the difficulty of conveying small sums from one town to another? Why should we be so in love with the imperfection of a cumbrous coin, when we already possess one so far superior in these respects? A gold currency belongs to an uncultivated people; all men in our time can read and write, and judge of money by other marks than those of weight and sound:

So on our heels a fresh perfection treads.

Besides, if we are to go back to a lower state of civilization, why stop at the currency of 1797? There is no argument used for that day's money, which would not equally apply to the currency of 1480. But the English are a nation easily alarmed, and under any of their panics they will rush into the opposite extreme of danger. It would not else be easy to account for the affection shown to a paper currency during the war, and for the present extreme aversion to it. Let us hope that a cooler judgment is returning.

It would certainly be a ridiculous spectacle, if it were not so tragical in its effects, to see our much vaunting John Bull abandon all his glorying about great trade, and public credit, and begin to sweat himself down like a jockey to feather weight, that he may ride a race on equal terms with the Frenchman, when, left to his natural strength and with a fair course, not all the world could match him.—Why have we not an Act to prevent canals from keeping water above the level of

the rivers? it would not be a whit more absurd than the Act to prevent our paper currency from rising above the level of gold. For as the rivers, running into the seas, would communicate all our canal water to the whole world, so the breaking down the banks of our paper currency, and rendering it equal with gold, carries off to foreign countries all our surplus wealth. In either case the loss is equally ruinous to us, and not much more beneficial to them.

But not only our canals,—our roads, our internal trade, or civilization, manners, habits, intellect will retrograde with the receding means of the country.

Having somewhat cleared the ground of our subject from general error and misconception, I proceed to examine the particular objections which are made to a free paper currency. The gentleman who first spoke, accused it of being the great cause of all our calamities. "What was the disease? a paper currency." This is incorrect: a paper currency is not in itself more pernicious than one of gold or silver. But "it was the great circulation of paper which *formerly* prevailed," that has produced our present distress. Here we come rather nearer the truth than was perhaps intended. The distress is occasioned, not by the great circulation, but by the diminution of that circulation. We have been tampering with the currency of the country in the enactment of Mr. Peele's Bill, and have violently affected the value of money, and with it all pecuniary engagements. A subversion of that fair principle on which every bargain is supposed to be founded has taken place in all existing contracts, which, if done without the consent or foreknowledge of the parties, ought to have vitiated them. In Courts of justice, an equal wrong done to a private person would have been followed by redress, supposing that one of the parties knew of or caused that loss for which the other sought a remedy at law. The taxation of the country has been increased in amount by the alteration in the value of the currency, and all those persons who are paid out of that taxation the former amount in tale, or number of pieces, so far as each piece is of greater value than was contemplated by those

who agreed to give them that amount, profit by the wrong. By the passing of Mr. Peel's Bill, it is considered that twenty millions a year are thus added to the taxes: I agree therefore with the first speaker, in attributing our distress principally to *enormous taxation*, and I would have a rigid economy enforced, but one far more efficacious than he hints at.

With the argument of the second speaker, so far as it is directed against the re-enactment of the Bank Restriction Act, I have nothing to do, being as averse to that act as he can be. But when he speaks of the fictitious value of paper money, he advances to a position which I know to be untenable, and can easily prove to be so. The Bank-note and promissory note are alike the representatives of value, and they carry that value with them, let them pass into whatever hands they may. No man can get the one or give the other without some property to that amount becoming responsible for the bill. But do not men deceive the Banker? does not the Banker himself often fail? and are not promissory notes often returned for want of effects? Certainly: but in all this the country is not entitled to complain of the fictitious value of paper money, for in each instance some other person's property has made good the deficiency, and *he* has no right to complain of a loss to which, perhaps, want of due caution, or too great eagerness for gain, exposed him: still less is he entitled to blame paper money as the cause of his loss, for it was properly imputable to his giving credit. But shall we be told that nobody ought to *trust* another person? Yes: absurdities great as this have found advocates of late in the frenzy with which men have been led to quarrel with anything, when something, they know not what, distresses and provokes them.

But whither does the view of the opponents of a free paper currency carry them? By the mouth of the second speaker, who says, he expresses the sense of those financiers who are best acquainted with the whole bearing of this great question, we learn, that the agricultural interest is not yet above half way down to the level to which they expect it to sink. The English farmer is to be

brought to a competition with the foreign farmer who produces his grain at 40s. a quarter. Now let us pause, and seeing what misery has attended our present reduction of price, let us only give a moment's consideration to the fate which in the opinion of this gentleman and his friends awaits us. They have witnessed an increase of taxation to the amount of twenty millions a year, by the operation of Mr. Peel's Bill, but this is only while it is *proceeding* to restore money to its true standard; and "one good effect of it is the *daily bringing* the English farmer to a state of competition with the foreign grower." And how many millions will that cost us? Far above twenty more. Yes, it has ruined hundreds of the most industrious and respectable families in this country, and it will according to this information continue daily to add to their numbers, till the farmer and all who are dependent on him are ground down to the dust, "low as their rooting plough."

This brings me to the third speaker, who, as if to show the propriety of all this destruction of the farmer's property, calls it "the work of retributive justice," and says, "that to repeal the act would be absolute spoliation." If I am wrong, I beg his pardon, but I understand, by retributive justice, that the farmer is losing now, in some proportion to his former gains. But perhaps it is not the same man who gained? Then it was his father or his grandfather, as the wolf said to the lamb in the fable. Yes; and the offending farmer who *did* gain, is as much deserving punishment for it as the unoffending sheep. He had a beneficial lease or a kind landlord, and he made a handsome profit of his farm. But he did not contrive all this benefit to himself—he did not make a contract, and then make a law turning that contract more to his own advantage than his unsuspecting landlord imagined. He worked hard, had much enterprize, cultivated his land with superior skill, and improved in his fortune as might be expected from these exertions, as well as from the greater plenty of money. But he did not keep that money in his chest. He lived freely, and even expensively, communicating to a vast number of tradesmen the wealth he derived from the soil. They were

equally enriched, and raised in respectability with himself. And as his leases fell in his landlord was not forgotten. It is, perhaps, the endeavour of the latter to secure to himself some portion of this benefit rather longer than is reasonable that supplies the expression of *retributive justice*; for that term may be applicable to the payment of rent, though not to the payment of taxes.

As for the dread of spoliation in the case of recent contracts, set the injustice of the one case against that of the other; and, in the opinion of all impartial men, the obligation to restore the currency to its proper level would be unquestionable. Let any one calculate the odds for himself: the farmer, who pays the same rent and taxes now which he paid at the end of the war, pays annually one-third at the least more than he ought to pay: we know how many of our neighbours and friends are in this predicament, and pretty generally to what amount they are by this means annually impoverished; and we can compare them with the instances which we know of to the contrary, where the landlord or the contractor will be in danger of losing by leases granted at the present value of money. It is to compare the wound made by a pin, to that of a sword which runs you through the body.

But if there should be any real cause for dreading absolute spoliation, let it be avoided. The risk is dissipated by a word. Let the act, which places our currency on its true basis, require, that all contracts entered into within a certain period after the passing of Mr. Peel's Bill, shall be fulfilled in gold; in that case, if a depreciation of paper should ensue, neither of the contracting parties will be injured.

Having shown how futile all the objections are which have been urged against a free paper currency, I have only now to call upon all who are interested in the revival of general prosperity, to join in petitioning Parliament to grant the only measure which seems likely to promote it. The agriculturist will need no encouragement, the spur is in his sides, and no other plan offers for its removal. The cause is not less that of the tradesman, manufacturer, and merchant; they will suffer next, and

speedily too; it is only the loss of the farmer's capital first, in the low prices of produce, which retards for a time the same ruin in its approach to them: nor will the lord of the soil, or the fundholder, escape. Petitions so signed cannot fail of accomplishing their object; for what can the Whigs desire more than a retrenchment to the amount of twenty millions a year; and the Tories have no excuse for non-compliance, who attribute all the distress to Mr. Peel's Bill, and whose only reason for not desiring its repeal, is a groundless fear for those who have entered into recent contracts. We may calculate therefore on having both sides with us in Parliament.

The following form of a petition was drawn up at the request of some friends who wished to be prepared for a public meeting likely to be convened in an important agricultural district of one of the midland counties. It contains, of course, more than is necessary to be inserted in petitions in general, but it will suggest, to those who may wish to adopt the prayer of it, topics worth their consideration. The prayer itself comes into a very small compass: the reason for this is obvious. It was wished neither to embarrass the question, nor to appear to dictate to Parliament, by introducing subjects of detail. Whether the Country bankers should be required to pay in gold, or in Bank of England notes, (the former plan affording a more secure material to those who would rather lose their interest by hoarding money, than entrust their property to their neighbours) is a question for the consideration of Parliament; but not at all necessary to be determined, in order to arrive at the merits of the case before us. In like manner, whether an arrangement should be made with the Bank of England, relative to the establishment of banking companies throughout England, a measure which has been attended with good effects in Scotland, and which the Bank of England charter precludes us from adopting,—as it is not essential to the fulfilment of our plan, is left to be argued on its own grounds in the proper place. For the usual recommendations of retrenchment, &c. no precedent here can be wanted.

PETITION FOR A FREE PAPER CURRENCY CONVERTIBLE AT ALL TIMES
INTO GOLD, AD VALOREM.

To the Honourable the Commons
of the United Kingdom of Great
Britain and Ireland in Parlia-
ment assembled,

We the Gentry, Clergy, Freehold-
ers, and Occupiers of land in
the Hundred of ———, in the
County of ———, most humbly
represent to your Honourable
House,

That, convinced of the propriety of
requiring the Bank of England to
resume Cash payments, we yet regret
that the end has been attained only
by the annihilation of a large amount
of Paper currency, which as a repre-
sentative of value is equally neces-
sary with a Metallic currency to
carry on the affairs of the country,
and the destruction of which has en-
tailed upon us a greater evil than
that from which it was the intention
of Parliament to relieve us.

By the alteration in the value of
the currency which this measure has
occasioned, every former money en-
gagement still subsisting, whether
between individuals or with govern-
ment, has been rendered insupport-
ably oppressive to the party which is
bound to provide the money; and a
scale of low prices has been intro-
duced, which deprives us even of the
means of paying our rents and taxes,
the amount of which was calculated
and agreed on under the operation
of a more abundant currency.

We would respectfully observe to
your Honourable House, that Eng-
land is very differently circumstanced
from other nations, and that from her
peculiar situation she requires a very
different kind of circulating medium
from that which is proper for other
countries.

Standing on the same footing with
them as to the necessity of having a
circulating medium adapted to all the
ordinary purposes of trade, foreign
and domestic, England has doubtless
equal occasion with them for a Me-
tallic currency. But in regard to her
peculiar situation, from having, in
addition to this ordinary demand, the
task of supplying annually the very
large amount of money which the in-
terest of the national debt, and other
charges, require to be placed in the
hands of government, she has evi-

dently need of an *extra* and a *peculiar*
currency.

Our paper money has supplied us
with this extra currency, and with
it we were enabled to pay these
charges for the public service with-
out suffering any inconvenience from
the want of a larger Metallic cur-
rency. The only defect of the sys-
tem was the non-convertibility of
Paper into Gold at all times.

But all our money-transactions are
now to be represented by a Metallic
currency, and thus we are reduced
to the following alternative: either
to have a small amount of this cur-
rency, and the same prices with other
countries, out of which prices our
public charges are to be defrayed;
or to have a larger amount of this
currency, and prices so much higher
as will include in some degree the
amount of those public charges.

The former condition would load
us with a burthen, the insupportable
nature of which we may in part judge
of from the weight of taxation on our
present low prices; and the latter
condition would inflict no less distress
upon us, by increasing the number
of Absentees, by forcing our extra
Metallic currency out of the country
to enrich other nations, and by ren-
dering us in the mean time unable
to cope with them in foreign mar-
kets.

And it is not only unjust to our-
selves, but a monstrous folly, to suf-
fer other countries to participate in
the interior traffic of England,—to
give them a beneficial interest in the
amount of our taxation—to alienate
to them, without claim of right, or
shadow of return, our proper and pe-
culiar wealth; yet this is done by
requiring Gold to serve as the me-
dium by which property actually in
this country is transferred from one
resident individual to another.

For this purpose a mere memoran-
dum on a slip of paper would suf-
fice; and what is a note of hand
but such a memorandum stamped?
Again, what is a bank-note, but a
note of hand circulating without
limitation, till the holder chooses to
consider it due, and presents it for
payment? And a bank-note pos-
sesses this advantage, with the fur-

ther quality of not requiring the endorsements of all who have possessed it, to guarantee its validity. We make these remarks to show, that bank-notes are the representatives not of fictitious, but of real property. They have this additional recommendation,—they prevent the property which they represent from being carried out of the country.

The convenience of these notes has led to their general acceptance as *money*, and they now form a peculiar currency, which, being the natural product of taxation, and the legitimate representative of that property which constitutes the national debt, is not only well adapted to our peculiar situation, but has the further advantage of always keeping pace in amount with the demands for public service. For instance, if fresh taxes are imposed, or fresh loans are required, more of this peculiar currency will be drawn into circulation; for though we cannot create gold and silver on an emergency, we possess that faculty over paper money: if, on the other hand, taxes should be remitted, or any part of the debt be reduced, paper money equivalent will be thrown out of circulation, to be re-absorbed, perhaps, in some property which had before been pledged for its security.

During this fluctuation in the amount of our Paper currency it will of course happen, that it will bear, at different times, a different proportion to that of the Metallic currency. At such times, we humbly conceive, the natural course would be to let the Paper currency find its own value in exchange against the precious metals; and it is certainly the best course, for no uniform value can be assigned to that which is essentially and for ever variable in amount.

And we pray that your Honourable House, with a view to fix the Paper currency of this country on a permanent and equitable basis, would please to rescind an Act, the professed object of which is the restriction of this Paper currency to the proportion which it bore to gold prior to the year 1797; a *proportion* so far from being adequate to the present wants of the nation, whose taxes and debt have increased in the ratio of 8 to 3 since that period,

that it was even then obviously inefficient and impossible to be kept at that level, as the passing of the Bank Restriction Act testifies.

We presume not to say what positive enactments may be necessary to give the requisite protection to our Paper currency. If the price of gold be given in every Gazette, and if the Directors of the Bank of England be required to sell gold at that price on demand, in exchange for their own notes, it may, perhaps, be sufficient. The country banker may either pay his own notes in gold, or in those of the Bank of England. At the same time, it will be well to allow to all persons the privilege of partaking in the advantages, if any, of the free purchase and sale of the precious metals, whether in coin or otherwise.

Among the beneficial consequences of placing our Paper currency on a proper footing, we look with confidence to the following:

1. An increase in its issue, which, causing an advance in the prices of all commodities, will make the present rate of rent and taxes payable with less inconvenience, and will thereby benefit the tenant and the land proprietor, the trading and the mercantile interest.

2. This advance on the price of our goods at home, being imposed solely by our national and peculiar burthens, and represented by a currency peculiar to England, will leave the Metallic price unaffected by the advance. It follows, therefore, that we shall be able to sell our goods for the same quantity of gold as other nations, the difference of cost being made up to us by the increased value of that gold when it comes to England. The same result will attend the operation if carried on by barter: the goods of foreign countries will sell here for as high a price in English currency as the goods cost which are exchanged for them. So that the transaction, when completed, will be found, as far as price is concerned, equally advantageous to the English as to the foreign merchant: and hence it is evident, that our foreign trade would not suffer from the measure.

3. With a free Paper currency we shall be able to withdraw from circulation a considerable portion of our Metallic currency, for purposes of use

or show; and thus gold and silver will become more abundant in our houses, which, independent of other advantages, will secure us a store of the precious metals, serviceable, perhaps, at some future period, should war unfortunately call again for its well known sinews.

4. An invariable standard of value will be established, to which the nation may constantly appeal for determining the relative worth of any property; for instance, Rent, calculated and agreed on in gold, at the value of 4*l.* per ounce, would give the landlord precisely the same value when gold should rise to be worth 5*l.* per ounce; and it would be the same to him, whether he received the payment each time in gold, or whether 100*l.* at one time, and at another 125*l.* were given him in paper money as the equivalent; and the tenant would find it equally just in both cases. In like manner, if a Corn protecting price were considered fair and just at the value of an ounce of gold per quarter, it would remain undisturbed as a fair price, though that ounce of gold, and with it the quarter of corn, should advance in value from 4*l.* to 5*l.*

5. When gold shall have advanced in price, with respect to our Paper currency, it will cause a kind of tax to fall on Absentees, whose wealth cannot then be converted into a Metallic or European currency without losing its English value. Thus, if gold were 5*l.* per ounce, the absentee, for every 100*l.* here, would only carry abroad 80*l.*

Lastly. No one could be injured by the depreciation of the circulating medium; for gold, being unaltered in quantity, would be unaltered in value; and Paper money, though subject to variation, would always be increased in quantity before it became reduced in quality.

We therefore humbly pray, that your Honourable House will please to take the subject of a free Paper currency into consideration, and adopt such measures as you in your wisdom shall deem most expedient, to remove the present injurious restraints upon it, and to allow it free action; to protect it equally with the Metallic currency of the realm; and to make it permanently payable in gold, on the equitable principle of mutual value.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE most important circumstance attending the art of which it is our province to speak, is the patronage which His Majesty has begun to extend towards English Music and Musicians. When it is recollected that the determined attachment of the late King to the compositions of Handel was productive of a strong influence upon the taste of the country, and served, as much as the intrinsic excellence of the music itself, to rivet the general, and almost exclusive favour to the works of that composer; such an event cannot but be of moment to native professors. With such establishments as the Opera, and the Philharmonic Concerts, giving a decided support to foreign musicians and foreign music, and thereby leading most, if not all other concerts towards the same performances, English talent certainly had not fair play on English ground.

The works of Haydn and Mozart had in themselves sufficient to attract the musical public, and every impulse that compositions could possibly receive has been addressed to the general circulation of their melodies and pieces. To these Rossini has succeeded, as the acquaintance with the Italian language has daily become more general. The music of the Italian composers is far more voluptuous, far more airy and melodious, and is directed to the senses; while such pieces of English construction as are best known, and have maintained their ground at the ancient concert, the oratorios, and provincial meetings, the compositions of Purcell, Handel, and Arne, speak only to the sublimer affections.

Foreign instrumentalists and singers, taken *en masse*, have also been more eminently gifted, and more

highly cultivated than our own. Fashion has aided their endeavours; and all these circumstances have combined to favour the introduction and ascendancy of foreign music, so that it appeared necessary almost to the preservation of English music, as well as to the encouragement of native talent, that some measure should be taken in their behalf. The KING, we have reason to think, has listened to the reasonable representations, which have been made to him on this subject, by some of the most eminent professors, and hence, we believe, the late reception of Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Sale, and other English vocalists, at Brighton.—Hence the introduction of glees, and the performance of Handel, on recent occasions.

Consentaneously with this fact, so favourable to our own school, it has been stated, that a meeting of several noblemen and gentlemen has been held, for the purpose of originating an establishment for the instruction of young musicians. Little, however, is yet known beyond the mere circumstance that such an institution has been the subject of some consideration. It has long since been proposed, and its utility advocated in the established journal of musical science, the *Quarterly Musical Review*.

In our last we announced the arrangements for the King's Theatre, which opened on Saturday the 12th of January. The Opera of Pacini, a composer who follows in the train of Rossini, which was understood to be in rehearsal, has given way to the everlasting *Le Nozze di Figaro*, an opera which certainly deserves, if any one can deserve, its eternity of representation. There was reason to suppose last season, that the exclusion of English talent made a part of the design of the noble board of management. The expulsion of Mr. Ayrton this year, and the substitution of Signor Petracchi, who has been sent for from Milan, corroborates the supposition, and also the probability, that the ballet will be more highly cultivated than the musical department. Il Teatro della Scala, from which the new director comes, is more celebrated for its dances than its singing; indeed the

whole of this last branch has been there notoriously secondary to that of the ballet. But the King's Theatre is now announced as being under the direction of a committee of the nobility, with the Count Saint Antonio, it is presumed, at the head, and the opera is likely to be again very fashionable.

The only new singer of pretension, that has appeared at present, is Madame de Moncke, under her maiden appellation of Signora Rosalbina Caradori, who personated the page, *Cherubino*, in Mozart's opera. Her voice is a soprano, sweet and rich in its tone, but of apparently insufficient volume for so large a theatre. It is alike in quality for the compass of nearly two octaves. Her intonation is more correct than is generally observed amongst Italian stage singers. She took the exquisitely expressive air, *Voi che sapete*, which has usually been assigned to the Contessa. At present Signora Caradori is to be considered rather as advancing in her acquirements, than as having arrived at their maturity. It is, however, probable, that her success will be limited by want of power, rather than of polish, and that she will be better heard in an orchestra than on the stage. The rest of the dramatis personæ were nearly as last year. Ambrogetti's acting and singing in the *Count* are completely at variance; the one is as excellent as the other is execrable. He is certainly the very worst singer that ever took the rank that he maintains with so much popularity. Madame Camporese is as elegant and scientific as ever, and deficient in nothing but the true compass of her voice, which is something brassy and restricted; but in knowledge, taste, and feeling, she is admirable. Angrisani was the Figaro; Placci Bartolo, and Righi, the *perdurable* Righi, the Vicar of Bray under all changes and administrations, held two or three other inferior characters. A Signora Graziani, who has succeeded Madame Gattie as Marcellina, is vastly below criticism, and almost beyond endurance.

Madame Mara has revisited her native place (Cassel), where she has met with a distinguished and flattering reception. A grand concert was given at court to welcome her, and

on her departure her horses were gratuitously provided.

Mr. Moschelles is returned to London, where he purposes to remain during next season.

The concerts of the Philharmonic society are to commence on Monday the 25th of February.

The first article of our monthly catalogue of publications is the music new and selected, by Mr. Bishop, for the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, lately revived at Covent Garden theatre. This sort of substitution for what the English public has been accustomed to consider as their regular opera, indicates a pause in composition, which may, perhaps, be followed by a nearer approach to what opera should be; for it indicates the exhaustion of the taste for musical pantomime, or melodramas, half dialogue, half song. There is some very pretty music. The first air, *When I have seen the hungry ocean gain*, is obviously limited by being written for a voice of short compass, in point of fact, for a child. The duet which follows, *Say though you strive*, is confined by the same restriction, but both are simple and sweet melodies. The latter, indeed, is a second *My pretty page*, which has attained so much popularity in *Henri Quatre*. *O never say that I was false of heart*, is the *aria d'abilità* for Miss Hallande, and has the same recommendation of agreeable melody, with more pretension. Mr. Bishop has next harmonized Dr. Arne's fine song, *If o'er the cruel tyrant*, for four voices, but to other words. He has added a second movement of his own, which though very inferior to Arne's, yet satisfies the ear after it; no slight commendation. *When in disgrace with fortune*, opens with a very expressive andante, and ceases with an allegro brillante that resembles a polacca, and yet is not a polacca, but a nameless something of superior interest.

Who is Sylvia, a glee, is Bishop's own *By the simplicity of Venus' doves*, harmonized with *Pray Goody*, for a second movement. *That time of year*, a cavatina, and *Should he upbraid*, are both elegant songs. The first is more original than the latter, which might almost pass for a parody on the composer's *Bid me dis-*

course, one of the latest and best of his productions. The resemblance is indeed very curious, and not less ingeniously wrought. Mr. Bishop may also be accused of paraphrasing his own thoughts in the duet, *On a day*, which, in style, more than in passages, is analogous to *As it fell upon a day*, and *Orpheus*, two of his most successful efforts. All these things are, however, elegant, and at the same time popular. There is a round, a chorus, and a finale; the second has a singular and effective conclusion; the last is so good an imitation of Rossini's mannerism, that Mr. Bishop probably intended the likeness. As a whole, the music is of a class to take with a million of English auditors, players, and singers.

Asioli has published eleven *Italian ariettæ*, in which there is variety and beauty of style.

Amongst the single songs are two pre-eminently beautiful ballads, by Mr. Latour, who has but of late struck into this species of writing. *The parting*, and, *O wake no more that lay of love and gladness*, are delicate and impassioned: not difficult to sing, and very effective when sung well.

Mr. Sola has a very elegant Italian duettino, *Mi guardi sospira*. He has also arranged the French duet *Reposons nous*, to English words, *Beneath this deep embowering shade*, and this also makes a good addition to our stock of elegant trifles.

Mr. Moschelles has published *La Tenerizza*, a rondalitto, dedicated to Mrs. Kalkbrenner. The opening passages are airy, but very graceful; these with other occasional subjects are worked upon with the skill and contrivance throughout that mark the genius of that composer.

The fourth, and we believe, the last book of *Hummel's Fanchon*, arranged as duets for the piano forte, by Novello, is not undeserving of the great commendation we bestowed on the former numbers.

Compositions for the harp are become extremely numerous, and almost equal to those for the piano-forte. Amongst the duets for the two instruments are a *fifth book of the airs from Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Bochsá, with a *divertimento from Rossini's airs*, by the same master.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

German Translations.—The Germans are not only great original writers, but great translators also. Among the works which have recently appeared in a German dress, are many of the latest and most popular of our books of travels; among these may be enumerated, Dodwell's Classical Tour in Greece, Hughes's interesting work on that country and Sicily, and Kinnear's Travels through Asia Minor. Anastasius has also been translated by Lindau, who has familiarized his countrymen with many of the celebrated Scotch Novels. Translations of the following works have also appeared of late in Germany, viz. Luccock on Wool, Busby's History of Music, Greenough on Geology, and Malthus and Say's publications relative to the Depression of Commerce.

Geology.—The labours of the Naturalist D. G. Brocchi promise to be of considerable importance to this science: his last work, entitled, *Sullo Stato Fisico del Suolo Romano*, is the fruit of a long residence at Rome. It consists of a large coloured chart, in royal folio, representing the various superficies of the soil, with two coloured tables, and descriptive letter-press. The author is now employed upon a similar work, which cannot fail to prove interesting to naturalists, as it will treat of the geology of Latium, and of the Ciminian (Viterbo) mountains, respecting which but little is yet known.

Natural History.—A plant very celebrated at Chandernagore in the East Indies, under the name of Chirayita, has been imported into France, where a memoir has been published by M. Virey on the subject of its medicinal qualities, which he states to be very powerful. It is a strong bitter, and is celebrated in the East for its efficacy as a febrifuge. There is no doubt but that it might be advantageously employed in Europe for the gout, and for weaknesses of the digestive organs. At present we have no accurate and complete botanical description of this plant; but M. Virey conjectures, both from the flowers and from the traces of the fructification adhering to the specimens he has received, also from the details respecting it in the Asiatic Researches, that it is a species of gentian, and accordingly denominates it *Gentiana Chirayita*.

Thorvaldsen is about to execute, at Cracow, a monument of the young Count Potocki, who fell in battle, at the age of 26. The youthful Hero affords a fine subject for sculpture; as he was a perfect model of manly beauty at the period of its complete development. The artist finished the model for the statue in the short space of five days. He has now nearly completed

his exquisite statue of Jason, after an interval of ten years from its commencement; and also another of his masterpieces, the Mercury, intended for the Princess Esterhazy. One of his most recent productions is the bust of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, which, independently of its merits as a work of art, worthy the chisel of this admirable sculptor, is interesting for the extreme resemblance it possesses to the original.

Russia.—Mittau, the capital of the province of Courland, is distinguishing itself by the progress it is making both in Literature and the Arts. There are there now several important private collections of paintings; and the Literary Society and Museum, established about four years ago, are at present in a very flourishing condition. The members of the former have produced several interesting scientific papers; while the latter now contains a valuable collection of curiosities in natural history, antiquities, paintings, &c. Much too has of late been done, and is now doing, for the general embellishment of the city: the Emperor Alexander has assigned the sum of 80,000 roubles to be expended on the market, where all the old and mean shops which choked up and disfigured the area are pulled down, and a large basin is constructed in the centre, into which a subterraneous canal discharges itself. In consequence of a regulation, which in England would be considered somewhat arbitrary, although it prudently restrains the bad taste of individuals, the façade of every new building throughout the province must be erected according to some design, which the proprietor is permitted to select from an extensive collection deposited for that purpose with the magistrates of each place. Owing to this, Mittau now exhibits a variety of elegant buildings which have been erected within the last three years: some of these have the appearance of palaces. Indeed, this city promises to become one of the finest in the north of Europe. In other parts of the province also, many very fine palaces and seats belonging to the nobility have been erected.

The Dying Gladiator.—No doubts were entertained as to the character of the statue thus designated, until the time of Winckelmann, who rejected that appellation as erroneous, although without bestowing on it any other. Nibby, the Roman antiquary, and translator of Pausanias, has published an Essay, in which he attempts to prove, from a passage in the 10th book of Pausanias, that this celebrated figure, which corresponds neither with any other representations of gladiators, nor with the descriptions of Juvenal and Livy, originally belonged to the temple of

Apollo at Delphos, where it formed a part of the sculpture decorating the tympanum of the pediment, being placed in one of the angles. And from the torques, or chain of gold, hitherto mistaken for a rope, the horn, the form of the shield, the fashion of the hair, &c. all which circumstances he elucidates by numerous passages from ancient authors, he conjectures that it represents one of the Gauls who were slain in their attack upon the temple. This statue is at present in the Capitol, where it was placed in 1815, on being restored from Paris; it is of a very fine grained marble, dissimilar from that of any other antique, yet most resembling that of the Laocoön. It belongs to the best era of Grecian sculpture, and expresses, with wonderful skill and beauty, the agonies of death suppressed by a determined effort not to manifest them.

Swedish Literature.—Sweden has hitherto contributed but little towards the stock of European literature, but can boast at present of Ling, a poet, whose compositions are not only stamped with originality, and pregnant with fancy, but characterised by strong nationality and raciness. Among his productions, the subjects of which are generally borrowed from northern and Swedish history, the most prominent are his *Agne*, a tragedy of superior beauty; his *Idyll*, entitled *Love*; *Eylif the Goth*; and the *Diet of 1527*. Besides the above-mentioned tragedy, he has produced several others, and some dramatic compositions of a different species; but the latter are not so successful as his offerings to the tragic muse. Ling is at present occupied upon an epic poem, entitled *Die Asen*; a portion of this appeared in 1816, and its merit justifies the interest with which his countrymen look forward to the

appearance of the remainder. His allegorical epic production, *Gylfe*, although so patriotic in its subject, has been received more coldly than his other works, being more imperfect, and less polished. Several of his poems are in the Danish language, in which he composed a collection of poetical pieces during his stay at Copenhagen. Sweden possesses also at the present day a poetess of no small talent in Me. Asping, a lady as accomplished as she is amiable. Her *Lapland Girl*, which appeared in the *Poetical Calendar* edited at Upsal by the ingenious poet Atterbom, is a composition of peculiar merit. Afzelius and Professor Geijer have published some beautiful Swedish ballads; and the former, in contributing also to a new edition of the *Edda*, has rendered a most essential service to the literature of his country.

Danish Literature.—Among the literary novelties of Denmark, one of the most important is a new *Journal*, entitled *Hermøder*, which contains both original Essays and Translations of the most classical and esteemed foreign productions. It is edited by Broch, a Captain of Engineers, and Lieutenant Halsith. Another periodical, entitled *Blandsinger* (the Medley), has been lately established, and contains several valuable articles. In Norway, also, a new *Journal* has been started; it is published twice a week, and contains not only critiques of new works, but interesting intelligence respecting the literature of other countries, and biographical sketches of men of learning and eminent writers: this is so much the more valuable, as until its appearance there was no regular channel whatever for the communication of literary intelligence, nor any repository for detached and fugitive papers.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

OUR abstract this month must necessarily be confined within narrow limits, as the public papers present an unusual dearth of intelligence; and, indeed, the little they give upon foreign events is of so contradictory a nature, that it is not easy to know to which side to incline. Letters have arrived from Constantinople by way of Odessa which state, that after a long conference between the Austrian plenipotentiary and the Divan, the Russian ultimatum, which had been previously presented to, and approved by, the leading powers of Europe, was finally accepted by the Turkish government. These letters

have come to Greek houses in the city, the heads of whom are, doubtless, much interested in the fate of the pending negotiations, and so far may be considered as of some authority; however, nothing official has yet appeared upon the subject; and later rumours, but of no very definite character, state a sudden movement on the part of the Russian armies, indicative of renewed hostility. In the meantime the Greeks are indefatigable, and have dispatched a considerable force to co-operate with their countrymen in Candia, who are vigorously besieging the Turkish troops shut up in the fortresses of

that country; another Greek force has proceeded from Tino and Psara against Scio: there has not lately been any remarkable capture or engagement since the taking of Tripolizza, but the state of the Russian mind, by the operation of which, perhaps, alone this contest can be decided, may be inferred from the fact of a munificent subscription having been set on foot in Moscow, with all the merchants and nobles of the land at its head, in favour of the insurgents. The Schah of Persia has, it seems, formally disavowed the war against Turkey, but his sincerity is rendered more than doubtful by the fact of his disavowal not having in the least impeded the progress of the Prince Royal. It is amongst the most striking incidents of the day, thus to see one body of Mussulmen arrayed against another, when the very existence of Islamism is menaced by the successful enemies of that faith.

The King of Spain has been obliged at last, to yield to the repeated demands of the Cortes and the nation, with respect to his obnoxious ministers. Bardaxi, the minister for foreign affairs, Felice for the interior, Salvador for the war department, and Vallejo the finance director, have all retired from office, a step which the King notified by a message to the Cortes. Their places are not yet filled up, and the three remaining ministers are charged with their *port-feuilles ad interim*. It is supposed that the conduct of the ex-ministry will be made the subject of discussion in the Cortes, and their consequent impeachment is not improbable. Madrid is for the present tranquil, but the disturbed districts remain as discontented as ever. General Riego has made a fresh demand for an inquiry into his conduct, in which he disclaims the republican principles imputed to him by his enemies. It is very plain that the dismissal of his ministers was a compulsory measure upon the King, for in a second message to the Cortes he distinctly, and somewhat pettishly, tells that body, that he was quite satisfied, both with the services of his ministers, and their attachment to his person, and that he received their resignations only in consequence of their repeated applications. An-

other, and a more cogent reason, however, may perhaps be found in the general discontent which their remaining in office, notwithstanding repeated public remonstrances, had excited. The news from Barcelona is, we fear, but a specimen of the spirit which universally prevails throughout the interior of Spain. On the 30th of December, say the accounts, this city proclaimed its independence. General Villa Campa endeavoured, but in vain, to oppose the change; he addressed every regiment separately, in order to bring them back to obedience, but all answered him by shouts of "Live the Constitution,"—"Down with the ministers."—The General immediately quitted Barcelona; the movement was directed by Colonel Costa, commandant of the National Guard. The situation of a king, under such circumstances, requires no comment.

Accounts from Italy announce the alarming illness, and expected death of his Holiness, the Pope. Few sovereigns, who have filled St. Peter's Chair, experienced greater trials and vicissitudes than Pius the Seventh; alternately a prisoner and a pontiff, it cannot be denied that by his patience, his fortitude, and his inflexibility of principle, he well sustained the dignity of his important office. It is said, that he will be succeeded by Prince, the Archduke Nodolph of Austria, who was about two years ago made a Cardinal, for the express purpose of this succession. This will be an important appointment for Austria, as she will thereby obtain a paramount control over Italy, which, particularly Romagna, was far from tranquil.

In France, the new ultra-administration have begun to develop the principles upon which they have come into office. M. de Chifflet has made the Report of the Committee appointed for the regulation of the French Press. It is a modification, or rather a paraphrase, of the measure of M. de Serre, which excited the Chamber to the overthrow of the late Ministry, and is, if possible, still more objectionable. It goes, in fact, not merely to annihilate all freedom of discussion, but to subject even private property to the most unqualified despotism. By this notable scheme, juries, in cases of libel, are super-

seded altogether, and their places supplied by public functionaries paid by the Crown, namely, the Members of the Cours Royales, comprising, at the least, twelve judges. These personages may, if they think fit, not only punish whatever they consider to be a libel, but they may instantly suspend, or *suppress* altogether, the offensive journal; so that not only the person, but the property, of every publisher in the kingdom would be at their despotic, irresponsible disposal! We need scarcely say that this projet excited universal indignation; so much so, indeed, that there was a general rush of members to inscribe their names to speak in the ensuing debate against it, and forty-two orators were instantly enrolled. The discussion is expected to be most stormy; and, if the measure be persevered in, we both think, and, as friends of the liberty of the press, hope, that it will lead to a dissolution of the Ultras. In the meantime, an occurrence has just taken place at Paris, which has sensibly affected the public mind here, and gives rise to reflections, with the expression of which we do not wish to trust ourselves. We allude to the conversion of the elder daughter of a Mr. Douglas Loveday, an English gentleman. This unfortunate man, smitten, it seems, with the too prevailing mania for a French education, was induced to place his two daughters and his niece at the boarding-school of a Madame Reboul, with an express stipulation that there should be no interference with their religious principles. At this school they continued for six years, and, at length, the father announced his intention of taking them back to England. What was his horror, however, on going to the school for the purpose, at finding that they had not only all been converted to Catholicism, but that the eldest had been juggled into a convent. It seems their understandings were darkened, and their terrors excited, by some fraudulent legend of a miraculous host tortured by a Jew in the year 1290, under the reign of Philip le Bel. Mr. Loveday presented a petition on the subject to the Chamber of Deputies, complaining of the fraud, and imploring the restitution of his child. This petition is to be the subject of a future discussion,

and is said to have been drawn up by Dupin, the celebrated advocate. It embraces all the facts, and occupies much more space than we can spare. The father states, that having gone to the convent to demand his daughter, he was compelled, under four bayonets, to settle a pension for life on her to enable her to live there, while the infatuated victim, surrounded by monks and nuns, actually laughed at the agony of her own father.

We gave, in our last, an account of the rise and progress of the American navy; we now present an abstract of the Annual Report made by the Secretary of the American Treasury to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, containing an exposé of the public finances. It is a very important document, and well deserves, in these times, the attention of more than one House of Representatives. The entire estimated expenditure of the American Government for the year 1822, is less than 3,500,000/.! This covers the civil list, the army, the navy, and the interest of their national debt. The civil, diplomatic, and miscellaneous head, does not amount to 400,000/. The interest on the national debt, in which is included a sum for reimbursing the holders of a certain part of it, does not exceed 1,270,000/. Besides the above sum, there is a real sinking fund of 4,300,000 dollars, equal to more than one-fourth of the entire annual expenditure, and equivalent to one-twentieth part of the whole unredeemed debt. The military estimates, including ordnance, fortifications, and pensions, is stated at five millions of dollars; and the charge for the navy, including those now building, and those navigating the various seas of the world, amounts only to 700,000/.! A people, uniting such enterprise with such economy, must, and at no very distant period, make a proud and conspicuous figure in the page of history.

The King of Portugal has been the first European potentate to acknowledge the independence of any of the revolted South American provinces. A very explicit document upon this important subject has been transmitted from the Portuguese deputy resident at Buenos Ayres to the Chilian envoy at the same place, so couched as to leave little doubt of its intent

and its authority. The principle of this recognition, as laid down by the King of Portugal, is, that the obedience of a people is a proof of the legitimacy of the government. This is admitted to be the case in Chili, and the King expresses his perfect readiness to extend his national recognition to the other States of South America, whenever they come within the principle by which his present conduct has been governed. In the meantime, perfect tranquillity remains in Portugal; the Cortes still sit, and are uninterruptedly occupied in devising the best means for perpetuating the newly acquired constitutional liberty of their country.

The accounts from Ireland, we regret to say, are of quite as uncivilized a nature as any which it has been our painful duty hitherto to communicate. The appearance of the Marquis Wellesley has not abated one jot the malignant and disorganizing spirit of the different factions which divide and agitate that distracted country. Indeed, so far from it, that he seems himself likely to become, in some degree, the subject of fresh contention. We are led to this remark, from no slight experience of the people of Ireland, and from observing that the Corporation of Dublin have congratulated Mr. Goulburn on his coming into office, and condoled with Mr. Saurin on his going out, but they have cautiously abstained from any allusion whatever to his Excellency. This, to say the least of it, is neither very complimentary, nor very hospitable; but we hope it will teach his Excellency in time, that a compromise with the Catholics, by the prohibition of orange toasts, and with the Protestants, by the creation of an orange Baronet, is not the way to conciliate either. The state of party spirit now in Dublin may be gathered from the trumpet-tongued fact, that the committee appointed to arrange the grand conciliation dinner in commemoration of his Majesty's visit, have been compelled publicly to relinquish their trust in despair. The avowed reason for this, has been the failure of an experiment to introduce some Roman Catholic freemen into the guild of merchants in Dublin—the result was inevitable, and such as must have been foreseen by any man in his

senses—an explosion of orange loyalty took place, and a triumphant majority scouted the attempt, with a spirit worthy the descendants of King William, (we mean, his *Irish descendants*.) The consequence of this has been orange, and, indeed, demi-official dinners, in which we have been told, that even the loyalty avowed did not amount to more than a *conditional* declaration. The Catholics, to do them justice, had not been roused to any very extraordinary reactive exertion. The leaders are putting forth their annual manifestoes of policy, and the lower orders are preparing work for future special commissions. It is quite melancholy to read the accounts from the interior—the heart sickens at them—take two for an example. A *clergyman of the church of England* has been shot at the head of an armed military body, by another military body, who supposed him an enemy! The second instance is, if possible, worse;—a body of the Yeomanry seized a poor illicit distiller—his neighbours went to rescue him—the army threatened to *kill their prisoner* if his friends persisted, and actually put their threat in execution!! They shot, in broad day light, the wretched creature, and afterwards actually fired sixty rounds of ball cartridge amongst the peasantry. This is related in all the Irish papers, without a comment! We turn gladly from the subject.

The King will open Parliament in person; great preparations are making in the department of the Horse, and in that of the Lord Chamberlain; it promises to be a very stormy Session. The agriculturists have taken the field already, and petitions against the present state of things are pouring in from many Counties; it is thought some experiment will be tried on the fund holders. All the clerks have suffered a considerable reduction in many of the public offices. Is this beginning at the right end? It is said that the Lords of the Treasury have it in contemplation to suspend all Exchequer or other processes, for the collection of any arrears of taxes due, and unpaid by individuals, or from parishes, previous to the 5th of April, 1816. We do not think they will lose much by this retrospective liberality.

MONTHLY REGISTER,

FEBRUARY 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE expectation of obtaining some relief from the distress which threatens to ruin the Agriculturist, gives an intense interest to the approaching meeting of Parliament. The county of Norfolk, so distinguished for its cultivation and opulence, has been convened by the high Sheriff; and resolutions, and a petition founded on those resolutions, have been agreed upon in the fullest assembly of proprietors and substantial yeomanry that has ever been known there. It is a singular trait in the proceedings, that the requisition originated with, and was signed by about sixty of the tenantry, some of great, and all of considerable wealth, of solid practical knowledge in Agriculture, and of the first respectability in point of character and habits. There was no difference in opinion as to the cause of the evil. TAXATION was admitted, even by Mr. Wodehouse, the ministerial Member, to be the prevailing source of distress. That gentleman, himself a very active member of the Agricultural committee, said, speaking of the report, that "there never was a document less suited to the condition of the country; there was, throughout the whole, such a mixture of matter, such a dexterous chaos, a reference to parallel where there was no parallel; an application of analogy where there were no circumstances in the least degree analogous, that the report was any thing but what might be desired." Much useful information relative to the state of Norfolk Agriculture was previously published in that County. From these accounts, which were derived from authentic and most respectable sources, and which bear strongly upon the national as well as the local case, it appears:—that to bring the farmer to the level of 1790,

Rent must be lowered nearly	50 per Cent.
Tithes.....	65
Labour	50
Rates	80
Direct taxes	75
Tradesmens' bills.....	50
Capital	45

By this process, it is clear that every man's income or means of life would be reduced to about one half; and, in some instances, (the Clergy) more than one half of their present amount. Were this the whole of the evil, it would soon be found light, because all things would thus accom-

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modate themselves to one common standard—the price of subsistence. But the direct taxation only is included in the above accounts. The indirect taxation in such computations escapes observation.

In 1812, Colquhoun estimated the Agricultural productions of Great Britain and Ireland, at (nearly) 217 millions. The following are the averages he took, and those for the week ending Dec. 29, 1821.

Per Quarter.

	1812.	1821.
Wheat.....	70s. 6d.	46s. 2d.
Barley	37s. 0d.	19s. 7d.
Oats	29s. 0d.	16s. 8d.
Rye.....	43s. 10d.	21s. 11d.
Peas and Beans..	38s. 10d.	24s. 8d.

Here then is a clear reduction of nearly one half the entire total of Agricultural income; and, considering the manner in which the averages are known to be taken, it is only a fair computation to reckon that it is reduced one half; 1812 was the year of the greatest prosperity; but when Colquhoun's prices are regarded, it will be seen that his estimate must have been very low indeed; the published prices of wheat assigning 123s. 8d. (he has taken only 70s. 6d.) as the average at that time, and every other species of grain bore a similar proportion. Thus the real power of the country to sustain the weight of taxation was greatly beyond what he estimated it, (viz. as 123 to 76) for concerning the revenue there could be neither exaggeration nor diminution.

In 1812, according to the same authority, which in this instance is founded upon official returns to parliament, it appears that the net revenue of the country was 65,231,068*l*. It seems from the documents printed by Mr. Hume, from similar sources, that the expenditure of the year ending January 5, 1821, was 53,340,113*l*.

The inevitable conclusion, then, is that Agricultural production is now charged with a weight of taxation double, according to Colquhoun's statements, but, in fact, in a much heavier ratio than in 1812. The Agricultural production then realized 217 millions, and paid its proportion of 65 millions, the whole production of the country being computed to be 430 millions; Agricultural production is now only 108 millions, and pays the same proportion of

53 millions. The real proportions we have shown were much more favourable to the Agriculturist, but we accept the division of Colquhoun, and this must satisfy the country at large that no arrangement short of an enormous reduction of the public expenditure can meet the exigencies of the case.

With these views of the subject, the most liberal determination of EARL FITZWILLIAM, in respect to his tenantry, coincides. That nobleman has lowered his rents from thirty-five to forty-five per cent. according to circumstances, and he signified to his tenantry, at his audit, that prices must return to a peace level. Lord John Russell has also addressed a public letter to the Agriculturists of Huntingdonshire, in which he anticipates that the present ministers will ere long give up the landed interest to the political economists, who advocate a free trade; and his Lordship founds his belief on their desertion of their opinions relative to the paper circulation, and their manifest relaxation in regard to the Catholic question. The cause is however as obvious as the effect. It resides in the open intercourses of the world, and the progress of knowledge; the impolicy of antiquated restrictions is now clearly seen and understood.

In addition to these circumstances, Lord Stourton has published another letter, and Sir John Sinclair a short address, in which he recommends the abolition of the warehousing clause, an imposition of 10s. upon wheat imported, at the rate of 80s. per quarter, a change in the system of averages, and the erection of a general board of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, where all questions connected with the national industry shall be discussed. This plan the Baronet conceives would put an end to jealousy, and render the means

of promoting the extension and improvement of Agriculture the most important department of the government.

As the matter now stands, it becomes fairly a question of political economy, and as it seems to us, is divided between two alternatives; first, to reduce the interest of the public debt, by a disastrous and dishonourable compromise with the public creditor; secondly, by great national measures to increase production, through the employment of those paupers who are now consumers only. We need scarcely say, we incline to the latter plan, and believe it to be perfectly feasible. The example of the parish of Terrington, in Norfolk, where the poor's rate has been all but abrogated by the allotment at a rent of twenty-two acres of land to those claiming parish allowances, is a sufficient proof of what may be done by such means; and when it is known and considered that of seven millions disbursed in poor's rate six are paid by the country, and one only by large towns, the practicability becomes the more apparent. Even the large towns might be relieved by the adoption of some extended application of the same principle—perhaps by Mr. Owen's plan.

The nation at large will learn with regret, that it is probable the Holkham sheep-shearing meeting will be suspended this year, in consequence of the lamentable distresses of the Agriculture interest.

The actual operations of the field have this month been few. In the strong land, the turnips have suffered injury from the rains.

The wheats are flourishing, and unless checked by future frost, will vegetate luxuriantly; the prices of wheat have advanced a trifle; long wool had also more demand, and is selling from 26s. to 28s. per tod.

Jan. 24, 1822.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Jan. 23.)

ON reviewing the results of the foreign trade of the kingdom during the preceding year, we are not able to discover so considerable an improvement as might have been wished, and as we believe some persons expected at the commencement of the year. The foreign trade of the country has been gradually falling off, owing to causes which are generally understood, and were in a great measure anticipated, as the natural effects of the restoration of peace, which would, of course, restore commerce to a more natural state, by enabling foreign nations to resume their share, of which they had been deprived by the war. As a proof how far this has been

the case, we may observe, that on examining the statements of the vessels arrived during 1821, at the principal ports of the Continent, from the East Indies, Brazil, Cuba, St. Domingo, &c.; we find no less than 516 vessels bringing their cargoes direct to the place of consumption, which formerly came to England, and were re-shipped for the Continent. The high charges in this country have a very detrimental effect on commerce, and the amount of foreign produce and manufactures warehoused and bonded here for exportation is annually decreasing. We are, however, inclined to consider the present prospects of the country in this respect as more cheer-

ing than they have been at any period within the last three or four years; in the great opening for British manufactures in the Spanish Colonies in South America, which by the latest accounts appear to be for ever lost to Spain: and, in fact, accounts have been received from the Havannah, stating that the Ports of Vera Cruz, in the Gulph of Mexico, and of Acapulco, in the Ocean, are thrown open to commerce.

We have likewise a prospect of an immediate change in our own commercial system, by a removal of many of the restrictions hitherto in force, the subject having been under discussion during the last session of parliament, and expected to be one of the first that will be attended to in the opening of the session. The reports of the committees are extremely interesting, and are considered as holding out flattering prospects of extensive commerce, and gradually returning prosperity. We regret to add, that the losses by storms at sea towards the close of 1821, were numerous beyond all precedent.

The manufactures have flourished during 1821. The accounts from Manchester, Birmingham, Scotland, and every manufacturing district agree in giving the most favourable accounts, and stating every machine and labourer to be in full employment. Wages being low, the manufacturers have not only executed large orders for exportation and home consumption, but have also laid in a large stock at such low prices, as not to fear any competition in foreign markets. At the same time, the labourers are able to live well, on account of the low price of provisions. This is not the place to refer to the reverse of the picture, particularly the distress of the landholders, and the probable or possible means of relieving it.

Cotton.—The demand for cotton was steady for some time after our last publication, without any alteration in the prices; in the last week of December, about 500 bags were sold, Bengals $5\frac{3}{4}d.$ and $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ Surats $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $6\frac{3}{4}d.$; Demerara $10d.$, in the following week, about 600 bags were sold; Bengals being at a reduction of $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. on the prices of the last India sales. In the second week, the demand revived considerably; the request was chiefly for India descriptions, for home consumption; the purchases consisted of—61 Surats, good $7\frac{1}{4}d.$; very fair clean $6\frac{3}{4}d.$; and 350 middling, $6\frac{1}{4}d.$ and $6\frac{3}{8}d.$; 350 Bengal, $5\frac{3}{4}d.$ a $5\frac{1}{4}d.$; 50 very good, $6\frac{3}{4}d.$; 190 ordinary and middling, $5\frac{1}{4}d.$ and $5\frac{3}{8}d.$; and 74 Smyrnas, good $7\frac{1}{4}d.$; the whole in bond.

The declaration of a sale by the East India Company for the 8th of next month, has in a great degree suspended the demand for cotton. It is expected that the

quantity will be 9,000 bags of Bengal; 7,000 Surats, and 500 Madras. The purchases during this last week have been 900 bags; viz. 850 Bengals, from $5\frac{1}{4}$ ordinary, to $6\frac{3}{4}d.$ very good; and a few Berbice, duty paid, $10d.$ At Liverpool, the demand has been pretty steady for this month past. The sales from the 15th of December, to the 19th of January, were about 34,000 bags, the arrivals about 28,000. About 1,000 bags of the new crop were already declared for public sale on the 25th of this month.

The imports of cotton into Great Britain in 1821, were 80,000 bags less than in the preceding year; and the stock is now 52,000 bags less than on the 1st of January, 1821.

	Bags.
The import was.....	490,650
Stock, January 1, 1821	406,420

	897,070
Taken for home consumption,)	
and export	542,751

Stock, January 1, 1822	354,319
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Sugar.—For three weeks after the date of our last report, hardly any business was done in sugars. There were very few Muscovades on show, the holders demanded an advance to which the buyers were unwilling to submit, and several considerable holders even withdrew their sugars from the market, fully anticipating a rise; and, in fact, the buyers were obliged in the second week of this month to submit to rather higher prices. On the 15th, there was a better supply at market, more business doing, and prices higher; the sales on that day were 1,500 hogsheads. The demand for refined improved at the same time, the quantity on hand was inconsiderable; and for that reason, as well as the higher prices of raw sugars, an advance of $1s.$ to $2s.$ per cwt. was demanded.

Foreign sugars have been very heavy for some weeks, a decided reduction of $2s.$ a $3s.$ per cwt. in Havannah and Bourbon descriptions took place in the second week of this month, compared with the prices paid towards the middle of last month; 297 chests Havannah, at public sale, sold, good white $37s.$ a $37s. 6d.$, middling and ordinary $34s.$ a $36s.$, yellow and brown $24s.$ a $24s. 6d.$; 3,800 bags Bourbon were brought forward, of which only a small proportion sold at the decline we have mentioned; good and fine yellow $21s.$ a $22s.$; middling and ordinary $18s.$ a $19s.$, brown $17s.$ a $17s. 6d.$

Jan. 22.—The market was better supplied with Muscovades last week than for some time previously; the buyers in consequence came forward and purchased more

freely than for several weeks past: the holders of good sugars in some instances obtained higher prices, but no general improvement could be stated.

This forenoon the market has been heavy; very few sales were effected, yet the holders were firm, and would submit to no reduction in the prices.

The request for refined goods considerably revived last week, particularly for lumps for crushing and packing. The wholesale grocers purchased fine goods rather freely for the home consumption, and there was some request for refined for Ireland: the prices asked were rather higher, but the advance demanded seemed to check the request.—Molasses were inquired for at a small improvement.—In Foreign sugars there were, we believe, no sales effected.—By public sale on Friday, 102 bags, 100 chests India sugars were brought forward: white, fine, 42s. 6d., middling, 33s.; brown, 14s. 6d. and 15s. 6d.

The refined sugar trade has been falling off for some years, owing to the encouragement given by foreign governments to their own refiners. In 1818, the sugar pans in work were 350, producing nearly 150,000 hhds. per annum; at present they are reduced to 170, producing about 90,000 hhds.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

December 29	31s.
January 5	No return.
12	31s. 10½d.
19	31s. 10½d.

Coffee.—For a fortnight after Christmas there was very little business doing in the coffee market. There was only one public sale in that time (on the 1st January), when the prices appeared very firm, and the stock on hand being greatly reduced a considerable advance was anticipated on any improvement of the demand. In fact, the market greatly improved in the second week of this month; the quantity brought forward by public sale was 229 casks and 668 bags; the whole sold freely, the Demerara and Berbice 3s. to 4s. higher, Jamaica and Dominica at the advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; St. Domingo and other foreign descriptions might be quoted at the improvement of 1s.; a considerable parcel of St. Domingo coffee in bags realized 102s.

The following is the report of the market for the week ending yesterday, the 22d.

Generally of the coffee market it may be stated, Demerara and Berbice descriptions are 4s. to 5s. higher than on Tuesday last, Dominica and Jamaica 2s. to 3s. and all British plantation nearly at a similar improvement. Foreign coffee was neglected till this forenoon, when the accounts brought by the Flanders mail were so exceedingly favourable, that an immediate demand took place in the market, and good ordi-

nary St. Domingo realized 103s. and 103s. 6d. which is 1s. to 2s. higher than Tuesday last.

Baltic Produce.—The tallow market was heavy the last week in December, and the prices declined from 45s. to 44s. The demand has, however, since been increasing, and prices rising, so that towards the close of last week yellow candle tallow realized 49s. bd. to 50s. and the market has since remained steady. The chief buyers are the previous large holders, and speculators; there is, however, a more general opinion than formerly of an advance in tallow, the present holders are firm and sanguine of obtaining very high prices. Hemp, which had obtained very high prices, has rather declined, but the market is very firm. Flax has not much varied, but has been in fair demand.

Spices will probably remain without interest till after the sale at the India-house, on the 11th of February. The quantity declared is cinnamon, first quality, 500 bales, taxed at 7s. per lb.; second quality, 450, at 6s. 3d.; 550, at 5s. Nutmegs, 500 casks, at 3s. 6d. Mace, second quality, 200 casks, at 5s. Black Pepper, 2,443 bags. Oil of Mace, 1000 lb.

The East India sale is declared for the 5th March, as follows:—Bohea 1,000,000, Congou 4,765,000, Campoi 40,000, Sou-chong 45,000, Twankay 1,125,000, Hyson Skin 75,000, Hyson 250,000; total (including private trade) 7,300,000.

Indigo.—The sale at the India-house finished on Friday last, it consisted of 3,096 chests, of which only about 400 were taken in for the proprietors. Fine indigo sold 2s. good, good middling, and consuming, 1s. 8d. to 2s. higher than last sale; the low squares only realized the previous prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The government contract, 28th inst. for 180,000 gallons rum, was known towards the middle of last week, it created some interest as it was brought forward at an earlier day than what had been anticipated; the market, which was previously firm, improved considerably, and though few purchases could be reported, yet the buyers could not purchase any large parcels without submitting to an advance.

Yesterday forenoon the holders were still more sanguine of obtaining an improvement, in the prices of rum, an advance of 1d. per gallon must be stated in low Jamaica and in the Leeward Island descriptions.—The few purchases of brandy are at a small decline.—Geneva is without alteration.

Corn.—Aggregate average of the six weeks, succeeding Nov. 15, by which importation is regulated:—Wheat 51s. 5d., Oats 17s. 7d., Rye 23s. 11d., Beans 23s. 5d., Barley 20s. 10d., and Peas 26s. 10d.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Archangel, Dec. 14th.—Our trade seems to become more lively, within this fortnight about 15,000 poods of tallow have been contracted for at 110 r. per pood, all the money down; at present, however, the buyers do not seem inclined to give more than 105 r. 5,000 chetwerts of linseed have been sold this week at 17 r. at which prices buyers might be found, but the holders ask 18 for good quality: inferior may be had at 17 r. and perhaps rather lower. From the accounts received, it is likely that the new seed will be better than was at first expected.—Hemp, first sort, is said to have been contracted for at 80 r. per 10 pood. Mats have been paid at 270 to 275 r. per 1,000, for new ones 280 are asked. Tar is held at 6 r. per barrel, 5½ have been refused. Potashes may be bought at 75 r. Flax at 110 r. per pood.

Riga, Dec. 29th.—Flax continues to be on demand at the prices lately stated, for delivery in March, viz. Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 40 r. cut Badstub, 36 r.; Risten Threeband, 27 r. but in all other articles of Commerce a mournful stagnation prevails.

Hamburg, Jan. 12th.—Coffee. There has been some demand for middling and good middling, but of late little here has been done; the prices are firm.—Corn. But little doing and prices nominal.—Spices not much in demand, except Pimento, which is firm at the late advance.—Tea low in price and not in request.—Sugars. Though several large parcels of

our refined have been brought to market this week, they have met with a brisk sale at the late advance. Under these circumstances, and as raw sugars are held at high prices, a farther improvement in the prices of refined is thought to be not improbable. Lumps of strong middling quality may be quickly disposed of at 9d. but our refiners cannot give a higher price. The sale of raw sugars is not extensive; the prices now asked are, fine white Havannah, 11d. fine yellow ditto (of which the stock is small) 8d. middling and brown mixed 7d. to 7½d. fine white Brazil, 10½d. middling 9d. to 9½d. ordinary 8d. to 8½d. fine Crown 7½d. ordinary and middling ditto 6d. to 7d.

Germany.—The Convention for the free navigation of the Elbe has been ratified by the Powers through whose dominions that river flows. It will probably be productive of the most beneficial consequences to the trade of Germany, and it is hoped that it will speedily be followed by similar conventions for the free navigation of the Weser, the Rhine, and the Maine.

The South German States have, it is said, agreed on the main points of the intended commercial convention, and there is every probability that the plan of abolishing all the duties on the passage of goods from one of those States into the other will soon be carried into effect, and custom houses established on the external frontier of the whole confederation, which, in a commercial point of view, will form as it were one single State.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 21. At Catton, Derbyshire, the lady of Robt.

Wilmot, Esq. MP. a daughter.

25. The lady of Sir James Lake, Bart. a son.

27. The lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. MP. a son.

29. At the Ordnance Barracks, Chatham, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, a daughter.

Jan. 2, 1822. At Sir Henry Halford's, in Curzon-street, the lady of Frederick Coventry, Esq. a daughter.

— At Cheltenham, the lady of W. F. Jones, Esq. of Gwynfryn, Cardiganshire, a son.

5. At Milton-hill, Berks. the lady of Thomas Bowles, Esq. a son.

8. In Hertford-street, Mayfair, the lady of John Wray, Esq. a daughter.

— At St. Alban's, the lady of Capt. Andrew King, of the Royal Navy, a son.

9. In Portland-place, the lady of Wm. Curtis, Esq. a son.

14. The lady of P. Hussey, Esq. Wyrley Grove, Lichfield, a son and heir.

18. In Piccadilly, the Rt. Hon. Lady Gwydyr, a son and heir.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Lady Berriedale, a son and heir.

At Edinburgh, the Rt. Hon. Lady Ellinor Campbell, a son and heir.

IN IRELAND.

At Newcastle. County of Limerick, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Balfour, a son.

At Dublin, the lady of Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurt, Bart. MP. for the City of Cork, a daughter.

ABROAD.

At the Hague, the Countess of Athlone, a daughter.

At Calais, the lady of Thos. de Fonblanque, KGO. a daughter.

At Gibraltar, the lady of W. Filder, Esq. a daughter.

At Versailles, the Hon. Mrs. Elliot, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 21. At Tenbridge, by the Rev. Thos. Price, Chaplain of the Marshalsea of His Majesty's Household, Warburton Davies, Esq. to Sophia Anne, daughter of Sir James Eland Lamb, Bart. Lately at Lyndhurst, the Rev. C. W. Wodehouse, to Lady Jane Hay.

22. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Dr. Chisholme, John Lucius Charles Van Balerle, Esq. to Caroline, daughter of Sir Thomas Haslop, Bart.

23. At Hanford, the Rev. Wm. Knox, son of the Lord Bishop of Derry, to Louisa, second daughter of Sir John Robinson, Bart. of Buckingham House.

Lately, Major Onslow, of the Fourth (or Queen's) Light Dragoons, to Mildred, daughter of John Jones, Esq. of East Wickham House, Kent.

27. At Mary-le-bone Church, Robert Augustus Cottle, Esq. of Aldermanbury, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late John Sarzeant, Esq. of Gower-street, and Coleshill, Berks.
- At Sulhamstead, Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Watson, CTS. and Brigadier General in the service of his Most Faithful Majesty, to Anna Rosetta, fourth daughter of the late William Thoyts, of Sulhamstead House, Berks.
- At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Alexander Monroe, Esq. son of Dr. Monroe, of Bushy, Herts, to Harriet, fourth daughter of Robt. Withy, Esq. of Buckingham-street, Adelphi.
31. At Richmond, Surrey, by the Rev. Charles Smith, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, F. C. Meyer, Esq. of Great Portland-street, to Sarah Pomeroy, eldest daughter of Dr. Clement Smith, of Richmond.
- Jan. 2, 1822. At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. S. Haddock, Esq. Post Capt. of the Royal Navy, to Selina, daughter of Lady H. Crewe, of Eltham Park, Kent, and sister to Sir Geo. Crewe, Bart. of Caulk Abbey, Derbyshire.
- At St. Anne's Church, Roderick Macleod, MD. to Margaret Sumbler, daughter of the Rev. Doctor Macleod, Rector of St. Anne's, Westminster.
- At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Robert Monroe, Esq. second son of Thomas Monroe, MD. of Bushy, Herts, to Charlotte, Mary, second daughter of the late James Monroe, Esq. of Hadley, Middlesex.
3. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Jonathan Angas, Esq. of Clapham, Surrey, to Miss Poignand, of Stockwell, in the same County.
4. At Hackney, Robt. Walter Byers, Esq. youngest son of the late Major Byers, to Anne, daughter of the late Benjamin Travers, Esq.
9. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Jos. Knight, Esq. to the Hon. Eleanor de Blaquiere, youngest daughter of the late, and sister to the present Lord de Blaquiere.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, Hugh Hammersley, Esq. Banker, to Maria Georgianna, eldest daughter of the late Lewis Montolien, Esq. and niece to Mrs. Orby Hunter, of Bruton-street, Berkeley-square.
11. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Lieutenant Colonel Walter O'Hara, late of the Portuguese Service, second son of the late Robert O'Hara, Esq. of Raheen, County Galway, to Marian, second daughter of Charles Murray, Esq. John-street, Bedford-row.
12. At St. James's Church, William Beckford, Esq. second son of F. L. Beckford, Esq. of Southampton, to Maria Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. John Bramstone Stane, of Forrest Hall, Essex.
- At Speldhurst, Kent, by the Rev. Thomas Stephens, DD. and LLD. of Southfield, John Wetheral Smith, Esq. only son of Lieutenant General Smith, of the Royal Artillery, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Robert Woodmass, Esq. of Montague-square.
14. At Codrshall, Staffordshire, by the Rev. Charles Wrottesley, the Rev. John Hilyar, to Charlotte, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir John Wrottesley, Bart.
- At St. Martins in the Fields, George Thomas Williams, Esq. of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Smith, Esq. MP. for Ludgershall.
- At Wimbledon, Surrey, John Samuel Hudson, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Maria, daughter and co-heiress of the late Ralph Allen, Esq. of Bath.
- At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Rev. Thomas Harwood, BD. Charles Harwood, Esq. of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire; to Anne, daughter of the late Edward Moxam, Esq. of Bromyard, Herefordshire.
15. By special licence, at Everingham Park, Yorkshire, the Hon. Charles Thomas, second son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Clifford, of Ugbrooke Park, in the County of Devon, to Theresa, youngest daughter of the late Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, Esq.
- At Footscray, J. R. Coryton, Esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of William Rose Haworth, Esq. Principal Clerk in the Office of Auditor of Receipt of his Majesty's Exchequer.

IN IRELAND.

At St. George's, Dublin, by the Hon. and Rev. Henry Pakenham, the Rev. W. H. Foster, nephew of Lord Oriel, to Catherine, sister of John Hamilton, Esq. of Brown Hall, and niece of the Earl of Longford.

ABROAD.

At Morges, near Lausanne, by the very Rev. the Dean of Raphoe, the Marquis Marius d'Espinas de Fontanelle, to Maria, second surviving daughter of the late Hon. John Thomas Capel, and Lady Caroline Capel.

DEATHS.

- Lately, at the residence of her daughter, Lady Broughton, at Hoole, near Chester, aged 78, Mrs. Egerton, daughter of Sir Francis Egerton, Bart.; relict of the late Philip Egerton, Esq. of Oulton Park, Cheshire; and mother of Sir John Grey Egerton, Bart.
- At Stapenhill, Derbyshire, Joseph Peel, Esq. brother to Sir Robert Peel, Bart. and uncle to the Hon. Robert Peel, MP. for the University of Oxford.
23. At Lewisham, Kent, Major Fead, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, son of the late Lieut. Gen. Fead, of the same Corps.
- In Gloucester-place, Lady Ximenes, wife of Sir Morris Ximenes, Bart. of Bear-place, Berks.
24. In Duke-street, St. James's, aged 38, Edwin Henry Chamberlayne, Esq. KC. Captain of the Royal Navy.
25. At Roding Lodge, Barking, Essex, the residence of his father, (T. Baker, Esq.) the Rev. Alfred Baker, in his 33d year.
- At Broughton Hall, Lancashire, Wm. Jones, Esq. upwards of 40 years a partner in the Banking Firm of Messrs. Jones, Lloyd, and Co. in London and Manchester.
27. At Carhampton, Hants, aged 62, Luke Dillon, Esq. brother to the late, and uncle to the present Lord Clonbrock.
- At his residence, Claremont-place, Holloway, Lieut.-Col. Brunt, aged 70, late of his Majesty's 83d Regiment.
- At Woolwich, in his 92d year, Lieut.-Col. Chas. Adolphus Quist, Commanding the Riding House Establishment, of the Royal Artillery.
28. In George-street, Portman-square, the Rev. Gilbert Mathias.
- At Witham, Essex, after a few hours illness, the Rev. J. Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester, Rector of Weeley, and Vicar of Witham. To the exertions of this worthy Man, and ornament of the Church, Colchester is indebted for an Asylum for the Afflicted Poor, an Institution that will long cause his memory to be revered for his philanthropy and practical charity.
- In Bolton-row, after a lingering illness, Catherine Julia, wife of Robt. Ward, Esq. MP.
- In Trinity-square, aged 57, Benjamin Stow, Esq. late Commissioner of the Receiver's Office for Greenwich Hospital Dues.
29. At Daise Lodge, in her 65th year, the Right Hon. Maria Margaret Lady Napier, eldest daughter of the late Lieut-General Sir John Clavering, KB.
- In Barton's Buildings, Bath, the Rev. Thos. Fothergill, DD. formerly Vicar of Tiverton.
30. At her house in Berkeley-square, after a long and painful illness, Maria, Countess of Guildford, relict of Francis, the late Earl.
- At the house of James Stephens, Esq. Kensington Gore, Barbara, eldest daughter of William Wilberforce, Esq. MP.
- At the Shrubbery, Great Malvern, in his 64th year, Sir Jonathan Cope, Bart. uncle to the Duchess of Dorset and the Countess of Aboyne. By his death the Baronetage becomes extinct.
31. At Winchelsea, Sussex, in his 80th year, the Rev. Drake Hollingbery, Chancellor of the diocese of Chichester, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, London.
- At the Rev. Mr. Murry's, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Miss M. Gayton, sister to Mrs. Murry. This unfortunate and beautiful young lady, only 17 years of age, fell a victim to a practice that cannot be too severely reprobated,

that of playing with fire-arms. Mr. Murry's eldest son, a boy between nine and ten years old, having obtained a pistol from his father who, although he examined it, did not perceive that it was loaded, entered the nursery, where Miss Gayton was sitting, exclaiming in the most playful manner, "See, aunt, pa' has lent me his pistol.—I'll shoot you;" and instantly pulled the trigger.—The ball entered the left breast.—Miss Gayton rose, uttered a shriek, and exclaiming, "O James, James," fell down and expired. Thus in an instant was an amiable family plunged into the deepest misery: the horror of every one, and the feelings of the innocent perpetrator of the fatal accident, may be far better imagined than described.

Jan. 1, 1822. In Warwick-square, after a long illness, Mr. Charles Jas. Letterman, of the firm of Scatterd and Letterman, aged 56.

2. In Parliament-street, Westminster, in his 61st year, John Mills, Esq. He died very suddenly while sitting at breakfast, and was discovered a corpse by his servant, who entered the apartment with a newspaper. The medical men who were called in, were of opinion, that his death was occasioned by an enlargement of the heart.

— The Rev. Philip Douglas, DD. Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Gedney, in the county of Lincoln, aged 63.

5. In his 90th year, John Chapman, Esq. of Whitely, Yorkshire.

6. Hannah, the wife of William March, of Ludgate Street, in the 77th year of her age.

9. At Exeter, after a protracted and painful illness, George Daniell, MD. for many years an eminent medical practitioner in that city, senior Physician of the Devon and Exeter Hospital, and one of the Physicians of the Lunatic Asylum.

11. At Worthing, Sussex, aged 89, Benjamin Hawes, Esq. brother to the late Dr. W. Hawes, the founder of the Royal Humane Society. This truly charitable man was a most liberal contributor to that excellent institution, and a warm advocate for the abolition of the Slave Trade. By his will he has bequeathed 1,000*l.* each to twenty-four different charities. He expired in a fit which seized him whilst he was taking his usual daily walk abroad; but a man whose whole life had been employed in acts of beneficence and religion was well prepared for death, however suddenly it might approach.

— In Russell-place, Mrs. Tennent, relict of W. Tennent, Esq. late of Stanmore, Middlesex, and of Pool, Lanerkshire.

11. At Newport, Herefordshire, in his 44th year, Thos. Foley, Esq. eldest son of the late Hon. Andrew Foley, Member for Droitwich, and for many years one of the Representatives for the county of Hereford.

13. At Denne-park, Horsham, Sussex, Mrs. Eversfield, relict of the late W. Eversfield, Esq. of that place, and of Catsfield, in the same county.

15. At his seat, Gilston-park, in his 86th year, W. Plumer, Esq. MP. for Hicham Ferrers, and formerly Representative for the county of Hertford in eight successive Parliaments.

— In Argyle Street, Georgina Harriet, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late George Colebrooke, Esq. of Crawford Douglas, Lieut.-

Colonel of the First Somerset Militia, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Geo. Colebrooke, Bart.

16. At Wallingford, in his 65th year, the Rev. E. Barry, DD. Rector of St. Mary's and St. Leonard's in that town.

— In Vere Street, Cavendish Square, Thomas Robertson, Esq. of George Street, Edinburgh, and late Captain in the Naval Service of the Hon. East India Company.

17. At Bath, in his 79th year, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Augustus Montagu Cosby, Senior Officer of the whole of the Honourable Company's service.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Echt-house, Sir Harry Niven Lumsden, Bart. of Anchin, aged 37.

At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Maxwell, daughter of the late Sir W. Maxwell, Bart. of Culderwood.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Carruthers, relict of the late John Carruthers, Esq. and daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, Bart. of Maxwellton.

At Broughton-ferry, Emma, wife of the Rev. H. Horsley, Prebendary of St. Asaph, and daughter of the late John Bourke, Esq. of Ballygieg, county of Limerick, and of Ballyerk, county of Tipperary.

IN IRELAND.

In Drogheda, the Hon. Katherine Lyons Montgomery.

At the Earl of Aldborough's, Emily, the wife of Charles Tyrwhitt Jones, Esq. and daughter of Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache.

At his seat at Daly's Town, in the county of Galway, after a fortnight's illness, the Right Hon. Denis Bowes Daly, who had represented the county of Galway in successive Parliaments for upwards of forty years.

At Longford-house, Sligo, Lady Crofton, wife of Sir James Crofton, Bart.

ABROAD.

At Paris, aged 51, the Right Hon. Lucy, Countess of Lisburne, wife of the present Earl of Lisburne, and fifth daughter of the late Viscount Courteney. Her ladyship died somewhat suddenly, although unwell sometime previously, having gone to France for the benefit of her health. She has left three sons, viz. Viscount Vaughan, and the Hon. Geo. and J. Vaughan, and one daughter, Lady Mary Vaughan.

At Golden Grove, Tobago, John Robley, Esq. of Russell-square, London, and President of his Majesty's Council in that island.

At the Cape of Good Hope, after a most severe illness, Robert John Dawes, Esq. Captain of the 19th regiment of Native Infantry, Bengal.

At Sierra Leone, Henry V. Haskins, Esq. Surgeon of the 2d West India regiment, and son of the late Joseph Haskins, Esq. of Shore-house, Devonshire.

LONGEVITY.

At Allensmore, near Hertford, Thomas Gilbert, in the 120th year of his age.

Correction.—The statement of the death of Colonel Thornton, in our last No. was erroneous.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. Henry Kaye Bonney, collated to the Archdeaconry of Bedford, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Vince.—The Rev. J. H. Hogarth, LL.B., to the Rectory of Strefford, Essex; Patron, John Hogarth, Esq. of Dorking, Surrey.—The Rev. J. Boyce, to the Rectory of Ketnor, alias Culborne, Somersetshire; Patron, Lord King.—The Rev. Thomas Luttrell, to the Vicarage of Minehead, Somersetshire.—The Rev. — Williams, to the Rectory of Fitz, Shropshire; Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

CAMBRIDGE.—Robert Woodhouse, MA. FRS. Fellow of Caius College, and Lucanian Professor of Mathematics, was unanimously elected, Jan. 3, Plumian Professor of Experimental Philosophy, in

room of the late Professor Vince.—The Rev. J. Lonsdale, MA. of King's College, elected Christian Advocate, in room of the Rev. Thomas Rennell.—The Rev. Charles Benson, MA. Fellow of Magdalen College, continued Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

The Hulsean Prize, adjudged to William Trollope, BA. of Pembroke-hall. The subject, *The Expedients to which the Gentile Philosophers resorted in opposing the Progress of the Gospel, described, and applied in illustration of the Truths of the Christian Religion.*

The subject for the present year is: *The Argument for the Genuineness of the Sacred Volume as generally received by Christians.*

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Hellas; a Dramatic Poem, on the Greek Model, in reference to the present State of Affairs in Greece. By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Memoirs and Select Remains of an only Son. By the Rev. Thos. Durant.

Maid Marian, a Tale in 1 Vol.

Mr. Cochrane's Treatise on the Game of Chess, in one large Vol. 8vo.

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Gazette—Dec. 22 to Jan. 22.

- Jeffrey, G. spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
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OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,
FOR DECEMBER, 1821.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

WE have to record the most dreary month that appears in the meteorological history of this country. The rains, winds, temperature, both of the air and spring water, amospherical electricity, lightning, and thunder, have all occurred in very considerable degree, for the most part unparalleled within the British isle, and the pressure of the incumbent atmosphere diminished beyond comparison. Rain fell here, more or less, every day, except on the 6th, 11th, 12th, and 15th, the aggregate amounting to between 7 and 8 inches in depth! that is, 1.59 inch more than we have registered in any former monthly period, and almost double the quantity of what we consider as constituting a wet month in this latitude. So copious was its descent on the days and nights of the 24th and 28th, that it amounted to 2.72 inches.

The following is the number of hard gales, or days on which they have prevailed this month, viz. 4 from SE., 10 from SW., and 2 from the West.

The mean temperature of the air, ten feet above the ground, is $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than the mean of December for many years past, and equal to some of our first spring months, which is in great measure verified by the present forward state of vegetation: nor has the thermometer in the open air, in a northern aspect, once descended to the freezing point within 4° . The *maximum*

temperature for the 6th, 7th, 24th, and 28th, occurred in the nights.

The mean temperature of spring water is $52^{\circ} 57'$, that is, $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than the mean for December, 1820. This also is a proof of the uncommonly high temperature of the ground at this season of the year.

At 11 P.M. on Christmas-eve, the mercury, in our barometer, and in several other good portable barometers in the neighbourhood, receded 28.10 inches, which is $\frac{3}{10}$ th lower than it fell during the hurricane on the 4th and 5th of March, 1818, and lower than we ever saw it before. The magnetic needle also was singularly affected on some of the most stormy days, having deviated from its diurnal mean state between 3° and 4° towards the north.

We had vivid lightning on the 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 27th, which was twice accompanied by thunder: and to account for its frequent occurrence at this season, we need only refer to the fact of the unusually high temperature of the ground, and the wet, electric, and violently agitated air, which had oftentimes a turbid aspect.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month are 1 parhelion, 2 *parascleux*, 2 solar, and 8 lunar halos, 17 meteors, 6 perfect rainbows, lightning on five different days, and thunder on two.

DAILY REMARKS.

December 1. A succession of *Nimbi*, with rain and large hailstones of a transparent appearance.

2. AM. light rain; and fine in the afternoon. A large and a small lunar halo, and two *parascleux* in the evening, followed by an overcast sky and light rain.

3. Rain all day, and a gale from SW. in the evening: alternately cloudy and clear by night.

4. AM. fine: a solar halo at mid-day in passing beds of *Cirrostratus*: overcast in the afternoon, and a shower of rain and a strong gale from SW. in the evening.

5. Sunshine and a continuation of the gale in the morning: PM. frequent light showers of rain.

6. A *Stratus* in the fields and on the water, followed by a fair day and night, and opposite winds, the lower one from the SE. prevailed. A large halo, and a concentric one composed of three rings of colours. The *maximum* temperature for the last 24 hours occurred in the night.

7. A continuation of the gale, and an overcast sky, followed by light rain after mid-day. The *maximum* temperature occurred again in the night.

8. A fine temperate day, with prevailing *Cirri*, and *Cirrocumuli* in light flocks, nearly all day: rain by night.

9. Overcast and drizzling rain at intervals, with a moderate gale from SW.

10. An overcast sky, except about an hour: rain by night, and a gale from SW.

11. A fine cloudless day: *Cumuli* and *Cirrostrati* by night, in the latter modification a large faintly coloured halo appeared around the moon.

At 20 minutes before 10 P.M. a luminous meteor, 6 or 7 inches in apparent diameter, was observed to descend from an altitude of about 15° , between the Dragon and the head of Bootes. It appeared quite circular, of a silvery colour, and to a considerable distance spread a light far brighter than that reflected from the moon, notwithstanding the brilliancy with which she then shone in a cloudless space. Its motion was slow, compared to that of trained and middle sized meteors, and its inclination to the horizon formed an angle of about 10° , inclining to the NW., and in that direction a fresh breeze prevailed, which may have had some power over its course in altering it

from a perpendicular descent. The sky at the same time was interspersed with small *Cumuli*, that were brought up by a warm current from the SE., and attenuated *Cirrostrati* of an electrical appearance, particularly in the region whence the meteor fell.

12. Overcast with a veil of *Cirrostratus* in the day: a fine night, and some dew.

13. AM. mostly overcast: PM. large *Nimbi* with extensive cirros crowns, and light showers.

14. Overcast and light rain at intervals.

15. *Cirrostrati* interspersed about the sky at sunrise: a fine day and night, and 3 small meteors.

16. As the preceding, with the addition of *Cirrocumulus*; and both the earth and pavements gave out an unusual quantity of moisture, which was followed by rain in the night.

17. A rainy day and night, and two perfect rainbows. The gale from SW. soon after midnight blew tremendously, with violent squalls at intervals.

18. A continuation of the gale in the morning.—*Nimbi* and showers throughout the day and night, from one of which, at mid-day, lightning and thunder proceeded. Several electrical discharges again from the clouds at night.

19. Forked lightning and long peals of thunder from passing *Nimbi*, with hail and rain, from 6 till 8 AM. Sunshine between the showers in the day, and lightning again at night.

20. A sunny morning, with passing beds of *Cirrostratus*, in one of which a large solar halo appeared from 11 till 1 o'clock: PM. rain, with a very strong gale from SW., and a few flashes of lightning to the eastward.

21. AM. a continuation of the gale, with squalls and frequent light showers: PM. fine. Some flashes of lightning from the passing clouds in the evening.

22. At 9 AM. a faint parhelion appeared to the south of the sun, which was soon afterwards succeeded by two large and brilliant rainbows with their proper colours; the last of these was double, by the reflection of the bright colours from the lower one. A series of *Nimbi* and light showers of rain and hail, with a heavy gale from SW.

23. As the preceding, and 2 rainbows a little before noon.

24. Heavy rain from a turbid-looking sky, and an extremely low barometer, which has sunk gradually since last evening. The wind began to freshen from SE. early in the afternoon, and it increased with the rain to a very hard gale, with hollow sounds resembling distant thunder, till 9 PM., and then abated; but the barometer continued to sink uniformly till 11 o'clock, when it had receded to 28.10 inches, with a temperature of 48°, and several other good

portable barometers in the neighbourhood were equally low at that hour. The hands of all the wheel barometers, that we had access to at the same time, were out of, or below the range of their graduated scales of 3 inches, one $\frac{2}{10}$ ths, another $\frac{3}{10}$ ths, and a third between four and $\frac{5}{10}$ ths of an inch. On examining the best meteorological journals that have been kept by skilful observers in this country, during 27 years, we find that the greatest depression of barometers, placed about the same height from low-water mark as our own, took place at the latter end of January, 1814, when the mercury did not recede below 28.22 inches, with a temperature under 10°; a difference of $\frac{12}{100}$ of an inch higher than ours, independent of a lower temperature, which always sinks the barometrical column in the proportion of $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch to about every 3° above the freezing point.

25. AM. sunshine and a grey sky, with a brisk NW. wind; and *Cumuli* in the afternoon—4 small meteors appeared between 9 and 10 PM. followed by rain, and a sinking barometer.

26. A rainy day, and a fine evening, when 5 small meteors appeared: the night as the preceding.

27. A succession of low and extensive *Nimbi*, with heavy showers of rain and hail, and brisk winds from SW., yet the barometer rose slowly. Some flashes of lightning from the passing clouds in the evening.

28. A very hard gale from SE. in the day, and from SW. by night, with torrents of rain and hail, amounting to 1.65 inch, which is the greatest quantity we have ever registered in 24 hours—with a tide 3 feet higher than is usual at the present age of the moon at this season, the wind having blown violently into Portsmouth harbour; and another great depression of the barometer (see the table). At 2 PM. the clouds broke away a little, when two veils of clouds, *Cirrus* and *Cirrostratus*, were observed above the low turbid *Scud*, or scattered portions of *Nimbi*; also two winds crossing each other from SE. and SW., the lower one eventually gave place to the upper. At this time Venus and the moon were very near each other, about S. by E.; a circumstance rarely to be seen with the naked eye at that hour of the day.

29. Overcast and windy, and passing *Scud* at intervals. The wind from SW. increased to a stiff gale in the evening, and continued to blow hard all night.

30. Sunshine with *Cirrus*, *Cirrocumulus*, and *Cirrostratus*: PM. overcast with *Cumulostratus*, followed by a large lunar halo, and light showers—the wind brisk from the north at night, and a slight hoar-frost towards morning.

31. A fine sunny day, with some fair weather clouds: misty by night, and rain towards morning.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.			Nimbus.
1		29.80	29.67	29.735	52	43	47.5	69	64	70	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.10
2	D	30.01	29.88	29.945	49	41	45	80	76	88	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.03
3		29.73	29.58	29.655	58	43	50.5	97	94	90	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.05
4		29.91	29.82	29.865	52	50	51	82	63	70	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.01
5		29.94	29.81	29.875	55	40	47.5	84	68	83	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.02
6		30.20	30.14	30.170	46	42	44	83	65	76	NW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.25
7		30.03	29.80	29.915	54	49	51.5	69	64	95	SE to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.07
8		30.10	30.00	30.050	56	51	53.5	90	78	92	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.05
9	O	30.10	30.06	30.080	55	53	54	90	85	90	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.05
10		30.02	29.94	29.980	56	40	48	89	83	89	Sto SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.09
11		30.30	30.18	30.240	46	40	43	87	70	82	NW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
12		30.22	30.08	30.150	56	49	52.5	86	80	87	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10
13		29.97	29.89	29.930	57	42	49.5	87	77	85	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.13
14		29.97	29.91	29.940	53	49	51	90	78	82	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.03
15		29.91	29.88	29.895	54	49	51.5	90	78	88	SE to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.08
16	C	29.76	29.62	29.690	54	50	52	87	83	85	S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.14
17		29.50	29.37	29.435	54	46	50	89	80	82	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.63
18		29.10	29.07	29.085	54	45	49.5	79	76	85	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.23
19		29.33	29.10	29.215	50	42	46	80	72	78	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.22
20		29.38	29.00	29.190	53	47	50	86	78	94	NE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.38
21		29.36	28.90	29.130	50	44	47	75	66	79	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.16
22		29.44	29.28	29.360	52	42	47	80	78	85	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.61
23		29.27	29.00	29.135	50	41	45.5	82	66	78	SW to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.54
24	●	28.88	28.10	28.490	51	39	45	86	88	100	SW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.06
25		28.54	28.25	28.395	45	36	40.5	80	70	93	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.19
26		28.68	28.37	28.525	48	36	42	88	83	88	S to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.29
27		29.05	28.90	28.975	50	44	47	88	78	85	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.09
28		28.74	28.22	28.480	50	45	47.5	84	86	82	SW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.65
29		28.83	28.34	28.585	48	42	45	89	82	79	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.01
30		29.46	29.06	29.260	48	36	42	85	80	82	W to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.01
31		30.02	29.86	29.940	46	40	43	87	70	90	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10
		30.30	28.10	29.494	58	36	47.71	84.4	76.1	84.9		22	15	29	1	16	22	27	0.97	7.61

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.30 Dec. 11th, Wind SE.
Minimum..... 28.10 Do. 24th, Do. SE.

Range of the Mercury 2.20

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month 29.494

..... for the lunar period, ending the 23rd instant..... 29.718

..... for 12 days, with the Moon in North declination 30.007

..... for 17 days, with the Moon in South declination 29.420

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury 11.450

Greatest variation in 24 hours 1.170

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 25

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 58° December 3d, Wind SW.
Minimum..... 36° three different nights.

Range..... 22

Mean temperature of the Air 47.71

..... for 29 days with the Sun in Sagittarius.. 49.55

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 17.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 52.57

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air 100° in the evening of the 24th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto 63 in the afternoon of the 4th.

Range of the Index 37

Mean at 2 o'clock PM. 76.1

..... at 8 Do. .. AM. 84.4

..... at 8 Do. .. PM. 84.9

..... of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock 81.8

Evaporation for the month 0.97 inch.

Rain and Hail, for Ditto 7.61 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, SW.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 1; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 9; an overcast sky, without rain, 6; rain and hail, 15.—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.

20 15 29 1 16 22 27

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
1	1	1	5	4	10	7	3	31

NEW PATENTS.

Bowles Symes, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq. for an expanding hydrostatic piston, to resist the pressure of certain fluids, and slide easily in an imperfect cylinder.—Nov. 10th.

Joseph Grout, of Gutter-lane, Cheapside, London, crape manufacturer; for a new manufacture of crape.—Nov. 13th.

Neil Arnott, of Bedford-square, MD. for improvements connected with the production and agency of heat in furnaces, steam and air engines, distilling, evaporating, and brewing apparatus.—Nov. 14th.

Richard Macnamara, Esq. of Canterbury-buildings, Lambeth, for an improvement in paving, pitching, and covering streets, roads, and other places.—Nov. 20th.

John Collinge, of Lambeth, engineer; for an improvement in hinges.—Nov. 22.

Henry Robinson Palmer, of Hackney, civil engineer; for improvements in the construction of rail-ways, and tram-roads, and of the carriages to be used thereon.—Nov. 22d.

Thomas Parkin, of Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-street, merchant; for an improvement in printing.—Nov. 24th.

William Baylis, jun. of Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier; for a machine for washing and cleansing clothes.—Nov. 27th.

Thomas Motley, of the Strand, patent letter-maker and brass-founder; for certain improvements in the construction of candle-sticks or lamps, and in candles to be burnt therein.—Nov. 27th.

Robert Bill, Esq. of Newman-street, Marylebone, for an improvement in the construction of certain descriptions of boats and barges.—Dec. 5th.

Charles Broderip, Esq. of London, now residing in Glasgow; for various improvements in the construction of steam-engines.—Dec. 5th.

Henry Ricketts, of Phoenix Glass-works, Bristol, glass-manufacturer; for an improvement in the art or method of making or manufacturing glass bottles, such as are used for wine, porter, beer, or cyder.—Dec. 5th.

William Warcup, of Dartford, Kent, engineer; for certain improvements upon a machine for washing linen, cotton, or woollen-cloths, whether in the shape of piece goods, or of any article made up.—Dec. 10th.

William Horrocks, of Portwood-within-Binnington, in the county of Chester, cotton-manufacturer; for an improvement in the construction of looms for weaving cotton or linen cloth by power, commonly called Power looms.—Dec. 14th.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 Jan.	Hamburg. 18 Jan.	Amsterdam 22 Jan.	Vienna. 9 Jan.	Nuremberg 14 Jan.	Berlin. 15 Jan.	Naples	Leipsig. 14 Jan.	Bremen 1 Jan.
London ...	25·25	36·7	40·6	10·	fl. 10·6	7·2 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	6·19	617
Paris	—	26	58	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	fr. 118 $\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hamburg .	183	—	35 $\frac{3}{16}$	145	146	154 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	147 $\frac{3}{4}$	134
Amsterdam	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	137	138	144 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	139	125
Vienna ...	252	146 $\frac{3}{4}$	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	40	105 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Franckfort.	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	148	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	100 $\frac{1}{8}$	110 $\frac{7}{8}$
Augsburg .	252	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{7}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	105 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	110
Genoa	473	81 $\frac{1}{4}$	90	61 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig	—	—	—	—	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	—	—	110
Leghorn ...	510	87 $\frac{1}{4}$	97	57 $\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	560	37 $\frac{1}{8}$	40 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz	15·50	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	103	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	436	—	83	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa ...	15·56	—	103	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15·60	93 $\frac{7}{8}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	560	37 $\frac{1}{8}$	40 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Jan.	Breslaw. 9 Jan.	Christiana. 29 Dec.	Petersburg. 1 Jan.	Riga. 4 Jan.	Antwerp 17 Jan.	Madrid. 10 Jan.	Lisbon. 5 Jan.
London	152	7·2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Sp. 8·90	9 $\frac{1}{32}$	9 $\frac{2}{16}$	40·1	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	57
Paris	80 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	38	10	545
Hamburg	147 $\frac{3}{8}$	154 $\frac{1}{4}$	195	8 $\frac{2}{16}$	8 $\frac{1}{16}$	34 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	38
Amsterdam .	138 $\frac{1}{2}$	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	181	9 $\frac{2}{16}$	9 $\frac{2}{32}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	43 $\frac{1}{4}$
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	588

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Dec. 25 to Jan. 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-11..12-7
Ditto at sight	12-8 ..12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-12..12-8
Antwerp	12-7 ..12-6
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-6 ..37-3
Altona, 2½ U	37-7 ..37-4
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-60..25-40
Ditto .2 U	25-90..25-70
Bourdeaux	25-90..25-70
Frankfort on the Main	} 156..155
Ex. M.	
Petersburg, rble, 3 Us.	8½
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-17..10-14
Trieste ditto	10-17..10-14
Madrid, effective	36½
Cadiz, effective	36
Bilboa	36½
Barcelona	35½
Seville	35½
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47
Genoa	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27..60
Malta	45
Naples	40
Palermo, per oz.	119
Lisbon	49½..50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	39 ..42
Bahia	50
Dublin	8½..9½
Cork	9 ..9½

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	0	0	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	4	10
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	5	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 31s. 10½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 10½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	2	0	0	to	4	5	0
Oxnobles	1	15	0	to	2	5	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL).

In each Week, from Dec. 31 to Jan. 21.

	Dec. 31.	Jan. 7.	Jan. 14.	Jan. 21.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	35 6 to 43 3	35 0 to 42 0	34 6 to 43 0	32 9 to 43 9
Sunderland	36 9 to 44 9	35 0 to 43 9	35 6 to 44 3	41 9 to 45 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 3 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Dec. 22	Dec. 29	Jan. 5	Jan. 12
Wheat	46 8	46 2	45 11	48 4
Rye	21 3	21 11	20 5	22 1
Barley	20 10	19 7	19 2	19 8
Oats	17 7	16 8	16 5	16 7
Beans	23 5	22 8	21 10	22 3
Peas	26 10	26 8	24 3	25 3

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Dec. 24, to Jan. 21.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	36,238	790	10,235	47,263
Barley	27,840	735	9,892	38,467
Oats	72,948	4,610	37,260	114,818
Rye	673	4	—	677
Beans	9,464	—	—	9,464
Pease	7,809	—	—	7,809
Malt	24,911	Qrs.; Flour 45,693 Sacks.		

Foreign Flour — barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	30s. to 36s.
Kent, New Pockets	45s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	50s. to 79s.
Farnham, ditto	120s. to 140s.
Yearling Pockets	30s. to 45s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£.	s.	£.	s.
Smithfield.			
3	0 to 4	4..4	0 to 5 0..1 10 to 1 16
Whitechapel.			
3	10 to 4	0..4	0 to 5 0..1 8 to 1 16
St. James's.			
3	5 to 4	6..3	12 to 4 10..1 7 to 1 16

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.—			
Beef	2s.	0d.	to 3s. 0d.
Mutton	2s.	2d.	to 3s. 2d.
Veal	3s.	8d.	to 5s. 8d.
Pork	2s.	4d.	to 4s. 4d.
Lamb	0s.	0d.	to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—			
Beef	1s.	10d.	to 3s. 0d.
Mutton	2s.	0d.	to 3s. 2d.
Veal	3s.	8d.	to 6s. 0d.
Pork	3s.	0d.	to 4s. 0d.
Lamb	0s.	0d.	to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Dec. 28, to Jan. 21, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
11,742	1,144	77,220	1,320

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Jan. 22d, 1822.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.		£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark.....	13	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	—	1482	100	Do. new.....	36	7½p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham.....	80	4	1760	—	Vauxhall.....	15	—	3000	100
Basingstoke.....	6	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes.....	93	5	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	2	54,000l.	—	Waterloo.....	5	5	5000	100
Birmingham (divided).....	560	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	27	10	5000	60
Bolton and Bury.....	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	22	10	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	80	4	958	150	— Bonds.....	100	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater.....	95	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield.....	120	8	1500	100	Barking.....	30	—	300	100
Coventry.....	1000	44	500	100	Commercial.....	—	5	1000	100
Croydon.....	3	—	4546	100	— East-India.....	100	5	—	100
Derby.....	135	6	600	100	Branch.....	35	1 17 6	492	100
Dudley.....	63	3	2060½	100	Great Dover Street.....	4	—	2363	50
Ellesmere and Chester.....	63	3	3575½	133	Highgate Archway.....	—	1	1000	65
Erewash.....	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	1	1000	60
Forth and Clyde.....	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.....	30	1 6	3762	50
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye Do.....	—	—	—	—
Do. optional Loan.....	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction.....	220	9	11,815½	100	East London.....	95	—	3800	100
Grand Surrey.....	56	3	1521	100	Grand Junction.....	54	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan.....	—	5	60,000l.	—	Kent.....	31	—	2000	100
Grand Union.....	20	—	19,327½	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan.....	95	5	—	—	South London.....	25	—	800	100
Grand Western.....	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex.....	50	2	7540	—
Grantham.....	142	8	749	150	York Buildings.....	24	—	1560	100
Huddersfield.....	13	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Keunet and Avon.....	17 5	16	25,328	100	Albion.....	50	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster.....	27	1	11,630½	100	Atlas.....	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	350	12	2879½	100	Bath.....	575	40	300	1000
Leicester.....	290	14	545	—	Birmingham.....	300	25	—	250
Leicester & Northampton Union.....	84	4	1895	100	British.....	50	3	—	4000
Loughborough.....	—	170	70	100	County.....	40	2 10	40,000	50
Melton Mowbray.....	215	10	250	100	Eagle.....	2 12 6	—	50,000	20
Mersey and Irwell.....	—	30	—	—	Globe.....	—	6	1,000,000l.	100
Monmouthshire.....	160	10	2409	100	Guardian.....	10	—	—	40,000
Do. Debentures.....	99	5	43,526½	100	Hope.....	4	6	2400	500
Montgomeryshire.....	70	2 10	700	100	Imperial.....	90	4 10	3900	25
Neath.....	400	25	247	—	London.....	24	1 4	31,000	25
North Wilts.....	—	—	1770	25	London Ship.....	20	1	2500	100
Nottingham.....	200	12	500	150	Provident.....	17	18	100,000	20
Oxford.....	649	32	1720	100	Rock.....	1 18	2	745,100l.	—
Peak Forest.....	66	3	2400	100	Royal Exchange.....	—	10	—	—
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	40	—	2520	50	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	4000
Regent's.....	24 10	—	12,294	100	Sun Life.....	23 10	10	1500	200
Rochdale.....	45	2	5631	100	Union.....	40	1 8	—	—
Shrewsbury.....	165	9	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Shropshire.....	125	7	500	125	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	62	4	8000	50
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	771	50	Do. New Shares.....	56 10	3 2	4000	50
Stafford & Worcestershire.....	700	40	700	140	City Gas Light Company.....	—	—	1000	100
Stourbridge.....	210	9	300	145	Do. New.....	—	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon.....	11	—	3647	—	Bath Gas.....	17	18 4	2500	20
Stroudwater.....	495	22	—	—	Brighton Gas.....	15	14	1500	20
Swansea.....	189	10	533	100	Bristol.....	—	2	2500	20
Tavistock.....	90	—	350	100	Literary Institutions.				
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	2670	—	London.....	28	—	1000	75gs
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk.....	1800	75	1300	200	Russel.....	10 10	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Birmingham.....	220	10	1000	100	Surrey.....	5	—	700	30gs
Warwick and Napton.....	210	9	980	100	Miscellaneous.				
Wilts and Berks.....	5	—	14,288	165	Auction Mart.....	22	1 5	1080	50
Wisbeach.....	60	—	126	165	British Copper Company.....	52	2 10	1297	100
Worcester and Birmingham.....	24	1	6000	—	Golden Lane Brewery.....	11	—	2250	80
Docks.					Do.....	7	—	3447	50
Bristol.....	15	—	2209	146	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	17	1	2000	150
Do. Notes.....	100 10	5	268,324l.	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class.....	85	4	—	—
Commercial.....	79	3	3132	100	Do..... 2d Class.....	72	3	—	—
East-India.....	163	10	450,000l.	100	City Bonds.....	106	5	—	—
East Country.....	22	—	1038	100					
London.....	101	4	3,114,000l.	100					
West-India.....	176	10	1,200,000l.	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th Dec. to 26th Jan.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Dec.															
26	Hol.														
27	234½	75½	6	shut.	—	95½	110½	19½	—	—	70	—	—	3 pm	77½
28	—	75½	—	—	36	95	—	19½	—	—	67	—	—	3 pm	77½
29	235	75½	6	—	86½	95½	—	19½	—	—	66	—	—	3 pm	77½
31	—	76	5½	—	86½	95	110½	19½	—	—	68	—	—	3 pm	77½
Jan.															
1	—	75½	6	—	86½	95½	110	19½	—	—	68	—	—	3 pm	77½
2	—	76½	6	—	86½	95	111	19½	75½	—	—	—	—	3 pm	77½
3	235½	76½	7	—	87	96	111½	19½	—	—	70	—	—	1 4	78½
4	236	76½	77	—	87	96½	111	19½	76½	—	74	—	—	3 5	78½
5	—	76½	7½	—	87	96½	111	19½	—	—	76	—	—	4 5	78½
7	—	77½	76½	—	88	96½	—	19½	—	—	76	—	—	4 6	78½
8	—	77½	76½	—	88½	96	108½	19½	—	—	76	—	—	4 6	78½
9	238	77½	76½	—	88½	96	108	19½	—	—	77	—	—	4 6	78½
10	238	77½	76½	—	88½	96	108	19½	—	234½	78	—	—	4 6	78½
11	237½	77	6	76½	87	96½	108	19½	—	233½	80	—	—	4 6	77
12	238	76½	7	76½	87	96	108	19½	76½	—	—	—	—	5 7	77
14	238	77	6	76½	88	96	108	19½	—	—	81	—	76½	4 7	77
15	238	76½	7	76½	87	96	108½	19½	—	234½	79	—	—	4 6	77
16	237½	76½	7	76½	88	96	108½	19½	—	235½	—	—	—	4 6	77
17	237½	76½	75½	6	87	96	108½	19½	—	235½	78	—	—	4 6	77
18	238	76½	76½	6	87	96	108½	19½	76	—	78	—	76½	4 6	76½
19	237½	76½	76	5	87	96	108	19½	—	234½	78	—	—	4 6	76½
21	236	76½	75½	5	87	96	108	19½	—	—	80	—	—	4 6	76½
22	237	76½	76	5	87	96	108	19½	—	235½	80	—	—	6 5	76½
23	237	76½	75½	6	87	96	107	19½	75½	—	81	84½	—	4 6	76½
24	237	76½	75½	6	87	96	107	19½	—	234½	81	—	—	4 6	76½
25	—	76½	76½	6	—	96	107	19½	—	—	—	—	—	4 6	76
26	239	76½	76½	6	87½	96½	108	19½	—	238½	80	85½	—	4 6	76

IRISH FUNDS.

Dec.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per cent.	Government Stock, 3½ per cent.	Government De- benture, 4 per cent.	Government Stock, 4 per cent.	Government De- benture, 5 per cent.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
31	237	86	85½	—	—	109	109	96½	46½	—	23
Jan.											
12	239	88½	87½	—	—	109½	110	96½	46½	—	23
15	239	87½	87	—	—	110	110	96½	46½	—	23
18	238½	87½	87	—	—	—	109½	96	46	—	—
238	—	—	87	—	—	110	110	—	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Dec. 24. to Jan. 22.

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Dec.	fr.	c.
24	86	20
29	85	—
Jan.		
3	85	50
5	85	20
7	86	10
10	85	—
12	85	50
16	85	15
19	85	15
22	85	50

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.								NEW YORK.		
	Dec.	Jan.							Dec.		
	28	1	4	8	11	15	18	25	1	10	21
Bank Shares.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	114	114	112½
6 per cent.	1812....	99	—	—	—	—	—	—	97	108	108
	1813....	100	—	—	—	—	—	—	98	108½	109
	1814....	102	—	—	—	99½	99½	—	99	110	110
	1815....	102½	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	112	112
5 per cent.	1821....	101	100	100	100	—	—	—	98	109½	111½
										105½	105½

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.